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THE

WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.,

AND

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

WITH

Copious Notes and Additions,

AND

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

THOMAS ROSCOE.

NO AUTHOR IN THE BRITISH LANGUAGE HAS ENJOYED THE EXTENSIVE POPULARITY OF THE CELEBRATED DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S. THE VIVID AND ORIGINAL POWER OF HIS GENIUS HAS SUPPORTED HIM IN THE GENERAL OPINION, TO AN EXTENT ONLY EQUALLED BY HIS FRIEND POPE, AND FAR SURPASSING ANY OTHER OF THOSE GENIUSES WHO FLOURISHED IN THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF QUEEN ANNE.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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NEW YORK:
DERBY & JACKSON,
No. 119 NASSAU STREET.
1859.

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George Russell & Co., Printers.

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MISCELLANEOUS WORKS,

POLITICAL, HISTORICAL, AND RELIGIOUS.

(8)

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF

GENTEEL AND INGENIOUS CONVERSATION,

ACCORDING TO THE MOST POLITE MODE AND METHOD, NOW USED AT COURT, AND IN THE BEST COMPANIES OF ENGLAND.

IN THREE DIALOGUES.

BY SIMON WAGSTAFF, ESQ.

INTRODUCTION.

As my life has been chiefly spent in consulting the honor and welfare of my country for more than forty years past, not without answerable success, if the world and my friends have not flattered me, so there is no point wherein I have so much labored as that of improving and polishing all parts of conversation between persons of quality, whether they meet by accident or invitation, at meals, tea, or visits, mornings, noon, or evenings.

I have passed perhaps more time than any other man of my age and country in visits and assemblies, where the polite persons of both sexes distinguish themselves; and could not without much grief observe how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loss for questions, answers, replies, and rejoinders. However, my concern was much abated when I found that these defects were not occasioned by any want of materials, but because those materials were not in every hand: for instance, one lady can give an answer better than ask a question: one gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder: one can revive a languishing conversation by a sudden surprising sentence; another is more dexterous in seconding; a third can fill up the gap with laughing, or commending what has been said: thus fresh hints may be started, and the ball of the discourse kept up.

But, alas! this is too seldom the case, even in the most select companies. How often do we see at court, at public visiting days,

at great men's levees, and other places of general meeting, that the conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without supply of fuel! This is what we all ought to lament; and against this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy:—

It was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late majesty king William III., of ever-glorious and immortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from popery and slavery, when, being about the age of six-and-thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the best families in town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons, and six evenings every week in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty; only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or sunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the highest moment) became disaffected to the government; which practice I have followed ever since to this very day; except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather; and except when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large table-book in my pocket; and as soon as I left the company I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during the visit: which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged; and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method, for this I found was a work of infinite labor, and what required the nicest judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.

Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman poet, which I have read in Mr. Creech's admirable translation, that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet before he ventured to publish them: and, finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very small number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust (if possible) the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world: for I am convinced, by long experience, that the critics will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them: I foresee they will object, that I have inserted many answers and replies, which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others that would have been highly

useful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection: from whence I conclude that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my defects by communicating to me their discoveries; and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagstaff, Esq., at his lodgings next door to the Gloucester-head in St. James's Street, paying the postage. In return of which favor, I shall make honorable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some pride and much pleasure congratulate with my dear country, which has outdone all the nations of Europe, in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching; and, therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the public is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humor, politeness, and eloquence of England are summed up in it; nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of English ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can possibly want: especially when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms; and attended with praise, laughter, or admiration.

There is a natural involuntary distortion of the muscles, which is the anatomical cause of laughter; but there is another cause of laughter, which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taste, as well as of a polite obliging behavior; neither is this to be acquired without much observation, long practice, and sound judgment; I did therefore once intend, for the ease of the learner, to set down, in all parts of the following dialogues, certain marks, asterisks, or *nota benes* (in English, mark-wells) after most questions, and every reply or answer; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company are to laugh: but, having duly considered that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and consequently the price; and likewise that something ought to

be left for ingenious readers to find out, I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own discretion.

The reader must learn by all means to distinguish between proverbs and those polite speeches which beautify conversation; for, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious discourse. I acknowledge, indeed, that there may possibly be found in this treatise a few sayings, among so great a number of smart turns of wit and humor as I have produced, which have a proverbial air; however, I hope it will be considered that even these were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of superior wits, to embellish and support conversation; whence, with great impropriety as well as plagiarism (if you will forgive a hard word), they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial maxims; and therefore, in justice, ought to be resumed out of vulgar hands, to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes both male and female, the levees of great ministers, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

I can faithfully assure the reader that there is not one single witty phrase in this whole collection which has not received the stamp and approbation of at least one hundred years, and how much longer it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentic.

But, before this elaborate treatise can become of universal use and ornament to my native country, two points, that will require much time and much application, are absolutely necessary.

For, first, whatever person would aspire to be completely witty, smart, humorous, and polite, must, by hard labor, be able to retain in his memory every single sentence contained in this work, so as never to be once at a loss in applying the right answers, questions, repartees, and the like immediately, and without study or hesitation.

And, secondly, after a lady or gentleman has so well overcome this difficulty as never to be at a loss upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almost of every limb, is equally necessary; without which an infinite number of absurdities will inevitably ensue. For instance, there is hardly a polite sentence in the following dialogues which does not absolutely require some peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or nose, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or suitable toss of the head, with certain offices assigned to each hand; and in ladies, the whole exercise of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver; by no means omitting the

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various turns and cadence of the voice, the twistings and movements, and different postures of the body, the several kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies must daily practice by the looking-glass, and consult upon them with their waiting-maids.

My readers will soon observe what a great compass of real and useful knowledge this science includes; wherein, although nature, assisted by genius, may be very instrumental, yet a strong memory and constant application, together with example and precept, will be highly necessary. For these reasons I have often wished that certain male and female instructors, perfectly versed in this science, would set up schools for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember, about thirty years ago, there was a Bohemian woman, of that species commonly known by the name of gypsies, who came over hither from France, and generally attended ISAAC the dancing-master, when he was teaching his art to misses of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the Bohemian, standing at some distance, but full in their sight, acted before them all proper airs, and heavings of the head, and motion of the hand, and twistings of the body; whereof you may still observe the good effects in several of our elder ladies.

After the same manner, it were much to be desired that some expert gentlewomen gone to decay would set up public schools, wherein young girls of quality or great fortunes might first be taught to repeat this following system of conversation, which I have been at so much pains to compile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every screwing of their bodies, every exercise of their fans, to the humor of the sentences they hear or deliver in conversation. But, above all, to instruct them in every species and degree of laughing in the proper seasons, at their own wit or that of the company. And if the sons of the nobility and gentry, instead of being sent to common schools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were consigned to able instructors in the same art, I cannot find what use there could be of books, except in the hands of those who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of persons born to titles or estates.

It would be another infinite advantage, that, by cultivating this science, we should wholly avoid the vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be understood; and

whenever a polite person offers accidentally to use any of their jargon terms, have the presumption to laugh at us for pronouncing those words in a genteeler manner. Whereas I do here affirm that, whenever any fine gentleman or lady condescends to let a hard word pass out of their mouths, every syllable is smoothed and polished in the passage; and it is a true mark of politeness, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well as the sound; because we are infinitely better judges of what will please a distinguishing ear, than those who call themselves scholars can possibly be; who, consequently, ought to correct their books and manner of pronouncing, by the authority of our example, from whose lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and significancy.

But, in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a design can be put in execution (which, considering the good disposition of our country at present, I shall not despair of living to see), let me recommend the following treatise to be carried about as a pocket companion by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink tea; or where they happen to pass the evening without cards, as I have sometimes known it to be the case upon disappointments or accidents unforeseen; desiring they would read their several parts in their chairs or coaches, to prepare themselves for every kind of conversation that can possibly happen.

Although I have, in justice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controlled, I mean, by producing so great a number of witty sentences in the ensuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production, yet I must confess at the same time that we are wholly indebted for them to our ancestors; for, as long as my memory reaches, I do not recollect one new phrase of importance to have been added; which defect in us moderns I take to have been occasioned by the introduction of cant words in the reign of king Charles II. And those have so often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a year's standing, is now intelligible; nor anywhere to be found, excepting a small number strewed here and there in the comedies and other fantastic writings of that age.

The honorable colonel James Graham, my old friend and companion, did likewise, toward the end of the same reign, invent a se of words and phrases, which continued almost to the time of his death. But, as these terms of art were adapted only to courts and

politicians, and extended little further than among his particular acquaintance (of whom I had the honor to be one), they are now almost forgotten.

Nor did the late d. of R—— and e. of E—— succeed much better, although they proceeded no further than single words; whereof, except bite, bamboozle, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

The same fate has already attended those other town wits, who furnish us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and those of the late season sunk in oblivion. Of these I was once favored with a complete list by the right honorable the lord and lady H——, with which I made a considerable figure one summer in the country; but returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

The only invention of late years, which has any way contributed towards politeness in discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This refinement having begun about the time of the Revolution, I had some share in the honor of promoting it; and I observe, to my great satisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raise our language to the utmost perfection; although I must confess, to avoid obscurity, I have been very sparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

But as for phrases invented to cultivate conversation, I defy all the clubs or coffeehouses in this town to invent a new one equal in wit, humor, smartness, or politeness to the very worst of my set, which clearly shows, either that we are much degenerated or that the whole stock of materials has been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; because, having myself for several months racked my invention to enrich this treasure (if possible) with some additions of my own (which, however, should have been printed in a different character, that I might not be charged with imposing upon the public), and having shown them to some judicious friends, they dealt very sincerely with me, all unanimously agreeing that mine were infinitely below the true old helps to discourse drawn up in my present collection, and confirmed their opinion with reasons, by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as ashamed of my great presumption.

But I lately met a much stronger argument to confirm me in the

same sentiments; for, as the great Bishop Burnet of Salisbury informs us, in the preface to his admirable "History of his Own Times," that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every day of his life (and indeed in its kind it is almost equally polished with this work of mine), so it has been my constant business, for some years past, to examine, with the utmost strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest lapse in style or propriety through my whole collection, that, in emulation with the bishop, I might send it abroad as the most finished piece of the age.

It happened one day, as I was dining in good company of both sexes, and watching, according to my custom, for new materials wherewith to fill my pocket-book, I succeeded well enough till after dinner, when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more materials that were worth the pains of transcribing: for the discourse of the company was all degenerated into smart sayings of their own invention, and not of the true old standard; so that, in absolute despair, I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their tea; whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that wine does not inspire politeness, or that our sex is not able to support it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much increases the value of these apophthegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language for at least a hundred years; neither is this to be wondered at, because indeed, beside the smartness of the wit, and fineness of the raillery, such is the propriety and energy of expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to disadvantage, except in the circumstance of using abbreviations; which, however, I do not despair in due time to see introduced, having already met them at some of the choice companies in town.

Although this work be calculated for all persons of quality and fortune of both sexes, yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the officers of the army, the gentlemen of the inns of court, and of both the universities; to all courtiers, male and female, but principally to the maids of honor; of whom I have been personally acquainted with two-and-twenty sets, all excelling in this noble endowment till, for some years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into selling of bargains and free-thinking; not that I am against either of these entertainments, at proper sea-

sons, in compliance with company who may want a taste for more exalted discourse, whose memories may be short, who are too young to be perfect in their lessons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my instructions. And, besides, there is a strong temptation for court ladies to fall into the two amusements above mentioned, that they may avoid the censure of affecting singularity against the general current and fashion of all about them: but, however, no man will pretend to affirm that either bargains or blasphemy, which are the principal ornaments of free-thinking, are so good a fund of polite discourse as what is to be met with in my collection. For, as to bargains, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, because they all terminate in one single point; and to multiply them would require more invention than people have to spare. And as to blasphemy or free-thinking, I have known some scrupulous persons of both sexes, who, by prejudiced education, are afraid of sprites. I must, however, except the maids of honor, who have been fully convinced by a famous court chaplain that there is no such place as hell.

I cannot, indeed, controvert the lawfulness of free-thinking, because it has been universally allowed that thought is free. But, however, although it may afford a large field of matter, yet in my poor opinion, it seems to contain very little of wit or humor, because it has not been ancient enough among us to furnish established authentic expressions: I mean such as must receive a sanction from the polite world before their authority can be allowed; neither was the art of blasphemy or free-thinking invented by the court, or by persons of great quality, who, properly speaking, were patrons rather than inventors of it; but first brought in by the fanatic faction toward the end of their power, and after the Restoration carried to Whitehall by the converted Rumpers, with very good reason, because they knew that king Charles II., from a wrong education, occasioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to observe, that fanatic enthusiasm directly led to atheism, which agreed with the dissolute inclinations of his youth; and perhaps these principles were further cultivated in him by the French Huguenots, who have been often charged with spreading them among us; however, I cannot see where the necessity lies of introducing new and foreign topics for conversation, while we have so plentiful a stock of our own growth.

I have likewise, for some reasons of equal weight, been very sparing in double *entendres;* because they often put ladies upon affected constraints, and affected ignorance. In short, they break, or very much entangle, the thread of discourse; neither am I master of any rules to settle the disconcerted countenances of the females in such a juncture; I can therefore only allow innuendos of this kind to be delivered in whispers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being in honor obliged to blush, it may produce a new subject for discourse.

Perhaps the critics may accuse me of a defect in my following system of polite conversation; that there is one great ornament of discourse, whereof I have not produced a single example; which indeed I purposely omitted, for some reasons that I shall immediately offer; and, if those reasons will not satisfy the male part of my gentle readers, the defect may be supplied in some manner by an appendix to the second edition; which appendix shall be printed by itself, and sold for sixpence, stitched, and with a marbled cover, that my readers may have no occasion to complain of being defrauded.

The defect I mean is, my not having inserted into the body of my book all the oaths now most in fashion for embellishing discourse, especially since it could give no offence to the clergy, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite assemblies. And it must be allowed, that oaths well chosen are not only very useful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of style.

What I shall here offer in my own defence upon this important article, will, I hope, be some extenuation of my fault.

First, I reasoned with myself, that a just collection of oaths, repeated as often as the fashion requires, must have enlarged this volume at least to double the bulk, whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewise make the volume less commodious for pocket carriage.

Secondly, I have been assured by some judicious friends, that themselves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether seriously or not) at too great a profusion of cursing and swearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced, which, I confess, did startle me not a little, having never observed the like in the compass of my own several acquaintance, at least for twenty years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser judgments than my own.

Thirdly, as this most useful treatise is calculated for all future times, I considered, in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard since I began to study the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet:

> For, now-a-days, men change their oaths,
> As often as they change their clothes.

In short, oaths are the children of fashion; they are in some sense almost annuals, like what I observed before of cant words; and I myself can remember about forty different sets. The old stock oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five, or fifty at most; but the way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the alphabet.

Sir JOHN PERROT was the first man of quality whom I find upon the record to have sworn by *God's wounds*. He lived in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and was supposed to be a natural son of Henry VIII., who might also probably have been his instructor. This oath, indeed, still continues, and is a stock oath to this day; so do several others that have kept their natural simplicity; but infinitely the greater number has been so frequently changed and dislocated, that, if the inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

Upon these considerations, I began to apprehend that if I should insert all the oaths that are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the first change of fashion, and grow as useless as an old dictionary; whereas the case is quite otherwise with my collection of polite discourse, which, as I before observed, has descended by tradition for at least a hundred years, without any change in the phraseology. I therefore determined with myself to leave out the whole system of swearing, because both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished; new ones are easily learned, and, with a moderate share of discretion, may be properly applied on every fit occasion. However, I must here, upon this article of swearing, most earnestly recommend to my male readers that they would please to study a little variety. For it is the opinion of our most refined swearers, that the same oath or curse cannot, consistently with true politeness, be repeated above nine times in the same company, by the same person, and at one sitting.

I am far from desiring or expecting that all the polite and ingenious speeches contained in this work should, in the general con-

versation between ladies and gentlemen, come in so quick and so close as I have here delivered them. By no means: on the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor do I make the least question but that, by a discreet and thrifty management, they may serve for the entertainment of a whole year to any person who does not make too long, or too frequent, visits in the same family. The flowers of wit, fancy, wisdom, humor, and politeness, scattered in this volume, amount to one thousand seventy and four. Allowing, then, to every gentleman and lady thirty visiting families (not insisting upon fractions), there will want but a little of a hundred polite questions, answers, replies, rejoinders, repartees, and remarks, to be daily delivered fresh in every company for twelve solar months; and even this is a higher pitch of delicacy than the world insists on, or has reason to expect. But I am altogether for exalting this science to its utmost perfection.

It may be objected that the publication of my book may, in a long course of time, prostitute this noble art to mean and vulgar people; but I answer, that it is not so easy an acquirement as a few ignorant pretenders may imagine. A footman may swear, but he cannot swear like a lord. He can swear as often, but can he swear with equal delicacy, propriety, and judgment? No, certainly, unless he be a lad of superior parts, of good memory, a diligent observer, one who has a skilful ear, some knowledge in music, and an exact taste, which hardly fall to the share of one in a thousand among that fraternity, in as high favor as they now stand with their ladies. Neither has one footman in six so fine a genius as to relish and apply those exalted sentences comprised in this volume which I offer to the world. It is true, I cannot see that the same ill consequences would follow from the waiting-woman, who, if she had been bred to read romances, may have some small subaltern or second-hand politeness; and if she constantly attends the tea, and be a good listener, may, in some years, make a tolerable figure, which will serve, perhaps, to draw in the young chaplain or the old steward. But, alas! after all, how can she acquire those hundred graces, and motions, and airs, the whole military management of the fan, the contortions of every muscular motion in the face, the risings and fallings, the quickness and slowness of the voice, with the several turns and cadences; the proper juncture of smiling and frowning, how often and how loud to laugh, when to gibe and when to flout, with all the other branches of doctrine and discipline above cited?

I am, therefore, not under the least apprehension that this art will ever be in danger of falling into common hands, which requires so much time, study, practice, and genius, before it arrives at perfection; and, therefore, I must repeat my proposal for erecting public schools, provided with the best and ablest masters and mistresses, at the charge of the nation.

I have drawn this work into the form of a dialogue, after the pattern of other famous writers in history, law, politics, and most other arts and sciences; and I hope it will have the same success: for who can contest it to be of greater consequence to the happiness of these kingdoms than all human knowledge put together? Dialogue is held the best method of inculcating any part of knowledge; and I am confident that public schools will soon be founded for teaching wit and politeness, after my scheme, to young people of quality and fortune. I have determined next session to deliver a petition to the house of lords, for an act of parliament to establish my book as the standard grammar in all the principal cities of the kingdom, where this art is to be taught by able masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than Lilly obtained only for teaching words in a language wholly useless. Neither shall I be so far wanting to myself as not to desire a patent, granted, of course, to all useful projectors; I mean, that I may have the sole profit of giving a license to every school to read my grammar for fourteen years.

The reader cannot but observe what pains I have been at in polishing the style of my book to the greatest exactness; nor have I been less diligent in refining the orthography, by spelling the words in the very same manner as they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeness at court, at levees, at assemblies, at playhouses, at the prime visiting places, by young templars, and by gentlemen-commoners of both universities, who have lived at least a twelvemonth in town, and kept the best company. Of these spellings, the public will meet with many examples in the following book. For instance, *can't*, *han't*, *shan't*, *did'nt*, *cou'd'nt*, *wou'd'nt*, *isn't*, *en't*, with many more; besides several words which scholars pretend are derived from Greek and Latin, but now pared into a polite sound by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers and templars, such as *jommetry* for *geometry*, *vardi* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *learnen* for *learning;* together with some abbreviations exquisitely refined, as *pozz* for *positive; mob* for *mobile; phizz* for *physiog*

nomy; rep for *reputation; plenipo* for *plenipotentiary; incog* for *incognito; hypps*, or *hippo*, for *hypochondriacs; bam* for *bamboozle;* and *bamboozle* for *God knows what;* whereby much time is saved, and the high road to conversation cut short by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, labored very much, and, I hope, with felicity enough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itself to a degree, that whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud, for the entertainment and instruction of a select company, he need not so much as name the particular speakers, because all the persons, throughout the several subjects of conversation, strictly observe a different manner peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds; but this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's discernment.

Perhaps the very manner of introducing the several points of wit and humor may not be less entertaining and instructing than the matter itself. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; because it entirely depends upon memory, and the happiness of having kept polite company; but the art of contriving that those speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper sentiments to be delivered upon so great a variety of subjects, I take to be a talent somewhat uncommon, and a labor that few people could hope to succeed in, unless they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a sincere, disinterested love of the public.

Although every curious question, smart answer, and witty reply, be little known to many people, yet there is not one single sentence in the whole collection, for which I cannot bring most authentic vouchers, whenever I shall be called; and even for some expressions, which, to a few nice ears, may, perhaps, appear somewhat gross, I can produce the stamp of authority from courts, chocolate-houses, theatres, assemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls, and masquerades, from persons of both sexes, and of the highest titles next to royal. However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my quotations of such sentiments as seem to be over free; because, when I began my collection, such kind of converse was almost in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honored patronesses at court, by whose countenance and sanction it has become a choice flower in the nosegay of wit and politeness.

Some will perhaps object, that, when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of dishes, not always consistent

with the art of cookery, or proper for the season of the year; and part of the first course mingled with the second; besides a failure in politeness, by introducing a black pudding to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment; but, if I had omitted the black pudding, I desire to know what would have become of that exquisite reason given by Miss Notable for not eating it? the world, perhaps, might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such hypercritical readers will please to consider, my business was to make so full and complete a body of refined sayings as compact as I could, only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very substance and marrow of this most admirable and necessary art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed to find, that so universal and polite an entertainment as cards, has hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have sat by many hundred times with the utmost vigilance, and my table-book ready, without being able, in eight hours, to gather matter for one single phrase in my book. But this, I think, may be easily accounted for, by the turbulence and justling of passions, upon the various and surprising turns, incidents, revolutions, and events of good and evil fortune, that arrive in the course of a long evening at play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the consequences of non-attention so fatal.

Play is supported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, prescribed by law and custom; no time allowed for digressions or trials of wit. Quadrille, in particular, bears some resemblance to a state of nature, which, we are told, is a state of war, wherein every woman is against every woman; the unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the league made this minute without knowing the ally, and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the game of quadrille, female brains are always employed in stratagem, or their hands in action. Neither can I find that our art has gained much by the happy revival of masquerading among us; the whole dialogue in those meetings being summed up in one (sprightly, I confess, but) single question, and as sprightly an answer. "Do you know me?" "Yes, I do." And, "Do you know me?" "Yes, I do." For this reason I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a masquerade, merely for the sake of a single question, and a single answer; especially when, to per-

form this in a proper manner, I must have brought in a hundred persons together of both sexes, dressed in fantastic habits for one minute, and dismiss them the next.

Neither is it reasonable to conceive that our science can be much improved by masquerades, where the wit of both sexes is altogether taken up in contriving singular and humorous disguises; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and assignations of gallantry to a happy conclusion.

The judicious reader will readily discover that I make Miss Notable my heroine, and Mr. Thomas Neverout my hero. I have labored both their characters with my utmost ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the liveliest questions, answers, repartees, and rejoinders, because my design was, to propose them both as patterns for all young bachelors and single ladies to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite conversation flourish between both sexes, in a more consummate degree of perfection than these kingdoms have ever yet known.

I have drawn some lines of sir John Linger's character, the Derbyshire knight, on purpose to place it in counterview or contrast with that of the other company, wherein I can assure the reader, that I intended not the least reflection upon Derbyshire, the place of my nativity. But my intention was only to show the misfortune of those persons who have the disadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeness, whereof I take the present limits to extend no further than London and ten miles round; although others are pleased to confine it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the discourses of my gentlemen and ladies, with those of sir John, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same climate, or under the same laws, language, religion, or government; and, accordingly, I have introduced him speaking in his own rude dialect, for no other reason than to teach my scholars how to avoid it.

The curious reader will observe, that when conversation appears in danger to flag, which in some places I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent some sudden question, or turn of wit, to revive it; such as these that follow: "What! I think here's a silent meeting! Come, madam, a penny for your thought;" with several others of the like sort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, because I am acquainted with very few: but indeed chiefly, because I found them so much inferior to those at court, especially among the gentlemen-ushers, the ladies of the bed-

chamber, and the maids of honor; I must also add the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious story-tellers, no brangling disputers; for a right scholar of either sex in our science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprising piece of wit, that shall engage all the company in a loud laugh; and if, after a pause, the grave companion resumes his thread in the following manner: "Well, but to go on with my story," new interruptions come from the left and the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewise made some few essays toward the selling of bargains, as well for instructing those who delight in that accomplishment as in compliance with my female friends at court. However, I have transgressed a little in this point, by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than is now practised at St. James's. At the same time, I can hardly allow this accomplishment to pass properly for a branch of that perfect polite conversation which makes the constituent subject of my treatise; and for this I have already given my reasons. I have likewise, for further caution, left a blank in the critical point of each bargain, which the sagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myself, I am proud to own that, except some smattering in the French, I am what the pedants and scholars call a man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But as to my own language, I shall not readily yield to many persons. I have read most of the plays and all the miscellany poems that have been published for twenty years past. I have read Mr. Thomas Brown's works entire, and had the honor to be his intimate friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest genius of his age.

Upon what foot I stand with the present chief reigning wits, their verses recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thousand witnesses. I am, and have been, likewise particularly acquainted with Mr. Charles Gildon, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dennis, that admirable critic and poet, and several others. Each of these eminent persons (I mean those who are still alive) have done me the honor to read this production five times over, with the strictest eye of friendly severity, and proposed some, although very few amendments, which I gratefully accepted, and do here publicly return my acknowledgment for so singular a favor.

And I cannot conceal, without ingratitude, the great assistance I have received from those two illustrious writers, Mr. Ozell and Captain Stevens. These, and some others of distinguished eminence, in whose company I have passed so many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, so it has been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs, and the rest of that snarling brood, burst with envy at the praises we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digression.

The reader will find that the following collection of polite expressions will easily incorporate with all subjects of genteel and fashionable life. Those which are proper for morning tea will be equally useful at the same entertainment in the afternoon, even in the same company, only by shifting the several questions, answers, and replies, into different hands; and such as are adapted to meals will indifferently serve for dinners or suppers, only distinguishing between daylight and candle-light. By this method no diligent person of a tolerable memory can ever be at a loss.

It has been my constant opinion, that every man who is intrusted by nature with any useful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honor and that justice which we all owe our country, to propose to himself some one illustrious action to be performed in his life for the public emolument: and I freely confess that so grand, so important an enterprise, as I have undertaken and executed to the best of my power, well deserved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit myself, as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly entreated several of my above-named friends, universally allowed to be of the first rank in wit and politeness, that they would undertake a work so honorable to themselves, and so beneficial to the kingdom; but so great was their modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the task on me; yet in so obliging a manner, and attended with such compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And at last their entreaties, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the least violation of modesty, that there is no man now alive who has, by many degrees, so just pretensions as myself to the highest encouragement from the crown,

the parliament, and the ministry, toward bringing this work to due perfection. I have been assured, that several great heroes of antiquity were worshipped as gods, upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifest I could have no other intentions; and I dare appeal to my very enemies, if such a treatise as mine had been published some years ago, and with as much success as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the study and practice of polite conversation, whether such mean stupid writers as the Craftsmen, and his abettors, could have been able to corrupt the principles of so many hundred thousand subjects, as, to the shame and grief of every Whiggish, loyal, and true Protestant heart, it is too manifest they have done. For I desire the honest judicious reader to make one remark, that, after having exhausted the whole *in sickly pay-day*[1] (if I may so call it) of politeness and refinement, and faithfully digested it into the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expression relating to politics; that the ministry is never mentioned, nor the word king, above twice or thrice, and then only to the honor of his majesty; so very cautious were our wiser ancestors in forming rules for conversation, as never to give offence to crowned heads nor interfere with party-disputes in the State. And, indeed, although there seems to be a close resemblance between the two words politeness and politics, yet no ideas are more inconsistent in their natures. However, to avoid all appearance of disaffection, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble science, in the following short terms, that ought to be writ in gold,—"MUST is for the king:" which uncontrollable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the first page of my book, thereby to instil early the best Protestant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither is it merely my own private opinion, that politeness is the firmest foundation upon which loyalty can be supported; for thus happily sings the divine Mr. Tibbalds, or Theobalds, in one of his birth-day poems:

> I am no schollard, but I am polite;
> Therefore be sure I am no Jacobite.

Hear, likewise, to the same purpose, that great master of the whole poetic choir, our most illustrious laureat, Mr. Colley Cibber:

[1] This word is spelt by Latinists *Encyclopædia*; but the judicious author wisely prefers the polite reading before the pedantic.

tensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six comedies, to contain them: whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential rules for polite conversation must be omitted.

And here let me do justice to my friend Mr. Tibbalds, who plainly confessed before Mr. Cibber himself, that such a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honor, so it would intolerably mangle my scheme, and thereby destroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or system of this most useful science in all its parts: and therefore Mr. Tibbalds, whose judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my proposal, mentioned before, of erecting public schools and seminaries all over the kingdom, to instruct the young people of both sexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I shall conclude this long, but necessary introduction, with a request, or, indeed, rather a just and reasonable demand, from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have, with infinite labor and close application, during the space of thirty-six years, been collecting for their service and improvement, they shall, as an instance of gratitude, on every proper occasion, quote my name after this or the like manner: "Madam, as our Master Wagstaff says."—"My lord, as our friend Wagstaff has it." I do likewise expect that all my pupils shall drink my health every day at dinner and supper during my life, and that they, or their posterity, shall continue the same ceremony to my not inglorious memory, after my decease, for ever.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

POLITE CONVERSATION, &c.

The Men.	*The Ladies.*
Lord SPARKISH.	Lady SMART.
Lord SMART.	Miss NOTABLE.
Sir JOHN LINGER.	Lady ANSWERALL.
Mr. NEVEROUT.	
Colonel ATWIT.	

ARGUMENT.

LORD Sparkish and Colonel Atwit meet in the morning upon the Mall: Mr. Neverout joins them: they all go to breakfast at lady Smart's. Their conversation over their tea: after which they part; but my lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner:—Sir John Linger invited likewise, and comes a little too late. The whole conversation at dinner: after which, the ladies retire to their tea. The conversation of the ladies without the men, who are supposed to stay and drink a bottle, but, in some time, go to the ladies, and drink tea with them. The conversation there. After which, a party at quadrille until three in the morning; but no conversation set down. They all take leave and go home.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

LORD SPARKISH *meeting* COL. ATWIT.

Col. WELL met, my lord.

Spark. Thank ye, colonel. A parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in heaven. When did you see Tom Neverout?

Col. He's just coming toward us. Talk of the devil—

NEVEROUT *comes up.*

Col. How do you do, Tom?

Never. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you are never the worse: but pray where's your manners? Don't you see my lord Sparkish?

Never. My lord, I beg your lordship's pardon.

Spark. Tom, how is it that you can't see the wood for trees? What wind blew you hither?

Never. Why, my lord, it is an ill wind blows nobody good; for it gives me the honor of seeing your lordship.

Col. Tom, you must go with us to lady Smart's to breakfast.

Never. Must! why, colonel, must's for the king.

[*Col. offering, in jest, to draw his sword.*

Col. Have you spoke with all your friends?

Never. Colonel, as you are stout be merciful.

Spark. Come, agree, agree; the law's costly.

[*Col. taking his hand from his hilt.*

Col. Well, Tom, you are never the worse man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Never. What! do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl? I'll wait on you. I hope Miss Notable will be there; 'egad, she's very handsome, and has wit at will.

Col. Why, every one as they like, as the good woman said when she kiss'd her cow.

LORD SMART'S *House: they knock at the door; the Porter comes out.*

Spark. Pray are you the porter?

Porter. Yes, for want of a better.

Spark. Is your lady at home?

Porter. She was at home just now, but she's not gone out yet.

Never. I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

LADY SMART'S *Ante-chamber.*

LADY SMART *and* LADY ANSWERALL *at the Tea-table.*

Lady S. My lord, your lordship's most humble servant.

Spark. Madam, you spoke too late; I was your ladyship's before.

Lady S. Oh! colonel, are you here?

Col. As sure as you're there, madam.

Lady S. O, Mr. Neverout! What, such a man alive!

Never. Ay, madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your ladyship's service.

Lady S. Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down, that Mr. Neverout came to our house. And pray, what news, Mr. Neverout?

Never. Why, madam, queen Elizabeth's dead.

Lady S. Well, Mr. Neverout, I see you are no changeling.

MISS NOTABLE *comes in.*

Never. Miss, your slave: I hope your early rising will do you no harm. I find you are but just come out of the cloth market.

Miss. I always rise at eleven, whether it be day or not.

Col. Miss, I hope you are up for all day.

Miss. Yes, if I don't get a fall before night.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of order; pray how are you now?

Miss. Pretty well, colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty and well, miss! that's two very good things.

Miss. I mean I am better than I was.

Never. Why then 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, you take me up before I'm down.

Lady S. Come, let us leave off children's play, and go to push-pin.

Miss. [*To lady S.*] Pray, madam, give me some more sugar to my tea.

Col. O! miss, you must needs be very good humored, you love sweet things so well.

Never. Stir it up with the spoon, miss; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady S. I assure you, miss, the colonel has made you a great compliment.

Miss. I am sorry for it; for, I have heard say, complimenting is lying.

Lady S. [*To Sparkish.*] My lord, methinks the sight of you is good for sore eyes; if we had known of your coming, we should have strewn rushes for you: How has your lordship done this long time?

Col. Faith, madam, he's better in health than in good conditions.

Spark. Well, I see there's no worse friend than one brings from home with one; and I am not the first man has carried a rod to whip himself.

Never. Here's poor miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thought.

Miss. It is not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you.

COLONEL *rising up.*

Lady S. Colonel, where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

Col. Madam, I must needs go home for half an hour.

Miss. Why, colonel, they say the devil's at home.

Lady A. Well, but sit while you stay, 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col. No, madam, while I'm standing I'm going.

Miss. Nay, let him go; I promise him we won't tear his clothes to hold him.

Lady S. I suppose, colonel, we keep you from better company: I mean only as to myself.

Col. Madam, I am all obedience. [*Colonel sits down.*

Lady S. Lord, miss, how can you drink your tea so hot? sure your mouth's paved. How do you like this tea, colonel?

Col. Well enough, madam; but methinks it is a little more-ish.

Lady S. O! colonel, I understand you. Betty, bring the cannister. I have but very little of this tea left; but I don't love to make two wants of one; want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he! [*Laughs.*

Lady A. [*To the maid.*] Why, sure, Betty, you are bewitched; the cream is burnt too.

Betty. Why, madam, the bishop has set his foot in it.

Lady S. Go, run, girl, and warm some fresh cream.

Betty. Indeed, madam, there's none left; for the cat has eaten it all.

Lady S. I doubt it was a cat with two legs.

Miss. Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

Col. Yes, in a morning, miss; for they say, butter is gold in a morning, silver at noon, but it is lead at night.

Never. Miss, the weather is so hot that my butter melts on my bread.

Lady A. Why, butter, I've heard 'em say, is mad twice a-year.

Spark. [*To the maid.*] Mrs. Betty, how does your body politic?

Col. Fie, my lord, you'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

Lady S. Blush! ay, blush like a blue dog.

Never. Pray, Mrs. Betty, are you not Tom Johnson's daughter?

Betty. So my mother tells me, sir.

Spark. But, Mrs. Betty, I hear you are in love.

Betty. My lord, I thank God I hate nobody; I am in charity with all the world.

Lady S. Why, wench, I think thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning. How came you by that scratch upon your nose? Have you been fighting with the cats?

Col. [*To Miss.*] Miss, when will you be married?

Miss. One of these odd-come-shortly's, colonel.

Never. Yes, they say the match is half made; the spark is willing, but miss is not.

Miss. I suppose the gentleman has got his own consent for it.

Lady A. Pray, my lord, did you walk through the Park in the rain?

Spark. Yes, madam, we were neither sugar nor salt; we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he! [*Laughs.*

Col. It rained, and the sun shone at the same time.

Never. Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a shoulder of mutton. [*Laughs.*

Col. A blind man would be glad to see that.

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, methinks you stand in your own light.

Never. Ah! madam, I have done so all my life.

Spark. I'm sure he sits in mine. Pr'ythee, Tom, sit a little further; I believe your father was no glazier.

Lady S. Miss, dear girl, fill me out a dish of tea, for I'm very lazy.

MISS *fills a dish of tea, sweetens it, and then tastes it.*

Lady S What, miss, will you be my taster?

Miss. No, madam; but they say 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

Never. Pray, miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

Lady A. But, colonel, they say you went to court last night very drunk; nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the Philistines: no wonder the cat wink'd, when both her eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, madam, that's a lie.

Lady A. 'Tis better I should lie than you should lose your good manners: besides, I don't lie; I sit.

Never. O! faith, colonel, you must own you had a drop in your eye; when I left you, you were half seas over.

Spark. Well, I fear lady Answerall can't live long, she has so much wit

Never. No, she can't live, that's certain; but she may linger thirty or forty years.

Miss. Live long! ay, longer than a cat or dog, or a better thing.

Lady A. O! miss, you must give your vardi too!

Spark. Miss, shall I fill you another dish of tea?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I have drank enough.

Spark. Come, it will do you more good than a month's fasting; here, take it.

Miss. No, I thank your lordship; enough's as good as a feast.

Spark. Well, but if you always say no, you'll never be married

Lady A. Do, my lord, give her a dish; for they say maids will say no, and take it.

Spark. Well; and I dare say miss is a maid, in thought, word, and deed.

Never. I would not take my oath of that.

Miss. Pray, sir, speak for yourself.

Lady S. Fie, miss; they say maids should be seen and not heard.

Lady A. Good miss, stir the fire, that the tea-kettle may boil. You have done it very well: now it burns purely. Well, miss, you'll have a cheerful husband.

Miss. Indeed, your ladyship could have stirred it much better.

Lady A. I know that very well, hussy; but I won't keep a dog and bark myself.

Never. What! you are stuck [*sick*], miss.

Miss. Not at all; for her ladyship meant you.

Never. O! faith, miss, you are in Lob's pound; get out as you can.

Miss. I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady A. Well; but, miss—

Never. Ah! dear madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor miss; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. Neverout, you should be cut for the simples this morning; say a word more, and you had as good eat your nails.

Spark. Pray, miss, will you be so good as to favor us with a song?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't; for I have a great cold.

Col. O! miss, they say all good singers have colds.

Spark. Pray, madam, does not miss sing very well?

Lady A. She sings, as one may say, my lord.

Miss. I hear Mr. Neverout has a very good voice.

Col. Yes, Tom sings well, but his luck's nought.

Never. Faith, colonel, you hit yourself a devilish box on the ear.

Col. Miss, will you take a pinch of snuff?

Miss. No, colonel, you must know that I never take snuff but when I am angry.

Lady A. Yes, yes, she can take snuff, but she has never a box to put it in.

Miss. Pray, colonel, let me see that box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miss. Maybe there is, colonel.

Col. Ay, but May bees don't fly now, miss.

Never. Colonel, why so hard upon poor miss? Don't set your wit against a child. Miss, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss. So she prayed me to tell you.

Spark. Pray, my lady Smart, what kin are you to lord Pozz?

Lady S. Why, his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

Lady A. Well, methinks here's a silent meeting. Come, miss. hold up your head, girl; there's money bid for you. [*Miss starts.*

Miss. Lord, madam, you frighten me out of my seven senses!

Spark. Well, I must be going.

Lady A. I have seen hastier people than you stay all night.

Col. [*to lady Smart.*] Tom Neverout and I are to leap to-morrow for a guinea.

Miss. I believe, colonel, Mr. Neverout can leap at a crust better than you.

Never. Miss, your tongue runs before your wit: nothing can tame you but a husband.

Miss. Peace! I think I hear the church-clock.

Never. Why, you know, as the fool thinks—

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, your handkerchief's fallen.

Miss. Let him set his foot on it, that it mayn't fly in his face.

Never. Well, miss—

Miss. Ay, ay; many a one says well that thinks ill.

Never. Well, miss, I'll think on this.

Miss. That's rhyme, if you take it in time.

Never. What! I see you are a poet.

Miss. Yes, if I had but the wit to show it.

Never. Miss, will you be so kind as to fill me a dish of tea?

Miss. Pray let your betters be served before you; I'm just going to fill one for myself; and, you know, the parson always christens his own child first.

Never. But I saw you fill one just now for the colonel: well, I find kissing goes by favor.

[*Miss.* But pray, Mr. Neverout, what lady was that you were talking with in the side-box last Tuesday?

Never. Miss, can you keep a secret?

Miss. Yes, I can.

Never. Well, miss, and so can I.]

Col. Odd-so! I have cut my thumb with this cursed knife!

Lady A. Ay; that was your mother's fault, because she only warned you not to cut your fingers.

Lady S. No, no; 'tis only fools cut their fingers, but wise folks cut their thumbs.

Miss. I'm sorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think miss is grown?

Lady A. Ay, ill weeds grow apace.

A puff of smoke comes down the chimney.

Lady A. Lord, madam, does your ladyship's chimney smoke?

Col. No, madam; but they say smoke always pursues the fair, and your ladyship sat nearest.

Lady S. Madam, do you love bohea tea?

Lady A. Why, madam, I must confess I do love it, but it does not love me.

Miss. [*to lady Smart.*] Indeed, madam, your ladyship is very sparing of your tea; I protest, the last I took was no more than water bewitch'd.

Col. Pray, miss, if I may be so bold, what lover gave you that fine etui?

Miss. Don't you know?—then keep counsel,

Lady A. I'll tell you, colonel, who gave it her: it was the best lover she will ever have while she lives—her own dear papa.

Never. Methinks, miss, I don't much like the color of that ribbon

Miss. Why, then, Mr. Neverout, do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off it.

Spark. I don't doubt, madam, but your ladyship has heard that sir John Brisk has got an employment at court.

Lady S. Yes, yes; and I warrant he thinks himself no small fool now.

Never. Yes, madam; I have heard some people take him for a wise man.

Lady S. Ay, ay; some are wise, and some are otherwise.

Lady A. Do you know him, Mr. Neverout?

Never. Know him! ay, as well as the beggar knows his dish.

Col. Well, I can only say that he has better luck than honester folks. But, pray, how came he to get this employment?

Spark. Why, by chance, as the man killed the devil.

Never. Why, miss, you are in a brown study: what's the matter? Methinks you look like Mumchance, that was hanged for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know, I scorn your words.

Never. Well, but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Miss. Well, my comfort is, your tongue is no slander. What! you would not have one be always on the high grin!

Never. Cry mapsticks, madam; no offence, I hope.

LADY SMART *breaks a teacup.*

Lady A. Lord, madam, how came you to break your cup?

Lady S. I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

Miss. Why, sell it, madam, and buy a new one with some of the money.

Col. 'Tis a folly to cry for spilt milk.

Lady S. Why, if things did not break, or wear out, how would tradesmen live?

Miss. Well, I am very sick, if anybody cared for it.

Never. Come, then, miss, e'en make a die of it, and then we shall have a burying of our own.

Miss. The devil take you, Neverout! besides all small curses.

Lady A. Marry, come up! What, plain Neverout! methinks you might have an M under your girdle, miss.

Lady S. Well, well, nought's never in danger. I warrant miss will spit in her hand, and hold fast.—Colonel, do you like this biscuit?

Col. I'm like all fools; I love everything that's good.

Lady S. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worse.

Footman brings the COLONEL *a letter.*

Lady A. I suppose, colonel, that's a billet-doux from your mistress.

Col. 'Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoe'er writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

Miss. Well, you may make a secret of it, but we can spell, and put together.

Never. Miss, what spells b double uzzard?

Miss. Buzzard in your teeth, Mr. Neverout.

Lady S. Now you are up, Mr. Neverout, will you do me the favor to do me the kindness to take off the teakettle.

[*Spark.* I wonder what makes these bells ring.
Lady A. Why, my lord, I suppose, because they pull the ropes.]
[*Here all laugh.*

NEVEROUT *plays with a teacup.*

Miss. Now, a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out such a pretty plaything.

Lady S. Well said, miss! I vow, Mr. Neverout, the girl is too hard for you.

Never. Ay; miss will say anything but her prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss. Pray, colonel, make me a present of that pretty penknife.

Spark. Ay, miss, catch him at that, and hang him.

Col. Not for the world, dear miss; it will cut love.

Spark. Colonel, you shall be married first; I was going to say that.

Lady S. Well, but, for all that, I can tell who is a great admirer of miss. Pray, miss, how do you like Mr. Spruce? I swear I have often seen him cast a sheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

Miss. O, madam, all the world knows that Mr. Spruce is a general lover.

Col. Come, miss, 'tis too true to make a jest on. [*Miss blushes.*

Lady A. Well, however, blushing is some sign of grace.

Never. Miss says nothing; but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

Miss. Well, ladies and gentlemen, you are pleased to divert yourselves; but, as I hope to be saved, there's nothing in it.

Lady S. Touch a gall'd horse, and he'll wince. Love will creep where it dare not go. I'd hold a hundred pound, Mr. Neverout was the inventor of that story; and, colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pie.

Lady A. But, colonel, you forgot to salute miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time.

Miss. Fie, madam!—I vow, colonel, I said no such thing.—I wonder at your ladyship!

Col. Miss, I beg your pardon—

Goes to salute her; she struggles a little.

Miss. Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiss for once than be troubled with him; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady S. Fie, fie, miss! for shame of the world, and speech of good people.

NEVEROUT *to* MISS, *who is cooking her tea and bread and butter.*

Never. Come, come, miss, make much of nought; good folks are scarce.

Miss. What! and you must come in with your two eggs a-penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [*To Sparkish*] But, my lord, I forgot to ask you how you like my new clothes?

Spark. Why, very well, colonel; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst piece is in the middle.

[*Here a loud laugh, often repeated.*

Col. My lord, you are too severe on your friends.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I'm hot, are you a sot?

Never. Miss, I'm cold, are you a scold? Take you that.

Lady S. I confess that was home. I find, Mr. Neverout, you won't give your head for the washing, as they say.

Miss. O! he's a sore man where the skin's off. I see Mr. Neverout has a mind to sharpen the edge of his wit on the whetstone of my ignorance.

Spark. Faith, Tom, you are struck! I never heard a better thing.

Never. Pray, miss, give me leave to scratch you for that fine speech.

Miss. Pox on your picture! it cost me a groat the drawing.

Never. [*To lady S.*] 'Sbuds, madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy teakettle.

Lady S. Why, then, Mr. Neverout, you must say, God save the king.

Never. Did you ever see the like?

Miss. Never, but once at a wedding.

Col. Pray, miss, how old are you?

Miss. Why, I am as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

Spark. [*To lady A.*] Pray, madam, is Miss Buxom married? I hear 'tis all over the town.

Lady A. My lord, she's either married or worse.

Col. If she ben't married, at least she's lustily promised. But is it certain that sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last?

Spark. Yes, or else he's sadly wronged, for they have buried him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more bread.

Col. But, is he really dead?

Lady A. Yes, colonel, as sure as you're alive.

Col. They say he was an honest man.

Lady A. Yes, with good looking too.

MISS *feels a pimple on her face.*

Miss. Lord! I think my goodness is coming out. Madam, will your ladyship please to lend me a patch?

Never. Miss, if you are a maid, put your hand upon your spot.

Miss. There — [*Covering her face with both her hands.*

Lady S. Well, thou art a mad girl. [*Gives her a tap.*

Miss. Lord, madam, is that a blow to give a child?

LADY SMART *lets fall her handkerchief, and the* COLONEL *stoops for it.*

Lady S. Colonel, you shall have a better office.

Col. O, madam, I can't have a better than to serve your ladyship. Madam, has your ladyship read the new play, written by a lord? It is called "Love in a Hollow Tree."

Lady S. No, colonel.

Col. Why, then, your ladyship has one pleasure to come.

MISS *sighs.*

Never. Pray, miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a fool ask, and you are the first.

Never. Why, miss, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

Lady A. Why, you must know, miss is in love.

Miss. I wish my head may never ache till that day.

Spark. Come, miss, never sigh, but send for him.

LADY SMART *and* LADY ANSWERALL *speaking together.*

If he be hanged he'll come hopping; and if he be drown'd he'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I swear you will make one die with laughing.

MISS *plays with a teacup and* NEVEROUT *plays with another.*

Never. Well, I see one fool makes many.

Miss. And you are the greatest fool of any.

Never. Pray, miss, will you be so kind to tie this string for me, with your fair hands? it will go all in your day's work.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed! tie it yourself, you have as many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly: come, pray stand out of my spitting-place.

Never. Well, but miss, don't be angry.

Miss. No; I was never angry in my life but once, and then nobody cared for it; so I resolved never to be angry again.

Never. Well; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Never. Well; but I'll make you a fine present one of these days.

Miss. Ay; when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not sore yet.

Never. No, miss, I'll send it you to-morrow.

Miss. Well, well; to-morrow's a new day; but, I suppose, you mean to-morrow come never.

Never. O! 'tis the prettiest thing: I assure you there came but two of them over in three ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh. But why did you not bring me a present of snuff this morning?

Never. Because, miss, you never asked me: and 'tis an ill dog that's not worth whistling for.

Spark. [*To lady A.*] Pray, madam, how came your ladyship, last Thursday, to go to that odious puppet-show?

Col. Why, to be sure, her ladyship went to see and to be seen.

Lady A. You have made a fine speech, colonel: pray, what will you take for your mouth-piece?

Spark. Take that, colonel: but, pray, madam, was my lady Snuff there? They say she's extremely handsome.

Lady S. They must not see with my eyes that think so.

Never. She may pass muster well enough.

Lady A. Pray, how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or six-and-twenty.

Miss. I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day.

Lady A. Depend upon it, she'll never see five-and-thirty, and a bit to spare.

Col. Why, they say she's one of the chief toasts in town.

Lady S. Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

Miss. Well; I wou'dn't be as sick as she's proud for all the world.

Lady A. She looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth: but, I warrant, cheese won't choke her.

Never. I hear my lord What-d'ye-call-him is courting her.

Lady A. What lord d'ye mean, Tom?

Miss. Why, my lord, I suppose Mr. Neverout means the lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They say she dances very fine.

Lady A. She did; but I doubt her dancing days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeness to me.

Lady S. Well; but you must forget and forgive.

FOOTMAN *comes in.*

Lady S. Did you call Betty?

Footman. She's coming, madam.

Lady S. Coming! ay, so is Christmas.

BETTY *comes in.*

Lady S. Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been these three hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faster than my legs will carry me.

Lady S. Ay, thou hast a head, and so has a pin. But, my lord, all the town has it that Miss Caper is to be married to sir Peter Gibeall; one thing is certain, that she has promised to have him.

Spark. Why, madam, you know promises are either broken or kept.

Lady A. I beg your pardon, my lord; promises and pie-crust are made to be broken.

Lady S. Nay, I had it from my lady Carrylie's own mouth. I tell you my tale and my tale's author; if it be a lie, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady A. She and I had some words last Sunday at church; but I think I gave her her own.

Lady S. Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill; she talks enough for herself and all the company.

Never. And yet she simpers like a firmity kettle.

MISS *looking in a glass.*

Miss. Lord, how my head is dress'd to-day!

Col. O, madam! a good face needs no band.

Miss. No; and a bad one deserves none.

Col. Pray, Miss, where is your old acquaintance, Mrs. Wayward?

Miss. Why, where should she be? you must needs know, she's in her skin.

Col. I can answer that; what if you were as far out as she's in? ——

Miss. Well, I promised to go this evening to Hyde Park on the water; but I protest I'm half afraid.

Never. Never fear, miss; you have the old proverb on your side, Naught's ne'er in danger.

Col. Why, miss, let Tom Neverout wait on you, and then, I war-

rant, you'll be as safe as a thief in a mill; for you know, he that's born to be hang'd will never be drown'd.

Never. Thank you, colonel, for your good word; but faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair lady's neck.

Lady S. Who's there? Bid the children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

Lady A. O! madam, let'm laugh, they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Never. Miss, I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise never to tell it again.

Miss. No, to be sure; I'll tell it to nobody but friends and strangers.

Never. Why then, there's some dirt in my teacup.

Miss. Come, come, the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady A. Poh! you must eat a peck of dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Never. Pray, miss, what's a clock?

Miss. Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you a fool that can't tell.

Never. [*To lady A.*] Pray, madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down.

Lady A. Why, 'tis half an hour past hanging time.

Col. Well; I'm like the butcher that was looking for his knife and had it in his mouth: I have been searching my pockets for my snuff-box, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

Miss. If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, colonel: well, I wish I had such a snuff-box.

Never. You'll be long enough before you wish your skin full of eyelet holes.

Col. Wish in one hand—

Miss. Out upon you: Lord, what can the man mean?

Spark. This tea is very hot.

Lady A. Why, it came from a hot place, my lord.

COLONEL *spills his tea.*

Lady S. That's as well done as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill neighbors, when you are forced to praise yourself.

Lady S. So they pray'd me to tell you.

Never. Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do 'twill go down like chopt hay.

Miss. Pray, don't say no, till you are asked.

Never. Well, what you please, and the rest again.

MISS, *stooping for a pin.*

Miss. I have heard 'em say, that a pin a-day is a groat a-year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

Col. O! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen should lay a white egg!

Never. What! you have found a mare's nest, and laugh at the eggs?

Miss. Pray keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Never. Miss, there was a very pleasant accident last night at St. James's Park.

Miss. [*To lady S.*] What was it your ladyship was going to say just now?

Never. Well, miss; tell a mare a tale—

Miss. I find you love to hear yourself talk.

Never. Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiss my, &c.

Miss. Out upon you, for a filthy creature!

Never. What, miss! must I tell you a story and find you ears?

Spark. [*To lady S.*] Pray, madam, don't you think Mrs. Spendall very genteel?

Lady S. Why, my lord, I think she was cut out for a gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the making: she wears her clothes as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork; and, for the fashion, I believe they were made in the reign of queen Bess.

Never. Well, that's neither here nor there; for, you know, the more careless the more modish.

Col. Well, I'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and Dick Dolt: and I believe I can see as far into a millstone as another man.

Miss. Colonel, I must beg your pardon a thousand times; but they say, an old ape has an old eye.

Never. Miss, what do you mean? you'll spoil the colonel's marriage if you call him old.

Col. Not so old, nor yet so cold—you know the rest, miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine thing, truly.

Col. Faith, miss, depend upon't, I'll give you as good as you bring: what! if you give a jest you must take a jest.

Lady S. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

Miss. Why, madam, fools will be meddling; I wish he may cut his fingers. I hope you can see your own blood without fainting.

Never. Why, miss, you shine this morning like a sh—n barn door: you'll never hold out at this rate; pray save a little wit for to-morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your say; if people will be rude, I have done; my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand years hence.

Never. Miss, you have shot your bolt: I find you must have the last word—Well, I'll go to the opera to-night.—No, I can't, neither, for I have some business — and yet I think I must, for I promised to squire the countess to her box.

Miss. The countess of Puddledock, I suppose.

Never. Peace or war, miss?

Lady S. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll never be mad, you are of so many minds.

As MISS *rises, the chair falls behind her.*

Miss. Well; I shan't be lady mayoress this year.

Never. No, miss, 'tis worse than that; you won't be married this year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, though I an't well.

NEVEROUT, *as* MISS *is standing, pulls her suddenly on his lap.*

Never. Now, colonel, come sit down on my lap; more sacks upon the mill.

Miss. Let me go; ar'n't you sorry for my heaviness?

Never. No, miss; you are very light; but I don't say you are a light hussy. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's labor, you may do it yourself; I wish you would be quiet; you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

NEVEROUT *rises to take up the chair, and* MISS *sits in his.*

Never. You wou'dn't be so soon in my grave, madam.

Miss. Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping; my rents are coming in; I'm afraid I shall fall into the ragman's hands.

Never. I'll mend it, miss.

Miss. You mend it! go, teach your grannam to suck eggs.

Never. Why, miss, you are so cross, I could find in my heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my heart; there will be no love lost between us.

Never. But pray, my lady Smart, does not miss look as if she could eat me without salt?

Miss. I'll make you one day sup sorrow for this.

Never. Well, follow your own way, you'll live the longer.

Miss. See, madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady S. 'Tis indifferent, as Doll danced.

Never. 'Twill last as many nights as days.

Miss. Well, I knew it should never have your good word.

Lady S. My lord, my lady Answerall and I was walking in the park last night till near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

Never. Egad, so was I; and I'll tell you a comical accident; egad, I lost my understanding.

Miss. I'm glad you had any to lose.

Lady S. Well, but what do you mean?

Never. Egad, I kick'd my foot against a stone, and tore off the heel of my shoe, and was forced to limp to a cobbler in the Pall-mall to have it put on. He, he, he, he! [*All laugh.*

Col. O! 'twas a delicate night to run away with another man's wife.

NEVEROUT *sneezes.*

Miss. God bless you! if you han't taken snuff.

Never. Why, what if I have, miss?

Miss. Why, then, the deuce take you!

Never. Miss, I want that diamond ring of yours.

Miss. Why then, want's like to be your master.

NEVEROUT *looking at the ring.*

Never. Ay, marry, this is not only, but also; where did you get it?

Miss. Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

Never. Well; if I had such a fine diamond ring, I wou'dn't stay a day in England: but you know, far-fetch'd and dear-bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this cost your father 2½*d.*

COLONEL *stretching himself.*

Lady S. Why, colonel, you break the king's laws; you stretch without a halter.

Lady A. Colonel, some ladies of your acquaintance have promised to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them. What will you give us?

Col. Why, faith, madam, bachelor's fare: bread and cheese and kisses.

Lady A. Poh! what have you bachelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies? you have nothing to keep but your own four quarters.

Lady S. My lord, has captain Brag the honor to be related to your lordship?

Spark. Very nearly, madam; he's my cousin-german, quite removed.

Lady A. Pray, is he not rich?

Spark. Ay, a rich rogue, two shirts and a rag.

Col. Well, however, they say he has a great estate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

Lady S. What religion is he of?

Spark. Why, he is an Anythingarian.

Lady A. I believe he has his religion to choose, my lord.

NEVEROUT *scratches his head.*

Miss. Fie, Mr. Neverout, ar'n't you ashamed! I beg pardon for the expression, but I'm afraid your bosom friends are become your backbiters.

Never. Well, miss, I saw a flea once in your pinner, and a louse is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion: however, I wish you would scratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

Miss. And who would be fool, then? I wou'dn't touch a man's flesh for the universe. You have the wrong sow by the ear, I assure you; that's meat for your master.

Never. Miss Notable, all quarrels laid aside, pray step hither for a moment.

Miss. I'll wash my hands, and wait on you, sir; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock.

Never. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We!—what, have you pigs in your belly?

Never. Miss, I assure you I am very handy at all things.

Miss. Marry, hang them that can't give themselves a good word: I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louse in the fire.

Col. Well, I must be plain; here's a very bad smell.

Lady A. Perhaps, colonel, the fox is the finder.

Never. No, colonel; 'tis only your teeth against rain; but——

Miss. Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's sow.

COLONEL, *coughing.*

Col. I have got a sad cold.

Lady A. Ay; 'tis well if one can get anything these hard times.

Miss. [*To Col.*] Choke, chicken, there's more a-hatching.

Lady S. Pray, colonel, how did you get that cold?

Spark. Why, madam, I suppose the colonel got it by lying a-bed barefoot.

Lady A. Why then, colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a man takes his wife.

Col. Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a constable.

Miss. Mr. Neverout! Mr. Neverout! come hither this moment.

Lady S. [*Imitating her.*] Mr. Neverout! Mr. Neverout! I wish he were tied to your girdle.

Never. What's the matter? whose mare's dead now?

Miss. Take your labor for your pains; you may go back again, like a fool, as you came.

Never. Well, miss, if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my fault.

Lady S. Colonel, methinks your coat is too short.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, madam.

Miss. Come, come; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

Never. Ladies, you are mistaken in the stuff: 'tis half silk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

A great noise below.

Lady S. Hey, what a clattering is here! one would think hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I must take my leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady S. What! you are sick of the mulligrubs with eating chopped hay?

Miss. No, indeed, madam; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

Lady A. Poor miss! she's sick as a cushion; she wants nothing but stuffing.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a caudle of calf's eggs.

Never. I can't find my gloves.

Miss. I saw the dog running away with some dirty thing awhile ago.

Col. Miss, you have got my handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

Lady S. No; keep it, miss: for they say possession is eleven points of the law.

Miss. Madam, he shall never have it again; 'tis in huckster's hands.

Lady A. What! I see 'tis raining again.

Spark. Why, then, madam, we must do as they do in Spain.

Miss. Pray, my lord, how is that?

Spark. Why, madam, we must let it rain.

MISS *whispers lady* SMART.

Never. There's no whispering, but there's lying.

Miss. Lord! Mr. Neverout, you are as pert as a pearmonger this morning.

Never. Indeed, miss, you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh! I know that already; tell me news.

Somebody knocks at the door.

FOOTMAN *comes in.*

Footman. [*To Col.*] An please your honor, there's a man below wants to speak to you.

Col. Ladies, your pardon for a minute. [*Goes out.*]

Lady S. Miss, I sent yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miss. Why, indeed, madam, I was hunch'd up in a hackney-coach with three country acquaintance, who called upon me to take the air as far as Highgate.

Lady S. And had you a pleasant airing?

Miss. No, madam; it rained all the time; I was jolted to death; and the road was so bad that I scream'd every moment, and called to the coachman, Pray, friend, don't spill us.

Never. So, miss, you were afraid that pride would have a fall.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, when I want a fool, I'll send for you.

Spark. Miss, didn't your left ear burn last night?

Miss. Pray why, my lord?

Spark. Because I was then in some company where you were extolled to the skies, I assure you.

Miss. My lord, that was more their goodness than my desert.

[illegible] that you were a complete beauty.

Miss. My lord, I am as God made me.

Lady S. The girl's well enough, if she had but another nose.

Miss. O! madam, I know I shall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the stile.

One knocks.

Lady S. Who's there? you're on the wrong side of the door; come in, if you be fat.

COLONEL *comes in again.*

Spark. Why, colonel, you are a man of great business.

Col. Ay, ay, my lord, I'm like my lord mayor's fool, full of business and nothing to do.

Lady S. My lord, don't you think the colonel's mightily fall'n away of late?

Spark. Ay, fall'n from a horseload to a cartload.

Col. Why, my lord, egad I am like a rabbit, fat and lean in four-and-twenty hours.

Lady S. I assure you, the colonel walks as straight as a pin.

Miss. Yes; he's a handsome-bodied man in the face.

Never. A handsome foot and leg; god-a-mercy shoe and stocking!

Col. What! three upon one! that's foul play: this would make a parson swear.

Never. Why, miss, what's the matter? you look as if you had neither won nor lost.

Col. Why, you must know, miss lives upon love.

Miss. Yes, upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

Lady A. Ay; they say love and pease-porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart; and the other the belly.

Miss. [*Imitating lady Answerall's tone.*] Very pretty! one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Lady A. Have a care; they say, mocking is catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Never. Why, then, miss, you have a wrinkle—more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well; live and learn.

Never. Ay; and be hang'd and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, take it as you please; but, I swear, you are a saucy Jack, to use such expressions.

Never. Why, then, miss, if you go to that, I must tell you there's ne'er a Jack but there's a Gill.

Miss. Oh! Mr. Neverout, everybody knows that you are the pink of courtesy.

Never. And, miss, all the world allows that you are the flower of civility.

Lady S. Miss, I hear there was a great deal of company where you visited last night: pray, who were they?

Miss. Why, there was old lady Forward, miss To-and-again, sir John Ogle, my lady Clapper, and I, quoth the dog.

Col. Was your visit long, miss?

Miss. Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and so poor pilgarlic came home alone.

Never. Alackaday, poor miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What! you think you said a fine thing now: well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

Spark. Miss, if it is manners, may I ask which is oldest, you or lady Scuttle?

Miss. Why, my lord, when I die for age, she may quake for fear.

Lady S. She's a very great gadder abroad.

Lady A. Lord! she made me follow her last week through all the shops like a Tantiny pig.

Lady S. I remember, you told me you had been with her from Dan to Beersheba.

COLONEL *spits.*

Col. Lord! I shall die! I cannot spit from me.

Miss. O! Mr. Neverout, my little countess has just titter'd; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a puppy.

Never. Why, miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell truth.

Spark. Ay, but, Tom, smoke that, she calls you puppy by craft.

Never. Well, miss, you ride the fore-horse to-day.

Miss. Ay, many a one says well, that thinks ill.

Never. Fie, miss; you said that once before; and, you know, too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why, sure we can't say a good thing too often.

Spark. Well, so much for that, and butter for fish; let us call another cause. Pray, madam, does your ladyship know Mrs. Nice?

Lady S. Perfectly well, my lord; she's nice by name and nice by nature.

Spark. Is it possible she could take that booby, Tom Blunder, for love?

Miss. She had good skill in horse-flesh that could choose a goose to ride on.

Lady A. Why, my lord, 'twas her fate; they say, marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Col. I believe she'll ne'er be burnt for a witch.

Spark. They say, marriages are made in heaven; but I doubt, when she was married, she had no friend there.

Never. Well, she's got out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Col. The fellow's well enough, if he had any guts in his brains.

Lady S. They say, thereby hangs a tale.

Spark. Why, he is a mere hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy.

Miss. Well, if I were to choose a husband, I would never be married to a little man.

Never. Pray, why so, miss? for they say, of all evils we ought to choose the least.

Miss. Because folks would say, when they saw us together, There goes the woman and her husband.

Col. [*To lady Smart.*] Will your ladyship be on the Mall to-morrow night?

Lady S. No, that won't be proper; you know to-morrow's Sunday.

Spark. What, then, madam! they say, the better day the better deed.

Lady A. Pray, Mr. Neverout, how do you like lady Fruzz?

Never. Pox on her! She is as old as Poles (*St. Paul's Church*).

Miss. So will you be, if you ben't hanged when you're young.

Never. Come, miss, let us be friends: will you go to the Park this evening?

Miss. With all my heart, and a piece of my liver; but not with you.

Lady S. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two: I am afraid I shall get a fit of the headach to-day.

Col. O! madam, don't be afraid! it comes with a fright.

Miss. [*To lady Answerall.*] Madam, one of your ladyship's lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady A. Well, no matter; they that ride on a trotting horse, will ne'er perceive it.

Never. Indeed, miss, your lappets hang worse.

Miss. Well, I love a liar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

MISS *rises up.*

Never. Deuce take you, miss; you trod on my foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my bed-side.

Miss. In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

Spark. Well said, girl! [*Giving her a chuck.*] Take that: they say a chuck under the chin is worth two kisses.

Lady A. But, Mr. Neverout, I wonder why such a handsome, straight young gentleman as you don't get some rich widow.

Spark. Straight! ay, straight as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

Never. Faith, madam, if it rained such widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a three-penny planet, never to be worth a groat.

Lady A. No, Mr. Neverout; I believe you were born with a caul on your head, you are such a favorite among the ladies: but what think you of widow Prim? she's immensely rich.

Never. Hang her! they say her father was a baker.

Lady S. Ay; but it is not, What is she? but, What has she? now-a-days.

Col. Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll speak a good word for you to her.

Lady A. Ay; I warrant you'll speak one word for him and two for yourself.

Miss. Well, I had that at my tongue's end.

Lady A. Why, miss, they say good wits jump.

Never. Faith, madam, I had rather marry a woman I loved in her smock than widow Prim if she had her weight in gold.

Lady S. Come, come, Mr. Neverout, marriage is honorable, but housekeeping is a shrew.

Lady A. Consider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed: and you are a younger brother.

Col. Well, madam, the younger brother is the better gentleman: however, Tom, I would advise you to look before you leap.

Spark. The colonel says true; besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same year.

Miss. [*Shuddering.*] Lord! there's somebody walking over my grave.

Col. Pray, lady Answerall, where was you last Wednesday, when I did myself the honor to wait on you? I think your ladyship is one of the tribe of Gad.

Lady A. Why, colonel, I was at church.

Col. Nay, then, I will be hang'd, and my horse too.

Never. I believe her ladyship was at a church with a chimney in it.

Miss. Lord, my petticoat! how it hangs by jommetry!

Never. Perhaps the fault may be in your shape.

Miss. [*Looking gravely.*] Come, Mr. Neverout, there's no jest like the true jest; but I suppose you think my back is broad enough to bear everything.

Never. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

Miss. Well, sir, your pardon's granted.

Never. Well, all things have an end, and a pudding has two, up-up-on me-my my word. [*Stutters.*

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, can't you speak without a spoon?

Spark. [*To lady Smart.*] Has your ladyship seen the duchess since your falling out?

Lady S. Never, my lord, but once at a visit, and she looked at me as the devil looked over Lincoln.

Never. Pray, miss, take a pinch of my snuff.

Miss. What! you break my head, and give me a plaster; well, with all my heart; once and not use it.

Never. Well, miss, if you wanted me and your victuals, you'd want your two best friends.

Col. [*To Neverout.*] Tom, miss and you must kiss and be friends.

NEVEROUT *salutes* MISS.

Miss. Anything for a quiet life: my nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink wine, or kiss a fool.

Col. Well, Tom, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Never. I never said a rude thing to a lady in my life.

Miss. Here's a pin for that lie; I'm sure liars had need of good memories. Pray, colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

Lady A. Mr. Neverout, if miss will be angry for nothing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

Never. Come, lady Answerall, I know better things; miss and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

Col. Tom, not a word of the pudding, I beg you.

Lady S. Ah, colonel! you'll never be good, nor then neither.

Spark. Which of the goods d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing?

Miss. I have a blister on my tongue, yet I don't remember I told a lie.

Lady A. I thought you did just now.

Spark. Pray, madam, what did thought do?

Lady S. Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your lordship means.

Spark. Indeed, madam, I meant no harm.

Lady S. No, to be sure, my lord! you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

Never. Madam, they say ill-doers are ill-deemers; but I don't apply it to your ladyship.

MISS, *mending a hole in her lace.*

Miss. Well, you see I'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time. Look, lady Answerall, is it not well mended?

Lady A. Ay, this is something like a tansy.

Never. Faith, miss, you have mended as a tinker mends a kettle; stop one hole and make two.

Lady S. Pray, colonel, are you not very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, madam; but a cup of Christmas ale will soon wash it off.

Spark. Lady Smart, does not your ladyship think Mrs. Fade is greatly altered since her marriage?

Lady A. Why, my lord, she was handsome in her time; but she cannot eat her cake and have her cake; I hear she's grown a mere otomy.

Lady S. Poor creature! the black ox has set his foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay; she has quite lost the blue on the plum.

Lady S. And yet, they say, her husband is very fond of her still.

Lady A. O, madam, if she would eat gold he would give it her.

Never. [*To lady Smart.*] Madam, have you heard that lady Queasy was lately at the playhouse incog.?

Lady S. What! lady Queasy of all women in the world! do you say it upon rep.?

Never. Poz, I saw her with my own eyes; she sat among the mob in the gallery; her own ugly phiz: and she saw me look at her.

Col. Her ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the hips.

Never. I smoked her huge nose, and egad, she put me in mind of the woodcock, that strives to hide his long bill, and then thinks nobody sees him.

Col. Tom, I advise you hold your tongue; for you'll never say so good a thing again.

Lady S. Miss, what are you looking for?

Miss. O, madam, I have lost the finest needle—

Lady A. Why, seek till you find it, and then you won't lose your labor.

Never. The loop of my hat is broke, how shall I mend it? [*He fastens it with a pin.*] Well, hang him, say I, that has no shift.

Miss. Ay, and hang him that has one too many.

Never. O, miss, I have heard a sad story of you.

Miss. I defy you, Mr. Neverout; nobody can say black's my eye.

Never. I believe you wish they could.

Miss. Well, but who was your author? Come, tell truth and shame the devil.

Never. Come then, miss; guess who it was that told me? come, put on your considering cap.

Miss. Well, who was it?

Never. Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

Miss. Well, go hang yourself in your own garters, for I'm sure the gallows groans for you.

Never. Pretty miss! I was but in jest.

Miss. Well, but don't let that stick in your gizzard.

Col. My lord, does your lordship know Mrs. Talkall?

Spark. Only by sight; but I hear she has a great deal of wit; and, egad, as the saying is, mettle to the back.

Lady S. So I hear.

Col. Why, Dick Lubber said to her t'other day, Madam, you can't cry bo to a goose: yes, but I can, said she: and, egad, cry'd bo full in his face. We all thought we should break our hearts with laughing.

Spark. That was cutting with a vengeance: and, prithee, how did the fool look?

Col. Look! egad, he look'd for all the world like an owl in an ivy-bush.

A Child comes in screaming.

Miss. Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came; peace, you little vixen! if I were near you I would not be far from you.

Lady S. Ay, ay! bachelors' wives and maids' children are finely tutor'd.

Lady A. Come to me, master, and I'll give you a sugarplum. Why, miss, you forget that ever you was a child yourself. [*She gives the child a lump of sugar.*] I have heard 'em say, boys will long.

Col. My lord, I suppose you know that Mr. Buzzard has married again.

Lady S. This is his fourth wife; then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know she had a month's mind to Dick Frontless, and thought to run away with him; but her parents forced her to take the old fellow for a good settlement.

Spark. So the man got his mare again.

Lady S. I'm told he said a very good thing to Dick; said he, You *think* us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows *know* young fellows are fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady A. Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

Miss. What if he had been young and she old?

Never. Why, miss, that would have been a match of the devil's making; but when both are young, that's a match of God's making.

MISS, *searching her pocket for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg.*

Never. O, miss, have a care; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

Miss. Well, if I ever be married, it shall be to an old man: they always make the best husbands; and it is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's warling.

Never. Faith, miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

LADY SMART *rings the bell.*

FOOTMAN *comes in.*

Lady S. Harkee, you fellow; run to my lady Match, and desire she will remember to be here at six to play at quadrille: d'ye hear, if you fall by the way, don't stay to get up again.

Foot. Madam, I don't know the house.

Lady S. That's not for want of ignorance; follow your nose; go, inquire among the servants.

FOOTMAN *goes out, and leaves the door open.*

Lady S. Here, come back, you fellow; why did you leave the door open? Remember, that a good servant must always come when he's called, do what he's bid, and shut the door after him.

The FOOTMAN *goes out again, and falls down stairs.*

Lady A. Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: well, but I hope the poor fellow has not saved the hangman a labor.

Never. Pray, madam, smoke miss yonder, biting her lips, and playing with her fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my name in vain?

She runs up to them, and falls down.

Lady S. What more falling! do you intend the frolic should go round?

Lady A. Why, miss, I wish you may not have broke her ladyship's floor.

Never. Miss, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Spark. Well, but, without a jest, I hope, miss, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, she must be hurt for certain; for you see her head is all of a lump.

Miss. Well, remember this, colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

Lady S. But, colonel, when do you design to get a house, and a wife, and a fire to put her in?

Miss. Lord! who would be married to a soldier, and carry his knapsack?

Never. O, madam: Mars and Venus, you know.

Col. Egad, madam, I'd marry to-morrow, if I thought I could

bury my wife just when the honey-moon is over; but, they say, a woman has as many lives as a cat.

Lady A. I find the colonel thinks a dead wife under the table is the best goods in a man's house.

Lady S. O but, colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, madam; for they say, he that has lost his wife and sixpence, has lost a tester.

Lady S. But, colonel, they say, that every married man should believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good wife must be bespoke; for there's none ready made.

Miss. I suppose the gentleman's a woman-hater; but, sir, I think you ought to remember that you had a mother: and pray, if it had not been for a woman where would you have been, colonel?

Col. Nay, miss, you cried whore first, when you talked of the knapsack.

Lady A. But I hope you won't blame the whole sex, because some are bad.

Never. And they say he that hates woman, sucked a sow.

Col. O madam; there's no general rule without an exception.

Lady S. Then why don't you marry and settle?

Col. Egad, madam, there's nothing will settle me but a bullet.

Spark. Well, colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

Col. Why so, my lord?

Spark. Because they say, he was cursed in his mother's belly that was killed by a cannon-bullet.

Miss. I suppose the colonel was crossed in his first love, which makes him so severe on all the sex.

Lady A. Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one that the colonel has been over head and ears in love with some lady that has made his heart ache.

Col. O, madam, we soldiers are admirers of all the fair sex.

Miss. I wish I could see the colonel in love till he was ready to die.

Lady S. Ay, but, I doubt few people die for love in these days.

Never. Well, I confess, I differ from the colonel; for I hope to have a rich and a handsome wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, Tom; live, horse, and thou shalt have grass.

Miss. Well, colonel; but whatever you say against women, they are better creatures than men: for men were made of clay, but woman was made of man.

Col. Miss, you may say what you please; but faith you'll never lead apes in hell.

Never. No, no; I'll be sworn miss has not an inch of nun's flesh about her.

Miss. I understumble you, gentlemen.

Never. Madam, your humblecumdumble.

Spark. Pray, miss, when did you see your old acquaintance, Mrs. Cloudy? you and she are two, I hear.

Miss. See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever see her again! God bless my eyesight!

Lady A. Lord! why she and you were as great as two inkle-weavers. I've seen her hug you as the devil hugged the witch.

Miss. That's true; but I'm told for certain she's no better than she should be.

Lady S. Well, God mend us all; but you must allow the world is very censorious; I never heard that she was a naughty pack.

Col. [*To Neverout.*] Come, sir Thomas, when the king pleases, when do you intend to march?

Spark. Have patience. Tom, is your friend Ned Rattle married?

Never. Yes, faith, my lord; he has tied a knot with his tongue that he can never untie with his teeth.

Lady S. Ah! marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Lady A. Has he got a good fortune with his lady? for they say something has some savor, but nothing has no flavor.

Never. Faith, madam, all he gets by her he may put into his eye and see never the worse.

Miss. Then, I believe he heartily wishes her in Abraham's bosom.

Col. Pray, my lord, how does Charles Limber and his fine wife agree?

Spark. Why, they say he's the greatest cuckold in town.

Never. O but, my lord, you should always except my lord mayor.

Miss. Mr. Neverout!

Never. Hay, madam, did you call me?

Miss. Hay! why, hay is for horses.

Never. Why miss, then you may kiss—

Col. Pray, my lord, what's o'clock by your oracle?

Spark. Faith, I can't tell; I think my watch runs upon wheels.

Never. Miss, pray be so kind to call a servant to bring me a glass of small beer: I know you are at home here.

Miss. Every fool can do as they're bid: make a page of your own age, and do it yourself.

Never. Choose, proud fool; I did but ask you.

MISS *puts her hand upon her knee*

Never. What, miss, are you thinking of your sweetheart? is your garter slipping down?

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, keep your breath to cool your porridge; you measure my corn by your bushel.

Never. Indeed, miss, you lie—

Miss. Did you ever hear anything so rude?

Never. I mean, you lie—under a mistake.

Miss. If a thousand lies could choke you, you would have been choked many a day ago.

MISS *strives to snatch* MR. NEVEROUT'S *snuff-box.*

Never. Madam, you missed that, as you missed your mother's blessing.

She tries again and misses.

Never. Snap short makes you look so lean, miss.

Miss. Poh! you are so robustious, you had like to put out my eye; I assure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

Lady S. Dear miss, be quiet; and bring me a pin-cushion out of that closet.

MISS *opens the closet door and squalls.*

Lady S. Lord bless the girl! what's the matter now?

Miss. I vow, madam, I saw something in black; I thought it was a spirit.

Col. Why, miss, did you ever see a spirit?

Miss. No, sir; I thank God I never saw anything worse than myself.

Never. Well, I did a very foolish thing yesterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

Miss. Very likely; for they say, many a true word's spoken in jest.

FOOTMAN *returns.*

Lady S. Well, did you deliver your message? you are fit to be sent for sorrow, you stay so long by the way.

Foot. Madam, my lady was not at home, so I did not leave the message.

Lady S. This it is to send a fool of an errand.

Spark. [*Looking at his watch.*] 'Tis past twelve o'clock.

Lady S. Well, what is that among all us?

Spark. Madam, I must take my leave: come, gentlemen, are you for a march?

Lady S. Well, but your lordship and the colonel will dine with us to-day; and, Mr. Neverout, I hope we shall have your good company; there will be no soul else, beside my own lord and these ladies; for everybody knows I hate a crowd; I would rather want victuals than elbow-room; we dine punctually at three.

Spark. Madam, we'll be sure to attend your ladyship.

Col. Madam, my stomach serves me instead of a clock.

Another FOOTMAN *comes back.*

Lady S. Oh! you are the t'other fellow I sent; well, have you been with my lady Club? you are good to send of a dead man's errand.

Foot. Madam, my lady Club begs your ladyship's pardon: but she is engaged to-night.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, here's the back of my hand to you.

Never. Miss, I find you will have the last word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

DIALOGUE II.

LORD SMART *and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine. After salutations.*

Smart. I'm sorry I was not at home this morning when you all did us the honor to call here; but I went to the levee to-day.

Spark. Oh! my lord; I am sure the loss was ours.

Lady S. Gentlemen and ladies, you are come to a sad dirty house; I am sorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

Spark. Oh! madam; your ladyship is pleased to say so; but I never saw anything so clean and so fine; I profess it is a perfect paradise.

Lady S. My lord, your lordship is always very obliging.

Spark. Pray, madam, whose picture is that?

Lady S. Why, my lord, it was drawn for me.

Spark. I'll swear the painter did not flatter your ladyship.

Col. My lord, the day is finely cleared up.

Smart. Ay, colonel; 'tis a pity that fair weather should ever do any harm. [*To Neverout.*] Why, Tom, you are high in the mode.

Never. My lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Smart. But, Tom, I hear you and miss are always quarrelling: I fear it is your fault; for I can assure you she is very good-humored.

Never. Ay, my lord; so is the devil when he's pleased.

Smart. Miss, what do you think of my friend Tom?

Miss. My lord, I think he's not the wisest man in the world; and truly he's sometimes very rude.

Spark. That may be true; but yet, he that hangs Tom for a fool may find a knave in the halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hanged, if it were only to try.

Never. Well, miss, if I must be hanged, I won't go far to choose my gallows; it shall be about your fair neck.

Miss. I'll see your nose cheese first and the dogs eating it; but, my lord, Mr. Neverout's wit begins to run low; for, I vow, he said this before; pray, colonel, give him a pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Spark. My lady Smart, your ladyship has a very fine scarf.

Lady S. Yes, my lord; it will make a flaming figure in a country church.

FOOTMAN *comes in.*

Foot. Madam, dinner's upon the table.

Col. Faith, I am glad of it; my belly began to cry cupboard.

Never. I wish I may never hear worse news.

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, you are in great haste; I believe your belly thinks your throat is cut.

Never. No, faith, miss; three meals a-day, and a good supper at night, will serve my turn.

Miss. To say the truth, I'm hungry.

Never. And I'm angry; so let us both go fight.

They go in to dinner, and, after the usual compliments, take their seats.

Lady S. Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any oysters before dinner?

Col. With all my heart. [*Takes an oyster.*] He was a bold man that first ate an oyster.

Lady S. They say oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive: then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace.

Never. Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it myself.

Lady S. Well, we are well set if we be but as well served: come, colonel, handle your arms; shall I help you to some beef?

Col. If your ladyship please; and pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but send me a large slice: for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble sirloin.

Never. Ay; here's cut and come again.

Miss. But pray, why is it called a sirloin?

Smart. Why you must know, that our king James I., who loved good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and seeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his sword, and in a frolic knighted it. Few people know the secret of this.

Spark. Beef is man's meat, my lord.

Smart. But, my lord, I say beef is the king of meat.

Miss. Pray what have I done, that I must not have a plate?

Lady S. [*To Lady A.*] What will your ladyship please to eat?

Lady A. Pray, madam, help yourself.

Col. They say, eating and scratching wants but a beginning: if you'll give me leave, I'll help myself to a slice of this shoulder of veal.

Lady S. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing; well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say there are thirty and two good bits in a shoulder of veal.

Lady S. Ay, colonel, thirty bad bits and two good ones; you see I understand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Never. Colonel, I'll be of your mess

Col. Then pray, Tom, carve for yourself; they say, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse: Hah! said I well, Tom?

Never. Colonel, you spoke like an oracle.

Miss. [*To Lady A.*] Madam, will your ladyship help me to some fish?

Smart. [*To Neverout.*] Tom, they say fish should swim thrice.

Never. How is that, my lord?

Smart. Why, Tom, first it should swim in the sea, (do you mind me?) then it should swim in butter; and at last, sirrah, it should swim in good claret. I think I have made it out.

Foot. [*To lord Smart.*] My lord, sir John Linger is coming up.

Smart. God so! I invited him to dine with me to-day, and forgot it: well, desire him to walk in.

SIR JOHN LINGER *comes in.*

Sir J. What! you are at it! why then I'll be gone.

Lady S. Sir John, I beg you will sit down; come, the more the merrier.

Sir J. Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

Lady S. Well, I am the worst in the world at making apologies; it was my lord's fault: I doubt you must kiss the hare's foot.

Sir J. I see you are fast by the teeth.

Col. Faith, sir John, we are killing that that would kill us.

Spark. You see, sir John, we are upon a business of life and death; come, will you do as we do? you are come in pudding-time.

Sir J. Ay; this would be doing if I were dead. What! you keep court hours, I see: I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

Lady S. Why, we won't eat you, sir John.

Sir J. It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow, who bought some Derbyshire oxen of me.

Never. You see, sir John, we stayed for you as one horse does for another.

Lady S. My lord, will you help sir John to some beef? Lady Answerall, pray eat, you see your dinner; I am sure, if we had known we should have such good company, we should have been better provided; but you must take the will for the deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your loss.

Col. And pray, sir John, how do you like the town? you have been absent a long time.

Sir J. Why, I find little London stands just where it did when I left it last.

Never. What do you think of Hanover-square? Why, sir John, London is gone out of town since you saw it.

Lady S. Sir John, I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here's no salt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

Smart. Pray edge a little, to make more room for sir John: sir John, fall to: you know half an hour is soon lost at dinner.

Sir J. I protest, I can't eat a bit, for I took share of a beefsteak and two mugs of ale with my chapman, besides a tankard of March beer, as soon as I got out of my bed.

Lady A. Not fresh and fasting, I hope?

Sir J. Yes, faith, madam; I always wash my kettle before I put the meat in it.

Lady S. Poh! sir John, you have seen nine houses since you ate last: come, you have kept a corner in your stomach for a piece of venison pasty.

Sir J. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady A. Come, sir John, you may go further and fare worse.

Miss. [*To Neverout.*] Pray, Mr. Neverout, will you please to send me a piece of tongue?

Never. By no means, madam: one tongue is enough for a woman.

Col. Miss, here's a tongue that never told a lie.

Miss. That was, because it could not speak. Why, colonel, I never told a lie in my life.

Never. I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greatest lie that ever was told?

Col. [*To Neverout.*] Prithee, Tom, send me the two legs, and rump, and liver of that pigeon; for, you must know, I love what nobody else loves.

Never. But what if any of the ladies should long? Well, here take it, and the d——l do you good with it.

Lady A. Well; this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach.

Never. I am sure I have lost mine.

Miss. What! the bottom of it, I suppose?

Never. No, really, miss; I have quite lost.

Miss. I should be very sorry a poor body had found it.

Lady S. But, sir John, we hear you are married since we saw you last: what! you have stolen a wedding, it seems?

Sir J. Well; one can't do a foolish thing once in one's life, but one must hear of it a hundred times.

Col. And pray, sir John, how does your lady unknown?

Sir J. My wife's well, colonel, and at your service in a civil way. Ha, ha! [*He laughs.*

Miss. Pray, sir John, is your lady tall or short?

Sir J. Why, miss, I thank God, she is a little evil.

Spark. Come, give me a glass of claret.

FOOTMAN *fills him a bumper.*

Spark. Why do you fill so much?

Never. My lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady S. Miss, shall I send you some cucumber?

Miss. Madam, I dare not touch it: for they say cucumbers are cold in the third degree.

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, do you love pudding?

Never. Madam, I am like all fools, I love everything that is good; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Col. Sir John, I hear you are a great walker when you are at home.

Sir J. No, faith, colonel; I always love to walk with a horse in my hand: but I have had devilish bad luck in horse-flesh of late.

Smart. Why, then, sir John, you must kiss a parson's wife.

Lady S. They say, sir John, that your lady has a great deal of wit.

Sir J. Madam, she can make a pudding, and has just wit enough to know her husband's breeches from another man's.

Smart. My lord Sparkish, I have some excellent cider; will you please to taste it?

Spark. My lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not treacherous?

Smart. Pray, my lord, how is it treacherous?

Spark. Because it smiles in my face, and cuts my throat.

[*Here a loud laugh.*

Miss. Odd so! madam; your knives are very sharp, for I have cut my finger.

Lady S. I am sorry for it: pray which finger? (God bless the mark!)

Miss. Why, this finger: no, 'tis this: I vow I can't find which it is.

Never. Ay; the fox had a wound, and he could not tell where, &c. Bring some water to throw in her face.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, did you ever draw a sword in anger? I warrant you would faint at the sight of your own blood.

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, shall I send you some veal?

Never. No, madam, I don't love it.

Miss. Then pray for them that do. I desire your ladyship will send me a bit.

Smart. Tom, my service to you.

Never. My lord, this moment I did myself the honor to drink to your lordship.

Smart. Why, then, that's Hertfordshire kindness.

Never. Faith, my lord, I pledged myself; for I drank twice together without thinking.

Spark. Why, then, colonel, my humble service to you.

Never. Pray, my lord, don't make a bridge of my nose.

Spark. Well, a glass of this wine is as comfortable as matrimony to an old woman.

Col. Sir John, I design, one of these days, to come and beat up your quarters in Derbyshire.

Sir J. Faith, colonel, come, and welcome: and stay away, and heartily welcome: but you were born within the sound of Bow bell, and don't care to stir so far from London.

Miss. Pray, colonel, send me some fritters.

COLONEL *takes them out with his hand.*

Col. Here, miss; they say fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

Lady S. Methinks this pudding is too much boil'd.

Lady A. O! madam, they say a pudding is poison when it is too much boil'd.

Never. Miss, shall I help you to a pigeon? here's a pigeon so finely roasted, it cries, Come eat me.

Miss. No, sir; I thank you.

Never. Why, then you may choose.

Miss. I have chosen already.

Never. Well, you may be worse offer'd before you are twice married.

The COLONEL *fills a large plate of soup.*

Smart. Why, colonel, you don't mean to eat all that soup?

Col. O! my lord, this is my sick dish; when I'm well I'll have a bigger.

Miss. [*To Col.*] Sup, Simon; very good broth.

Never. This seems to be a good pullet.

Miss. I warrant, Mr. Neverout knows what's good for himself.

Spark. Tom, I shan't take your word for it; help me to a wing.

NEVEROUT *tries to cut off a wing.*

Never. Egad, I can't hit the joint.

Spark. Why then, think of a cuckold.

Never. O! now I have nick'd it. [*Gives it to ld. Sparkish.*

Spark. Why, a man may eat this, though his wife lay a-dying.

Col. Pray, friend, give me a glass of small beer, if it be good.

Smart. Why, colonel, they say there is no such thing as good small beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

Lady S. [*To lady A.*] Madam, I beg your ladyship's pardon; I did not see you when I was cutting that bit.

Lady A. O! madam; after you is good manners.

Lady S. Lord! here's a hair in the sauce!

Spark. Then, madam, set the hounds after it.

Never. Pray, colonel, help me, however, to some of that same sauce.

Col. Come, I think you are more sauce than pig.

Smart. Sir John, cheer up: my service to you: well, what do you think of the world to come?

Sir J. Truly, my lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady S. [*Putting a skewer on a plate.*] Here take this skewer, and carry it down to the cook, to dress it for her own dinner.

Never. I beg your ladyship's pardon, but this small beer is dead.

Lady S. Why, then, let it be buried.

Col. This is admirable black-pudding: miss, shall I carve you some? I can just carve pudding, and that's all; I am the worst carver in the world; I should never make a good chaplain.

Miss. No, thank ye, colonel; for they say those that eat black-pudding will dream of the devil.

Smart. O, here comes the venison pastry: here, take the soup away. [*He cuts it up, and tastes the venison.*] 'Sbuds! this venison is musty.

NEVEROUT *eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.*

Smart. What's the matter, Tom? you have tears in your eyes, I think: what dost cry for, man?

Never. My lord, I was just thinking of my poor grandmother! she died just this very day seven years.

MISS *takes a bit, and burns her mouth.*

Never. And pray, miss, why do you cry, too?

Miss. Because you were not hang'd the day your grandmother died.

Smart. I'd have given 40*l.*, miss, to have said that.

Col. Egad, I think the more I eat the hungrier I am.

Spark. Why, colonel, they say one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

Never. Egad, if I were to fast for my life, I would take a good breakfast in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good supper at night.

Spark. My lord, this venison is plaguily pepper'd; your cook has a heavy hand.

Smart. My lord, I hope you are pepper-proof; come, here's a health to the founders.

Lady S. Ay; and to the confounders, too.

Smart. Lady Answerall, does your ladyship love venison?

Lady A. No, my lord, I can't endure it in my sight: therefore, please to send me a good piece of meat and crust.

Spark. [*Drinks to Neverout.*] Come, Tom; not always to my friends, but once to you.

Never. [*Drinks to lady Smart.*] Come, madam; here's a health to our friends, and hang the rest of our kin.

Lady S. [*To lady A.*] Madam, will your ladyship have any of this hare?

Lady A. No, madam, they say 'tis melancholy meat.

Lady S. Then, madam, shall I send you the brains? I beg your ladyship's pardon; for, they say, 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

Lady A. No, madam; for perhaps it will make me harebrain'd.

Never. Miss, I must tell you one thing.

Miss. [*With a glass in her hand.*] Hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout; don't speak in my tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious man that first found out eating and drinking.

Spark. Of all vittles, drink digests the quickest: give me a glass of wine.

Never. My lord, your wine is too strong.

Smart. Ay, Tom, as much as you're too good.

Miss. This almond-pudding was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

Never. So much the better, miss; cold pudding will settle your love.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, are you going to take a voyage?

Never. Why do you ask, miss?

Miss. Because you have laid in so much beef.

Sir J. You two have eat up the whole pudding between you.

Miss. Sir John, here's a little bit left; will you please to have it?

Sir J. No, thankee; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

Col. [*Calling to the butler.*] John, is your small beer good?

Butler. And please your honor, my lord and lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why, then, John, d'ye see, if you are sure your small beer is good, d'ye mark? then, give me a glass of wine. [*All laugh.*]

COLONEL *tasting the wine.*

Smart. Sir John, how does your neighbor Gatherall of the Peak? I hear he has lately made a purchase.

Sir J. O! Dick Gatherall knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in Derbyshire.

Smart. Why he used to go very fine when he was here in town.

Sir J. Ay; and it became him, as a saddle becomes a sow.

Col. I know his lady, and I think she is a very good woman.

Sir J. She has more goodness in her little finger than he has in his whole body.

Smart. Well, colonel, how do you like that wine?

Col. This wine should be eaten, it is too good to be drunk.

Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't spare it.

Col. No, my lord; I'll never starve in a cook's shop.

Smart. And pray, sir John, what do you say to my wine?

Sir J. I'll take another glass first: second thoughts are best.

Spark. Pray, lady Smart, you sit near that ham; will you please to send me a bit?

Lady S. With all my heart. [*She sends him a piece.*] Pray, my lord, how do you like it?

Spark. I think it is a limb of Lot's wife. [*He eats it with mustard.*] Egad, my lord, your mustard is very uncivil.

Lady S. Why uncivil, my lord?

Spark. Because it takes me by the nose, egad.

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, I find you are a very good carver.

Col. O, madam, that is no wonder; for you must know, Tom Neverout carves o' Sundays.

NEVEROUT *overturns the saltcellar.*

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, you have overturned the salt, and that's a sign of anger: I'm afraid miss and you will fall out.

Lady A. No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

Never. O, madam, the falling out of lovers, you know.

Miss. Lovers! very fine! fall *out* with him! I wonder when we were *in*.

Sir J. For my part, I believe the young gentlewoman is his sweetheart, there is so much fooling and fiddling betwixt them: I'm sure, they say in our country, that shiddle-come-sh—'s the beginning of love.

Miss. I own I love Mr. Neverout as the devil loves holy water: I love him like pie, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

Never. Miss, I'll tell you one thing.

Miss. Come, here'e t'ye, to stop your mouth.

Never. I'd rather you would stop it with a kiss.

Miss. A kiss! marry come up, my dirty cousin; are you no sicker? Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing!

Never. Well, I'm very dry.

Miss. Then you're the better to burn, and the worse to fry.

Lady A. God bless you, colonel, you have a good stroke with you.

Col. O, madam, formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one meal a-day.

Miss. What! I suppose, colonel, that is from morning till night?

Never. Faith, miss; and well was his wont.

Smart. Pray, lady Answerall, taste this bit of venison.

Lady A. I hope your lordship will set me a good example.

Smart. Here's a glass of cider fill'd: miss, you must drink it.

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't.

Never. Come, miss; better belly burst than good liquor be lost.

Miss. Pish! well, in life there was never anything so teazing; I had rather shed it in my shoes: I wish it were in your guts for my share.

Smart. Mr. Neverout, you ha'n't tasted my cider yet.

Never. No, my lord; I have been just eating soup; and they say, if one drinks with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

Smart. Come, take miss's glass, she wish'd it was in your guts; let her have her wish for once: ladies can't abide to have their inclinations cross'd.

Lay S. [*To sir J.*] I think, sir John, you have not tasted the venison yet.

Sir J. I seldom eat it, madam; however, please to send me a little of the crust.

Spark. Why, sir John, you had as good eat the devil as the broth he is boil'd in.

Col. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach, as lady Answerall says.

Never. I have dined as well as my lord mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

Smart. Indeed, lady Answerall, you have eaten nothing.

Lady A. Pray, my lord, see all the bones on my plate: they say a carpenter's known by his chips.

Never. Miss, will you reach me that glass of jelly?

Miss. [*Giving it to him.*] You see, 'tis but ask and have.

Never. Miss, I would have a bigger glass.

Miss. What! you don't know your own mind; you are neither well, full nor fasting; I think that is enough.

Never. Ay, one of the enoughs; I am sure it is little enough.

Miss. Yes; but you know, sweet things are bad for the teeth.

Never. [*To lady A.*] Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you sent me.

Lady A. Well, Mr. Neverout, I find you are a true Englishman; you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.-

Lady A. Why, colonel, a bellyful's a bellyful, if it be but of wheat-straw.

Col. Well, after all, kitchen physic is the best physic.

Lady S. And the best doctors in the world are doctor Diet, doctor Quiet, and doctor Merryman.

Spark. What do you think of a little house well fill'd?

Sir J. And a little land well till'd?

Col. Ay; and a little wife well will'd?

Never. My lady Smart, pray help me to some of the breast of that goose.

Smart. Tom, I have heard that goose upon goose is false heraldry.

Miss. What! will you never have done stuffing?

Smart. This goose is quite raw: well, God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Never. Miss, can you tell which is the gander, the white goose or the grey goose?

Miss. They say, a fool will ask more questions than the wisest body can answer.

Col. Indeed, miss, Tom Neverout has posed you.

Miss. Why, colonel, every dog has his day; but I believe I shall never see a goose again without thinking of Mr. Neverout.

Smart. Well said, miss; faith, girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. Tom, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, Tom is nonpluss'd; he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

Miss. Why, my lord, you see he is the provokingest creature in life; I believe there is not such another in the varsal world.

Lady A. O, miss, the world's a wide place.

Never. Well, miss, I'll give you leave to call me anything, if you don't call me spade.

Smart. Well, but after all, Tom, can you tell me what's Latin for a goose.

Never. O, my lord, I know that: why, brandy is Latin for a goose, and *tace* is Latin for a candle.

Miss. Is that manners, to show your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

Sir J. The devil take your wit, if this be wit; for it spoils company: pray, Mr. Butler, bring me a dram after my goose; 'tis very good for the wholesomes.

Smart. Come, bring me the loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own bread.

Miss. I suppose, my lord, you lay longest a-bed to-day?

Smart. Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a fib; I warrant you lay a-bed till the cows came home: but, miss, shall I cut you a little crust, now my hand is in?

Miss. If you please, my lord, a bit of undercrust.

Never. [*Whispering Miss.*] I find you love to lie under.

Miss. [*Aloud, pushing him from her.*] What does the man mean! Sir, I don't understand you at all.

Never. Come, all quarrels laid aside: here, miss, may you live a thousand years. [*He drinks to her.*

Miss. Pray, sir, don't stint me.

Smart. Sir John, will you taste my October? I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to yours in Derbyshire.

Sir J. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, the devil made askers.

Smart. [*To the butler.*] Here, bring up the great tankard, full of October, for sir John.

Col. [*Drinking to Miss.*] Miss, your health; may you live all the days of your life.

Lady A. Well, miss, you'll certainly be soon married; here's two bachelors drinking to you at once.

Lady S. Indeed, miss, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's smock, you are so well beloved.

Miss. Where's my knife? sure I ha'n't eaten it: O, here it is.

Sir J. No, miss; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

Miss. Pray, sir John, is that a Derbyshire compliment? Here, Mr. Neverout, will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Never. I don't know.

Miss. Why, take it, or let it alone.

Never. I will.

Miss. What will you?

Never. Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

Miss. Well, you are a provoking creature.

Sir J. [*Talking with a glass of wine in his hand.*] I remember a farmer in our country —

Smart. [*Interrupting him.*] Pray, sir John, did you ever hear of parson Palmer?

Sir J. No, my lord; what of him?

Smart. Why, he used to preach over his liquor.

Sir J. I beg your lordship's pardon; here's your lordship's health; I'd drink it up, if it were a mile to the bottom.

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, have you been at the new play?

Never. Yes, madam; I went the first night.

Lady S. Well, and how did it take?

Never. Why, madam, the poet is damn'd.

Sir J. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge so rashly of any Christian.

Never. [*Whispers Lady Smart.*] Was ever such a dunce! How well he knows the town! See how he stares like a stuck pig! Well, but, sir John, are you acquainted with any one of our fine ladies yet?

Sir J. No; damn your fire-ships, I have a wife of my own.

Lady S. Pray, my lady Answerall, how do you like these preserved oranges?

Lady A. Indeed, madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

Lady S. O, madam, I have heard 'em say, that too good is stark naught.

MISS *drinking part of a glass of wine.*

Never. Pray, let me drink your snuff.

Miss. No, indeed, you shan't drink after me; for you'll know my thoughts.

Never. I know them already; you are thinking of a good husband. Besides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

Lady S. Pray, my lord, did not you order the butler to bring up a tankard of our October to sir John? I believe they stay to brew it.

The butler brings up the tankard to SIR JOHN.

Sir J. Won't your ladyship please to drink first?

Lady S. No, sir John; 'tis in a very good hand; I'll pledge you.

Col. [*To ld. Smart.*] My lord, I love October as well as sir John; and I hope you won't make fish of one and flesh of another.

Smart. Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, sir John, take it by word of mouth, and then give it to the colonel.

SIR JOHN *drinks.*

Smart. Well, sir John, how do you like it?

Sir J. Not as well as my own in Derbyshire; 'tis plaguy small.

Lady S. I never taste malt liquor; but they say it is well hopp'd.

Sir J. Hopp'd; why, if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the river. O, my lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat speak and a wise man dumb.

Lady S. I was told ours was very strong.

Sir J. Ay, madam, strong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith, it is mere whip-belly-vengeance; he that drinks most has the worst share.

Col. I believe, sir John, ale is as plenty as water at your house.

Sir J. Why, faith, at Christmas, we have many comers and goers; and they must not be sent away without a cup of Christmas ale, for fear they should p—s behind the door.

Lady S. I hear sir John has the nicest garden in England; they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a place where to spit.

Sir J. O, madam; you are pleased to say so.

Lady S. But, sir John, your ale is terrible strong and heady in Derbyshire, and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

Sir J. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hair of the same dog next morning. I take a new-laid egg for breakfast; and faith one should drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Smart. Tom Neverout, will you taste a glass of October?

Never. No, faith, my lord; I like your wine, and won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your honor's claret is good enough for me.

Lady S. What! is this pigeon left for manners? Colonel, shall I send you the legs and rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a bit more if the house was full.

Smart. [*Carving a partridge.*] Well, one may ride to Rumford upon this knife, it is so blunt.

Lady A. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say an ill workman never had good tools.

Smart. Will your lordship have a wing of it?

Spark. No, my lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My lord, they say, that's a sign of long life.

Smart. Ay; I believe I shall live till my friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does anybody here hate cheese? I would be glad of a bit.

Smart. An odd kind of fellow dined with me t'other day; and when the cheese came upon the table, he pretended to faint; so somebody said, Pray take away the cheese: No, said I; pray take away the fool: said I well?

Here a loud and large laugh.

Col. Faith, my lord, you served the coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wish we had a bit of your lordship's Oxfordshire cheese.

Smart. Come, hang saving; bring us up a half-p'orth of cheese.

Lady A. They say, cheese digests everything but itself.

A footman brings a great whole cheese.

Spark. Ay; this would look handsome if anybody should come in.

Sir J. Well: I'm weily brosten, as they say in Lancashire.

Lady S. O! sir John; I would I had something to brost you withal.

Smart. Come, they say, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

Lady S. Miss, shall I help you to some cheese, or will you carve for yourself?

Never. I'll hold fifty pounds, miss won't cut the cheese.

Miss. Pray, why so, Mr. Neverout?

Never. O, there is a reason, and you know it well enough.

Miss. I can't for my life understand what the gentleman means.

Smart. Pray, Tom, change the discourse: in troth you are too bad.

Col. [*Whispers Neverout.*] Smoke miss; faith, you have made her fret like gum taffeta.

Lady S. Well, but, miss, (hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout,) shall I cut you a piece of cheese?

Miss. No, really, madam; I have dined this half hour.

Lady S. What! quick at meat, quick at work, they say.

SIR JOHN *nods.*

Smart. What! are you sleepy, sir John? do you sleep after dinner?

Sir J. Yes, faith; I sometimes take a nap after my pipe; for when the belly is full, the bones would be at rest.

Lady S. Come, colonel; help yourself, and your friends will love you the better. [*To lady A.*] Madam, your ladyship eats nothing.

Lady A. Lord, madam, I have fed like a farmer: I shall grow as fat as a porpoise; I swear, my jaws are weary of chewing.

Col. I have a mind to eat a piece of that sturgeon, but fear it will make me sick.

Never. A rare soldier, indeed; let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well, it would vex a dog to see a pudding creep.

SIR JOHN *rises.*

Smart. Sir John, what are you doing?

Sir J. Swolks, I must be going, by'r lady; I have earnest business; I must do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Smart. Well, but stay till this bottle's out; you know the man was hang'd that left his liquor behind him: and besides, a cup in

the pate is a mile in the gate; and a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

Sir J. Come then; one brimmer to all your healths. [*The footman gives him a glass half full.*] Pray, friend, what was the rest of this glass made for? an inch at the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer and drinks it off.*] Well, there's no deceit in a brimmer, and there's no false Latin in this; your wine is excellent good, so I thank you for the next, for I am sure of this: madam, has your ladyship any commands in Derbyshire? I must go fifteen miles to-night.

Lady S. None, sir John, but to take care of yourself; and my most humble service to your lady unknown.

Sir J. Well, madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady S. Here, bring water to wash; though really, you have all eaten so little, that you have not need to wash your mouths.

Smart. But, prithee, sir John, stay a while longer.

Sir J. No, my lord; I am to smoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

Col. Why, sir John, had you not better set out to-morrow?

Sir J. Colonel, you forget to-morrow is Sunday.

Col. Now I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the church to preserve all that travel by land or by water.

Sir J. Well, colonel, thou art a mad fellow to make a priest of.

Never. Fie, sir John! do you take tobacco? How can you make a chimney of your mouth?

Sir J. [*To Neverout.*] What! you don't smoke, I warrant you, but you smock. (Ladies, I beg your pardon.) Colonel, do you never smoke?

Col. No, sir John; but I take a pipe sometimes.

Sir J. I'faith, one of your finical London blades dined with me last year in Derbyshire: so, after dinner, I took a pipe: so my gentleman turned away his head: so, said I, What, sir, do you never smoke? so he answered, as you do, colonel, No, but I sometimes take a pipe: so he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: so, said I, Pray, sir, can you make a pipe? so he said, No: so, said I, Why then, sir, if you can't make a pipe you should not break a pipe: so we all laughed.

Smart. Well; but, sir John, they say, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of stoppers.

Sir J. Colonel, I hear you go sometimes to Derbyshire; I wish you would come and foul a plate with me.

Col. I hope you will give me a soldier's bottle.

Sir J. Come and try. Mr. Neverout, you are a town wit: can you tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

Never. Why, an Indian herb, sir John.

Sir J. No; 'tis a pot herb; and so here's t'ye in a pot of my lord's October.

Lady S. I hear, sir John, since you are married, you have foreswore the town.

Sir J. No, madam; I never foreswore anything but the building of churches.

Lady S. Well; but, sir John, when may we hope to see you again in London?

Sir J. Why, madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt, as the children say.

Never. Come, sir John: I foresee it will rain terribly.

Smart. Come, sir John, do nothing rashly; let us drink first.

Spark. I know sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs; but pray stay, sir John; you'll be time enough to go to bed by candlelight.

Smart. Why, sir John, if you must needs go, while you stay, make use of your time; here's my service to you, a health to our friends in Derbyshire: come, sit down; let us put off the evil hour as long as we can.

Sir J. Faith, I could not drink a drop more if the house was full.

Col. Why, sir John, you used to love a glass of good wine in former times.

Sir J. Why, so I do still, colonel; but a man may love his house very well, without riding on the ridge; besides, I must be with my wife on Tuesday, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go to-day, I wish you may be wet to the skin.

Sir J. Ay; but they say the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

SIR JOHN *takes his leave and goes away.*

Smart. Well, miss, how do you like sir John?

Miss. Why, I think he's a little upon the silly, or so: I believe he has not all the wit in the world; but I don't pretend to be a judge.

Never. Faith, I believe he was bred at Hog's Norton, where the pigs play upon the organs.

Spark. Why, Tom, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

Never. Faith, he shall have a clean threshold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town nor country; but he's a queer old duke, by my conscience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more knave than fool.

Lady S. Well, come; a man's a man, if he has but a nose on his face.

Col. I was once with him and some other company over a bottle, and, egad, he fell asleep, and snored so hard that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

Never. Why, what! you can have no more of a cat than her skin; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Spark. Well, since he's gone, the devil go with him and sixpence; and there's money and company too.

Never. Faith, he's a country put. Pray, miss, let me ask you a question.

Miss. Well; but don't ask questions with a dirty face: I warrant, what you have to say will keep cold.

Col. Come, my lord, against you are disposed: here's to all that love and honor you.

Spark. Ay, that was always Dick Nimble's health. I'm sure you know he's dead.

Col. Dead! well, my lord, you love to be a messenger of ill news: I'm heartily sorry; but, my lord, we must all die.

Never. I knew him very well; but, pray, how came he to die?

Miss. There's a question! you talk like a poticary: why, because he could live no longer.

Never. Well; rest his soul: we must live by the living, and not by the dead.

Spark. You know his house was burnt down to the ground?

Col. Yes; it was in the News. Why, fire and water are good servants, but they are very bad masters.

Smart. Here, take away, and set down a bottle of Burgundy. Ladies, you'll stay and drink a glass of wine before you go to your tea.

All taken away, and the wine set down, &c.

Miss gives NEVEROUT *a smart pinch.*

Never. Lord, miss, what d'ye mean? d'ye think I have no feeling?

Miss. I'm forced to pinch, for the times are hard.

Never. [*Giving Miss a pinch.*] Take that, miss; what's sauce for a goose, is sauce for a gander.

Miss. [*Screaming.*] Well, Mr. Neverout, that shall neither go to heaven nor hell with you.

Never. [*Takes Miss by the hand.*] Come, miss, let us lay all quarrels aside, and be friends.

Miss. Don't be so teazing; you plague a body so! can't you keep your filthy hands to yourself?

Never. Pray, miss, where did you get that picktooth-case?

Miss. I came honestly by it.

Never. I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one; nay, I don't tell you a lie.

Miss. No; if you lie, it is much.

Never. Well; I'm sure 'tis mine.

Miss. What! you think everything is yours, but a little the king has.

Never. Colonel, you have seen my fine picktooth-case; don't you think this is the very same?

Col. Indeed, miss, it is very like it.

Miss. Ay; what he says, you'll swear.

Never. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay; do, if you can.

Never. Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miss. Well, run on till you're weary; nobody holds you.

NEVEROUT *gapes.*

Col. What! Mr. Neverout, do you gape for preferment?

Never. Faith, I may gape long enough, before it falls into my mouth.

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, my lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of these days: I hear you live high.

Never. Yes, faith, madam; I live high and lodge in a garret.

Col. But, miss, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Neverout got the devilishest fall in the park to-day.

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the ground; but how was it, Mr. Neverout? I wish I had been there to laugh.

Never. Why, madam, it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it; that was all.

Lady S. Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themselves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

Lady A. and Miss. My lords and gentlemen, your most humble servant.

Smart. Well, ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

The Gentlemen alone.

Smart. Come, John, bring us a fresh bottle.

Col. Ay, my lord; and pray let him carry off the dead men, as we say in the army. [*Meaning the empty bottles.*

Spark. Mr. Neverout, pray, is not that bottle full?

Never. Yes, my lord, full of emptiness.

Smart. And, d'ye hear, John, bring clean glasses.

Col. I'll keep mine; for I think wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in.

DIALOGUE III.

The Ladies at their tea.

Lady S. Well, ladies; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

Lady A. What do you think of your friend sir John Spendall?

Lady S. Why, madam, 'tis happy for him that his father was born before him.

Miss. They say he makes a very ill husband to my lady.

Lady A. But he must be allowed to be the fondest father in the world.

Lady S. Ay, madam, that's true; for they say, the devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told my lady manages him to admiration.

Lady S. That I believe; for she's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half so honest.

Lady A. They say she's quite a stranger to all his gallantries.

Lady S. Not at all; but, you know, there's none so blind as they that won't see.

Miss. O, madam, I am told she watches him as a cat would watch a mouse.

Lady A. Well, if she ben't foully belied, she pays him in his own coin.

Lady S. Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts, as well as if I were within you.

Lady A. Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs. Clatter; I find she gives herself airs of being acquainted with your ladyship.

Miss. O the hideous creature! did you observe her nails? they were long enough to scratch her grannum out of her grave.

Lady S. Well, she and Tom Gosling were banging compliments backward and forward: it looked like two asses scrubbing one another.

Miss. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw you; but, pray, madam, who were the company?

Lady S. Why there was all the world and his wife; there was Mrs. Clatter, lady Singular, the countess of Talkham, (I should have named her first,) Tom Gosling, and some others, whom I have forgot.

Lady A. I think the countess is very sickly.

Lady S. Yes, madam; she'll never scratch a gray head, I promise her.

Miss. And pray, what was your conversation?

Lady S. Why Mrs. Clatter had all the talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

Lady A. She brought her husband 10,000*l.*: she has a town-house and country-house: would the woman have her a— hung with points?

Lady S. She would fain be at the top of the house before the stairs are built.

Miss. Well, comparisons are odious; but she's as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another: pray, how was she dressed?

Lady S. Why, she was as fine as fi'pence; but, truly, I thought there was more cost than worship.

Lady A. I don't know her husband: pray what is he?

Lady S. Why, he's a counsellor of the law; you must know he came to us as drunk as David's sow.

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Miss. What kind of creature is he?

Lady S. You must know, the man and his wife coupled like rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a porpus, and she as lean as Pharaoh's lean kine: the ladies and Tom Gosling were proposing a party at quadrille, but he refused to make one: Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books.

Lady A. A dull unmannerly brute! well, God send him more wit, and me more money.

Miss. Lord! madam, I would not keep such company for the world.

Lady S. O, miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it: besides, you know for want of company, welcome trumpery

Miss. Did your ladyship play?

Lady S. Yes, and won; so I came off with fiddler's fare, meat, drink, and money.

Lady A. Ay; what says Pluck?

Miss. Well, my elbow itches; I shall change bed-fellows.

Lady S. And my right hand itches; I shall receive money.

Lady A. And my right eyes itches; I shall cry.

Lady S. Miss, I hear your friend Mrs. Giddy has discarded Dick Shuttle: pray, has she got another lover?

Miss. I hear of none.

Lady S. Why, the fellow's rich, and I think she was a fool to throw out her dirty water before she got clean.

Lady A. Miss, that's a handsome gown of yours, and finely made; very genteel.

Miss. I am glad your ladyship likes it.

Lady A. Your lover will be in raptures; it becomes you admirably.

Miss. Ay; I assure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him, say I.

Lady S. [*To lady A.*] Pray, madam, when did you see sir Peter Muckworm?

Lady A. Not this fortnight; I hear he's laid up with the gout.

Lady S. What does he do for it?

Lady A. I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes use of nothing but patience and flannel.

Miss. Pray, how does he and my lady agree?

Lady A. You know he loves her as the devil loves holy water.

Miss. They say she plays deep with sharpers, that cheat her of her money.

Lady A. Upon my word they must rise early that would cheat her of her money; sharp's the word with her; diamonds cut diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assured from a good hand, that she lost at one sitting to the tune of a hundred guineas; make money of that!

Lady S. Well, but do you hear that Mrs. Plump is brought to bed at last?

Miss. And pray what has God sent her?

Lady S. Why, guess if you can.

Miss. A boy, I suppose.

Lady S. No, you are out; guess again.

Miss. A girl, then.

Lady S. You have hit it; I believe you are a witch.

Miss. O, madam, the gentlemen say, all fine ladies are witches; but I pretend to no such thing.

Lady A. Well, she had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock; she ris with her a— upwards.

Miss. Fie, madam; what do you mean?

Lady S. O, miss, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss. Ay, madam; but they say hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

Lady A. Well, miss, I can't help it; you know, I'm old Tell-truth; I love to call a spade a spade.

Lady S. [*Mistakes the teatongs for the spoon.*] What! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to-day.

Miss. Why, madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

Lady S. Miss, I hear that you and lady Coupler are as great as cup and can.

Lady A. Ay, miss, as great as the devil and the earl of Kent.[1]

Lady S. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the haystack.

Miss. I own I love her very well; but there's difference between staring and stark mad.

Lady S. They say she begins to grow fat.

Miss. Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

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[1] An old English saying that obtained from the reign of Edward the Confessor, no way complimentary to Goodwin, earl of Kent.

Lady S. Indeed, lady Answerall (pray forgive me), I think your ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I think not; but your ladyship is one of Job's comforters.

Lady A. Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and sold: but really, miss, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young lord for your sake.

Miss. O, madam, your love's a million.

Lady S. [*To lady A.*] Madam, will your ladyship let me wait on you to the play to-morrow?

Lady A. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your ladyship.

Miss. What, then, I'm turned out for a wrangler?

The Gentlemen come in to the Ladies to drink tea.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, we wanted you sadly; you are always out of the way when you should be hang'd.

Never. You wanted me! pray, miss, how do you look when you lie?

Miss. Better than you when you cry. Manners, indeed! I find you mend like sour ale in summer.

Never. I beg your pardon, miss; I only meant, when you lie alone.

Miss. That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down stairs.

Never. Come, miss, be kind for once, and order me a dish of coffee.

Miss. Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest; besides I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

Col. They say, a woman need but look on her apron-string to find an excuse.

Never. Why, miss, you are grown so peevish, a dog would not live with you.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I beg your diversion: no offence, I hope; but truly in a little time you intend to make the colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as can be.

Never. My lord, don't you think miss improves wonderfully of late? Why, miss, if I spoil the colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me; for you know, love me, love my dog.

Col. How's that, Tom? Say that again: why, if I am a dog, shake hands, brother.

Here a great, loud, long laugh.

Smart. But pray, gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor miss? On my conscience, colonel and Tom Neverout, one of you two are both knaves.

Col. My lady Answerall, I intend to do myself the honor of dining with your ladyship to-morrow.

Lady A. Ay, colonel, do if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. Miss, I thank you; and, to reward you, I'll come and drink tea with you in the morning.

Miss. Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

Col. [*To lady Smart.*] Your ladyship has a very fine watch; well may you wear it.

Lady S. It is none of mine, colonel.

Col. Pray, whose is it then?

Lady S. Why, 'tis my lord's; for they say a married woman has nothing of her own but her wedding-ring and her hair-lace: but if women had been the law-makers, it would have been better.

Col. This watch seems to be quite new.

Lady S. No, sir, it has been twenty years in my lord's family; but Quare put a new case and dial-plate to it.

Never. Why, that's for all the world like the man, who swore he kept the same knife forty years, only he sometimes changed the haft, and sometimes the blade.

Smart. Well, Tom, to give the devil his due, thou art a right woman's man.

Col. Odd so! I have broke the hinge of my snuff-box; I'm undone, besides the loss.

Miss. Alack-a-day, colonel! I vow I had rather have found 40*s.*

Never. Why, colonel, all that I can say to comfort you is, that you must mend it with a new one.

MISS *laughs.*

Col. What, miss! you can't laugh, but you must show your teeth.

Miss. I'm sure you show your teeth when you can't bite: well, thus it must be, if we sell ale.

Never. Miss, you smell very sweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes?

Miss. Perfumes! No, sir; I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the grain of my skin.

Col. Tom, you have a good nose to make a poor man's sow.

Spark. So, ladies and gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: come, box it about; 'twill come to my father at last.

Col. Why, my lord, you see miss has no mercy; I wish she were married; but I doubt the gray mare would prove the better horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that wish.

Spark. Never fear him, miss.

Miss. What, my lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

Smart. What have you to say to that, colonel?

Never. O, my lord, my friend the colonel scorns to set his wit against a child.

Miss. Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Col. Well, miss, they say a woman's tongue is the last thing about her that dies; therefore, let's kiss and be friends.

Miss. Hands off! that's meat for your master.

Spark. Faith, colonel, you are for ale and cakes: but after all, miss, you are too severe; you would not meddle with your match.

Miss. All they can say goes in at one ear and out at t'other for me, I can assure you: only I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

Never. What! I warrant you think all is lost that goes beside your own mouth.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue for once, if it be possible: one would think you were a woman in man's clothes, by your prating.

Never. No, miss; it is not handsome to see one hold one's tongue: besides, I should slobber my fingers.

Col. Miss, did you never hear that three women and a goose are enough to make a market?

Miss. I'm sure, if Mr. Neverout or you were among them, it would make a fair.

FOOTMAN *comes in.*

Lady S. Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

Lady A. O, madam, no candles yet, I beseech you; don't let us burn day-light.

Never. I dare swear, miss, for her part, will never burn day-light, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord! Mr. Neverout, one cannot hear one's own ears for you.

Lady S. Indeed, madam, it is blindman's holiday; we shall soon be all of a color.

Never. Why, then, miss, we may kiss where we like best.

Miss. Fogh! these men talk of nothing but kissing. [*She spits.*

Never. What, miss, does it make your mouth water?

Lady S. It is as good to be in the dark as without light; therefore pray bring in candles: they say women and linen show best by candlelight: come, gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three ladies.

Lady A. I'll sit down, and be a stander by.

Lady S. [*To lady A.*] Madam, does your ladyship never play?

Col. Yes; I suppose her ladyship plays sometimes for an egg at Easter.

Never. Ay; and a kiss at Christmas.

Lady A. Come, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue, and mind your knitting.

Never. With all my heart; kiss my wife, and welcome.

The COLONEL, *Mr.* NEVEROUT, LADY SMART, *and* MISS *go to quadrille, and sit there till three in the morning.*

They rise from cards.

Lady S. Well, miss, you'll have a sad husband, you have such good luck at cards.

Never. Indeed, miss, you dealt me sad cards; if you deal so ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies?

Lady A. I'm sure 'tis time for honest folks to be a-bed.

Miss. Indeed my eyes draw straws.

She's almost asleep.

Never. Why, miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a pair of gloves.

Col. I am going to the land of Nod.

Never. Faith, I'm for Bedfordshire.

Lady S. I'm sure I shall sleep without rocking.

Never. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your sweetheart.

Miss. O, no doubt of it. I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*To Miss.*] Madam, shall I have the honor to escort you?

Miss. No, colonel, I thank you; my mamma has sent her chair and footmen. Well, my lady Smart, I'll give you revenge whenever you please.

FOOTMAN *comes in.*

Footman. Madam, the chairs are waiting.

They all take their chairs and go off.

DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

RULES THAT CONCERN ALL SERVANTS IN GENERAL.

WHEN your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no end of your drudgery: and masters themselves allow, that if a servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person; this will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

If you see your master wronged by any of your fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale: however, there is one exception in case of a favorite servant, who is justly hated by the whole family; who therefore are bound, in prudence, to lay all the faults they can upon the favorite.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other servant who is concerned in the expenses of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be 1000*l.* a-year, he reasonably concludes that 1000*l.* a-year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the butler makes the same judgment; so may the groom and the coachman; and thus every branch of expense will be filled to your master's honor.

When you are chid before company, (which, with submission to your masters and ladies is an unmannerly practice,) it often happens

that some stranger will have the good nature to drop a word in your excuse; in such a case you will have a good title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterward, on other occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which opinion you will be the better confirmed, by stating the case to your fellow-servants in your own way, who will certainly decide in your favor: therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happens, that servants sent on messages are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the message requires; perhaps two, four, six, or eight hours, or some such trifle; for the temptation to be sure was great, and flesh and blood cannot always resist. When you return, the master storms, the lady scolds; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off is the word. But here you ought be provided with a set of excuses, enough to serve on all occasions: for instance, your uncle came fourscore miles to town this morning on purpose to see you, and goes back by break of day to-morrow: a brother-servant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away to Ireland: you were taking leave of an old fellow-servant, who was shipping for Barbadoes: your father sent a cow to you to sell, and you could not get a chapman till nine at night: you were taking leave of a dear cousin who is to be hanged next Saturday: you wrenched your foot against a stone, and were forced to stay three hours in a shop before you could stir a step: some nastiness was thrown on you out of a garret-window, and you were ashamed to come home before you were cleaned, and the smell went off: you were pressed for the sea-service, and carried before a justice of peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much ado: a bailiff, by mistake, seized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a spunging-house: you were told your master had gone to a tavern, and came to some mischance, and your grief was so great, that you inquired for his honor in a hundred taverns between Pall-Mall and Temple-bar

Take all tradesmen's parts against your master, and when you are sent to buy anything, never offer to cheapen it, but generously pay the full demand. This is highly to your master's honor, and may be some shillings in your pocket; and you are to consider if your master has paid too much, he can better afford the loss than a poor tradesman.

Never submit to stir a finger in any business, but that for which

you are particularly hired. For example, if the groom be drunk or absent, and the butler be ordered to shut the stable door, the answer is ready,—An' please your honor I don't understand horses: if a corner of the hanging wants a single nail to fasten it, and the footman be directed to tack it up, he may say he does not understand that sort of work, but his honor may send for the upholsterer.

Masters and ladies are usually quarrelling with the servants for not shutting the doors after them: but neither masters nor ladies consider that those doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the labor is double to open and shut the doors; therefore the best, and shortest, and easiest way is to do neither. But if you are so often teazed to shut the door, that you cannot easily forget it, then give the door such a clap as you go out, as will shake the whole room, and make everything rattle in it, to put your master and lady in mind that you observe their directions.

If you find yourself to grow into favor with your master or lady, take some opportunity in a very mild way to give them warning; and when they ask the reason, and seem loth to part with you, answer, that you would rather live with them than anybody else, but a poor servant is not to be blamed if he strives to better himself; that service is no inheritance; that your work is great, and your wages very small. Upon which, if your master has any generosity, he will add 5*s.* or 10*s.* a-quarter rather than let you go: but if you are baulked, and have no mind to go off, get some fellow-servant to tell your master that he has prevailed upon you to stay.

Whatever good bits you can pilfer in the day, save them to junket with your fellow-servants at night; and take in the butler, provided he will give you drink.

Write your own name and your sweetheart's, with the smoke of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen or the servants' hall, to show your learning.

If you are a young, sightly fellow, whenever you whisper your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek; or if your breath be good, breathe full in her face; this I have known to have had very good consequences in some families.

Never come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the first whistle; and when the master calls "Who's there?" no servant is bound to come; for Who's there is nobody's name.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking-vessels below

stairs, (which is usually done in a week,) the copper pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small beer, or, in case of necessity, serve for a jordan; therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the servants' hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use of your master's.

Let it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table, in the servants' hall or the kitchen, shall have above three legs, which has been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and it is said to be founded upon two reasons; first, to show that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the servants' chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there has been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who, by old custom, was allowed an easy chair to sleep in after dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three legs. Now this epidemical lameness of servants' chairs is, by philosophers, imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires; I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table, is the first weapon taken up in a general romping or skirmish; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being usually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to see maid-servants so ungenteel as to walk the streets with their petticoats pinned up: it is a foolish excuse to allege their petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a remedy as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony servant in the same street, leave your own street-door open, that you may get in without knocking when you come back; otherwise your mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to unanimity and concord: but mistake me not—you may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind that you have a common enemy, which is your master and lady, and you have a common cause to defend. Believe an old practitioner; whoever, out of malice to a fellow-servant, carries a tale to his master, shall be ruined by a general confederacy against him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the servants, both in winter and summer, is the kitchen; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be consulted, whether they concern the stable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, the cellar, the nursery, the dining-room, or my lady's chamber: there, as in your own proper element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full security.

When any servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your master that he is gone to bed very sick; upon which your lady will be so very good-natured as to order some comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your master and lady go abroad together, to dinner, or on a visit for the evening, you need leave only one servant in the house, unless you have a blackguard boy to answer at the door, and attend the children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long cuts, and the stayer at home may be comforted by a visit from a sweetheart, without danger of being caught together. These opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes; and all is safe enough while there is a servant in the house.

When your master or lady comes home, and wants a servant who happens to be abroad, your answer must be, that he had but just that minute stept out, being sent for by a cousin who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, and you happen to answer at the fourth call, you need not hurry yourself; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner, because you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a fault, as you go out of the room, and down stairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your master or lady, when they are abroad, never burden your memory with the person's name, for indeed you have too many other things to remember. Besides it is a porter's business, and your master's fault he does not keep one; and who can remember names? and you will certainly mistake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a lie to your master or lady, unless you have some hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an hour. When a servant is turned off, all his faults must be told, although most of them were never known by his master or lady; and all mischiefs done by others charged to him. And when they

ask any of you why you never acquainted them before? the answer is, "Sir, or madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry; and besides, perhaps you might think it was malice in me." Where there are little masters and misses in a house, they are usually great impediments to the diversions of the servants; the only remedy is to bribe them with *goody goodies*, that they may not tell tales to papa and mamma.

I advise you of the servants, whose master lives in the country, and who expect vails, always to stand rank and file when a stranger is taking his leave; so that he must of necessity pass between you; and he must have more confidence, or less money than usual, if any of you let him escape; and according as he behaves himself, remember to treat him the next time he comes.

If you are sent with ready money to buy anything at a shop, and happen at that time to be out of pocket, sink the money and take up the goods on your master's account. This is for the honor of your master and yourself; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

When your lady sends for you up to her chamber, to give you any orders, be sure to stand at the door, and keep it open, fiddling with the lock all the while she is talking to you, and keep the button in your hand, for fear you should forget to shut the door after you.

If your master or lady happen once in their lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy servant; for you have nothing more to do, than for every fault you commit while you are in their service, to put them in mind of that false accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present case.

When you have a mind to leave your master, and are too bashful to break the matter, for fear of offending him, the best way is to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual behavior, till he finds it necessary to turn you off; and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his lady such a character to all your brother servants who are out of place, that none will venture to offer their service.

Some nice ladies who are afraid of catching cold, having observed that the maids and fellows below stairs often forget to shut the door after them, as they come in or go out into the back yards, have contrived that a pulley and a rope with a large piece of lead at the end, should be so fixed, as to make the door shut of itself, and re-

quire a strong hand to open it; which is an immense toil to servants whose business may force them to go in and out fifty times in a morning: but ingenuity can do much, for prudent servants have found out an effectual remedy against this insupportable grievance, by tying up the pulley in such a manner that the weight of the lead shall have no effect; however, as to my own part, I would rather choose to keep the door always open, by laying a heavy stone at the bottom of it.

The servants' candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last forever. But you may find out many expedients; you may conveniently stick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter against the wainscot, in a powder-horn, or in an old shoe, or in a cleft stick, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its own grease on a table, in a coffee-cup, or a drinking-glass, a horn-can, a teapot, a twisted napkin, a mustard-pot, an ink-horn, a marrow-bone, a piece of dough, or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighboring servants to junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the kitchen-window, which you may hear, but not your master or lady; whom you must take care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

Lay all faults upon a lap-dog, or favorite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a child; or on the servant who was last turned off: by this rule you will excuse yourself, do no hurt to anybody else, and save your master or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

When you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent, rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire-brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to singe a fowl, tear the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery lace for garters. If the butler wants a jordan, he may use the great silver cup.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all: you may run the candle end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately; you may lay it on the ground, and tread the snuff out with your foot; you may hold it upside down, until it is choked with its own grease, or cram it

into the socket of the candlestick; you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out; when you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle-end into the chamber-pot; you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal-tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter; the house-maid may put out her candle by running it against the looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as candle-snuff; but the quickest and best of all methods is to blow it out with your breath, which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a family as a tell-tale, against whom it must be the principal business of you all to unite; whatever office he serves in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross him in everything. For instance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glasses whenever he leaves the pantry door open; or lock the cat or the mastiff in it, who will do as well; mislay a fork or a spoon so as he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of soot, or a handful of salt in the pot, or smoking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roast meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery; or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him softly with a ladleful, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining-room, and then let the house-maid make such a noise that her lady may hear it. The waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault, in hopes to ingratiate herself: in this case the laundress must be sure to tear smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and when she complains, tell all the house that she sweats so much, and her flesh is so nasty, that she fouls a smock more in one hour, than the kitchen-maid does in a week.

CHAPTER I.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BUTLER.

In my directions to servants, I find, from my long observation, that you butlers are the principal persons concerned.

Your business being of the greatest variety, and requiring the greatest exactness, I shall, as well as I can recollect, run through the several branches of your office, and order my instructions accordingly.

In waiting at the sideboard, take all possible care to save your own trouble, and your master's drinking-glasses; therefore, first, since those who dine at the same table are supposed to be friends, let them all drink out of the same glass without washing, which will save you much pains, as well as the hazard of breaking them. Give no person any liquor until he has called for it thrice at least; by which means, some out of modesty, and others out of forgetfulness, will call the seldomer, and thus your master's liquor be saved.

If any one desires a glass of bottled ale, first shake the bottle, to see if anything be in it; then taste it, to see what liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken; and lastly, wipe the mouth of the bottle with the palm of your hand to show your cleanliness.

Be more careful to have the cork in the belly of the bottle than in the mouth; and if the cork be musty, or white friars in your liquor, your master will save the more.

If an humble companion, a chaplain, a tutor, or a dependent cousin, happen to be at table, whom you find to be little regarded by the master and the company (which nobody is readier to discover and observe than we servants), it must be the business of you and the footman to follow the example of your betters, by treating him many degrees worse than any of the rest; and you cannot please your master better, or at least your lady.

If any one calls for small beer toward the end of dinner, do not give yourself the pains of going down to the cellar, but gather the droppings and leavings out of the several cups and glasses, and salvers, into one; but turn your back to the company, for fear of being observed. On the contrary, when any one calls for ale toward the end of dinner, fill the largest tankard cup topful, by which you will have the greatest part left to oblige your fellow-servants, without the sin of stealing from your master.

There is likewise a perquisite full as honest, by which you have a chance of getting every day the best part of a bottle of wine for yourself; for you are to suppose that gentlefolks will not care for the remainder of a bottle; therefore, always set a fresh one before them after dinner, although there has not been above a glass drunk out of the other.

Take special care that your bottles be not musty before you fill them; in order to which, blow strongly into the mouth of every bottle, and then, if you smell nothing but your own breath, immediately fill it.

If you are sent down in haste to draw any drink, and find it will not run, do not be at the trouble of opening a vent, but blow strongly into the faucet, and you will find it immediately pour into your mouth: or take out the vent, but do not stay to put it in again, for fear your master should want you.

If you are curious to taste some of your master's choice bottles, empty as many of them just below the neck as will make the quantity you want; but then take care to fill them up again with clean water, that you may not lessen your master's liquor.

There is an excellent invention found out of late years in the management of ale and small beer at the sideboard: for instance, a gentleman calls for a glass of ale, and drinks but half; another calls for small beer; you immediately turn out the remainder of the ale into the tankard, and fill the glass with small beer; and so backward and forward as long as dinner lasts, by which you answer three ends; first, you save yourself the trouble of washing, and consequently the danger of breaking your glasses; secondly, you are sure not to be mistaken in giving gentlemen the liquor they call for; and lastly, by this method, you are certain that nothing is lost.

Because butlers are apt to forget to bring up their ale and beer time enough, be sure you remember to have up yours two hours before dinner; and place them in the sunny part of the room, to let people see that you have not been negligent.

Some butlers have a way of decanting (as they call it) bottled ale, by which they lose a good part of the bottom; let your method be to turn the bottle directly upside down, which will make the liquor appear double the quantity; by this means, you will be sure not to lose one drop, and the froth will conceal the muddiness.

Clean your plate, wipe your knives, and rub the dirty tables with the napkins and table-cloths used that day; for it is but one washing, and besides, it will save you wearing out the coarse rubbers; and in reward of such good husbandry, my judgment is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest damask napkins for night-caps for yourself.

When you clean your plate, leave the whiting plainly to be seen in all the chinks, for fear your lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

There is nothing wherein the skill of a butler more appears than in the management of candles, whereof, although some part may fall to the share of the other servants, yet your being the principal

person concerned, I shall direct my instructions upon this article to you only, leaving to your fellow-servants to apply them upon occasion.

First, to avoid burning daylight, and to save your master's candles, never bring them up till half an hour after it be dark, although they are called for ever so often.

Let your sockets be full of grease to the brim, with the old snuff at the top, and then stick on your fresh candles. It is true, this may endanger their falling, but the candles will appear so much the longer and handsomer before company. At other times, for variety, put your candles loose in the sockets, to show they are clean to the bottom.

When your candle is too big for the socket, melt it to the right size in the fire; and, to hide the smoke, wrap it in paper half way up.

You cannot but observe, of late years, the great extravagance among the gentry upon the article of candles, which a good butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own pains and his master's money; this may be contrived several ways, especially when you are ordered to put candles into the sconces.

Sconces are great wasters of candles; and you, who are always to consider the advantage of your master, should do your utmost to discourage them: therefore, your business must be to press the candle with both your hands into the socket, so as to make it lean, in such a manner, that the grease may drop all upon the floor, if some lady's head-dress, or gentleman's periwig, be not ready to intercept it: you may likewise stick the candle so loose, that it will fall upon the glass of the sconce, and break it into shatters; this will save your master many a fair penny in the year, both in candles and to the glass-man, and yourself much labor; for the sconces spoiled cannot be used.

Never let the candles burn too low, but give them, as a lawful perquisite, to your friend the cook, to increase her kitchen stuff; or, if this be not allowed in your house, give them in charity to the poor neighbors, who often run on your errands.

When you cut bread for a toast, do not stand idly watching it, but lay it on the coals, and mind your other business: then come back, and if you find it toasted quite through, scrape off the burnt side, and serve it up.

When you dress up your sideboard, set the best glasses as near

the edge of the table as you can; by which means they will cast a double lustre, and make a much finer figure; and the consequence can be at most but the breaking half a dozen, which is a trifle in your master's pocket..

Wash the glasses with your own water, to save your master's salt.

When any salt is spilt on the table, do not let it be lost, but when dinner is done, fold up the table-cloth with the salt in it, then shake the salt out into the salt-cellar to serve next day: but the shortest and surest way is, when you remove the cloth, to wrap the knives, forks, spoons, salt-cellars, broken bread, and scraps of meat altogether in the table-cloth; by which you will be sure to lose nothing, unless you think it better to shake them out of the window among the beggars, that they may with more convenience eat the scraps.

Leave the dregs of wine, ale, and other liquors, in the bottles: to rinse them is but loss of time, since all will be done at once in a general washing; and you will have a better excuse for breaking them.

If your master has many musty, or very foul and crusted bottles, I advise you, in point of conscience, that those may be the first you truck at the next alehouse for ale or brandy.

When a message is sent to your master, be kind to your brother-servant who brings it; give him the best liquor in your keeping, for your master's honor; and, at the first opportunity, he will do the same to you.

After supper, if it be dark, carry your plate and china together in the same basket to save candle-light, for you know your pantry well enough to put them up in the dark.

When company is expected at dinner, or in the evenings, be sure to be abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your key; by which your master will save his liquor, and not wear out his plate.

I come now to a most important part of your economy, the bottling of a hogshead of wine, wherein I recommend three virtues, cleanliness, frugality, and brotherly love. Let your corks be of the longest kind you can get; which will save some wine in the neck of every bottle: as to your bottles, choose the smallest you can find, which will increase the number of dozens, and please your master; for a bottle of wine is always a bottle of wine, whether it hold more or less; and if your master has his proper number of dozens, he cannot complain.

Every bottle must be first rinsed with wine, for fear of any moisture left in the washing: some, out of a mistaken thrift, will rinse a dozen bottles with the same wine; but I would advise you, for more caution, to change the wine at every second bottle; a gill may be enough. Have bottles ready by to save it; and it will be a good perquisite, either to sell or drink with the cook.

Never draw your hogshead too low; nor tilt it, for fear of disturbing your liquor. When it begins to run slow, and before the wine grows cloudy, shake the hogshead, and carry a glass of it to your master; who will praise you for your discretion, and give you all the rest as a perquisite to your place: you may tilt the hogshead the next day, and in a fortnight get a dozen or two of good clear wine to dispose of as you please.

In bottling wine, fill your mouth full of corks, together with a large plug of tobacco, which will give to the wine the true taste of the weed, so delightful to all good judges in drinking.

When you are ordered to decant a suspicious bottle, if a pint be out, give your hand a dexterous shake, and show it in a glass, that it begins to be muddy.

When a hogshead of wine or any other liquor is to be bottled off, wash your bottles immediately before you begin; but be sure not to drain them, by which good management your master will save some gallons in every hogshead of wine.

This is the time that, in honor to your master, you ought to shew your kindness to your fellow-servants, and especially to the cook; for what signify a few flagons out of a whole hogshead? But make them be drunk in your presence, for fear they should be given to other folks, and so your master be wronged: but advise them, if they get drunk, to go to bed and leave word they are sick; which last caution I would have all the servants observe, both male and female.

If your master finds the hogshead to fall short of his expectation, what is plainer than that the vessel leaked; that the wine-cooper had not filled it in proper time; that a merchant cheated him with a hogshead below the common measure?

When you are to get water on for tea after dinner, (which in many families is part of your office,) to save firing, and to make more haste, pour it into the teakettle from the pot where cabbage or fish have been boiling, which will make it much wholesomer, by curing the acid and corroding quality of the tea.

Be saving of your candles, and let those in the sconces of the hall, the stairs, and in the lantern, burn down into the sockets, until they go out of themselves; for which your master and lady will commend your thriftiness, as soon as they shall smell the snuff.

If a gentleman leaves a snuff-box or pick-tooth-case on the table after dinner, and goes away, look upon it as part of your vails, for so it is allowed by all servants, and you do no wrong to your master or lady.

If you serve a country squire, when gentlemen and ladies come to dine at your house, never fail to make their servants drunk, and especially the coachman, for the honor of your master: to which, in all your actions, you must have a special regard, as being the best judge; for the honor of every family is deposited in the hands of the cook, the butler, and the groom, as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

Snuff the candles at supper as they stand on the table, which is much the securest way; because, if the burning snuff happens to get out of the snuffers, you have a chance that it may fall into a dish of soup, sack-posset, rice-milk, or the like, where it will be immediately extinguished with very little stink.

When you have snuffed the candle, always leave the snuffers open, for the snuff will of itself burn away to ashes, and cannot fall out and dirty the table when you snuff the candles again.

That the salt may lie smooth in the salt-cellar, press it down with your moist palm.

When a gentleman is going away after dining with your master, be sure to stand full in view, and follow him to the door, and, as you have opportunity, look full in his face, perhaps it may bring you a shilling; but if the gentleman has lain there a night, get the cook, the house-maid, the stable-man, the scullion and gardener, to accompany you, and to stand in his way to the hall in a line on each side of him: if the gentleman performs handsomely, it will do him honor and cost your master nothing.

You need not wipe your knife to cut bread for the table, because in cutting a slice or two it will wipe itself.

Put your finger into every bottle to feel whether it be full, which is the surest way, for feeling has no fellow.

When you go down to the cellar to draw ale or small beer, take care to observe directly the following method: hold the vessel between the finger and thumb of your right hand, with the palm upwards; then hold the candle between your fingers, but a little

leaning toward the mouth of the vessel; then take out the spigot with your left hand, and clap the point of it in your mouth, and keep your left hand to watch accidents; when the vessel is full, withdraw the spigot from your mouth, well wetted with spittle, which, being of a slimy consistence, will make it stick faster in the faucet: if any tallow drops into the vessel, you may easily (if you think of it) remove it with a spoon.

Always lock up a cat in the closet where you keep your china plates, for fear the mice may steal in and break them.

A good butler always breaks off the point of his bottle-screw in two days, by trying which is hardest, the point of the screw, or the neck of the bottle: in this case to supply the want of a screw, after the stump has torn the cork in pieces, make use of a silver fork, and when the scraps of the cork are almost drawn out, flirt the mouth of the bottle into the cistern three or four times, until you quite clear it.

If a gentleman dines often with your master, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may use several methods to show him some marks of your displeasure, and quicken his memory: if he calls for bread or drink, you may pretend not to hear, or send it to another who called after him; if he asks for wine, let him stay awhile, and then send him small beer; give him always foul glasses; send him a spoon when he wants a knife; wink at the footman to leave him without a plate: by these and the like expedients, you may probably be a better man by half-a-crown before he leaves the house, provided you watch an opportunity of standing by when he is going.

If your lady loves play, your fortune is fixed forever; moderate gaming will be a perquisite of ten shillings a-week; and in such a family I would rather choose to be butler than chaplain, or even rather than be steward; it is all ready money, and got without labor, unless your lady happens to be one of those who either obliges you to find wax candles, or forces you to divide it with some favorite servants; but, at worst, the old cards are your own; and if the gamesters play deep or grow peevish, they will change the cards so often, that the old ones will be a considerable advantage by selling them to coffee-houses, or families who love play, but cannot afford better than cards at second-hand; when you attend at the service, be sure to leave new packs within the reach of the gamesters; which those who have ill-luck will readily take to change their fortune;

and now and then an old pack mingled with the rest will easily pass. Be sure to be very officious on play nights, and ready with your candles to light out your company, and have salvers of wine at hand to give them when they call; but manage so with the cook that there be no supper, because it will be so much saved in your master's family; and because a supper will considerably lessen your gains.

Next to cards there is nothing so profitable to you as bottles; in which perquisite you have no competitors except the footmen, who are apt to steal and vend them for pots of beer; but you are bound to prevent any such abuses in your master's family: the footmen are not to answer for what are broken at a general bottling; and those may be as many as your discretion will make them.

The profit of glasses is so very inconsiderable that it is hardly worth mentioning; it consists only in a small present made by the glass-man, and about four shillings in the pound added to the prices, for your trouble and skill in choosing them. If your master has a large stock of glasses, and you or your fellow-servants happen to break any of them without your master's knowledge, keep it a secret till there are not enough left to serve the table, then tell your master that the glasses are gone; this will be but one vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a-week; and it is the office of a good servant to discompose his master and his lady as seldom as he can; and here the cat and dog will be of great use to take the blame from you. Note, that bottles missing are supposed to be half stolen by stragglers and other servants; and the other half broken by accident and a general washing.

Whet the backs of your knives until they are as sharp as the edge; which will have this advantage, that when gentlemen find them blunt on one side they may try the other; and to show you spare no pains in sharpening the knives, whet them so long, till you wear out a good part of the iron, and even the bottom of the silver handle. This does credit to your master, for it shows good house-keeping, and the goldsmith may one day make you a present.

Your lady, when she finds the small beer or ale dead, will blame you for not remembering to put the peg into the vent-hole. This is a great mistake, nothing being plainer than that the peg keeps the air in the vessel, which spoils the drink, and therefore ought to be let out; but if she insists upon it, to prevent the trouble of pulling out the vent, and putting it in a dozen times a-day, which is not to be borne by a good servant, leave the spigot half out at

night, and you will find, with only the loss of two or three quarts of liquor, the vessel will run freely.

When you prepare your candles, wrap them up in a piece of brown paper, and so stick them into the socket; let the paper come half way up the candle, which looks handsome if anybody should come in.

Do all in the dark to save your master's candles.

CHAPTER II.

DIRECTIONS TO THE COOK.

ALTHOUGH I am not ignorant that it has been a long time since the custom began among the people of quality to keep men cooks, and generally of the French nation, yet because my treatise is chiefly calculated for the general run of knights, squires, and gentlemen, both in town and country, I shall therefore apply to you, Mrs. Cook, as a woman: however, a great part of what I intend may serve for either sex: and your part naturally follows the former, because the butler and you are joined in interest; your vails are generally equal, and paid when others are disappointed; you can junket together at nights upon your own prog, when the rest of the house are a-bed; and have it in your power to make every fellow-servant your friend; you can give a good bit or a good sup to the little masters and misses, and gain their affections: a quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal case, perhaps, it will not be so easy in some time to cotton with another. And now, Mrs. Cook, I proceed to give you my instructions; which I desire you will get some fellow-servant in the family to read to you constantly one night in every week when you are going to bed, whether you serve in town or country; for my lessons shall be fitted for both.

If your lady forgets at supper that there is any cold meat in the house, do not you be so officious as to put her in mind; it is plain she did not want it; and if she recollects it the next day, say she gave you no orders, and it is spent; therefore, for fear of telling a lie, dispose of it with the butler, or any other crony, before you go to bed.

Never send up a leg of a fowl at supper while there is a cat or a dog in the house that can be accused for running away with it: but if there happen to be neither, you must lay it upon the rats, or a strange greyhound.

It is ill housewifery to foul your kitchen rubbers with wiping the bottoms of the dishes you send up, since the table-cloth will do as well, and is changed every meal.

Never clean your spits after they have been used; for the grease left upon them by meat is the best thing to preserve them from rust; and when you make use of them again, the same grease will keep the inside of the meat moist.

If you live in a rich family, roasting and boiling are below the dignity of your office, and which it becomes you to be ignorant of; therefore, leave that work wholly to the kitchen-wench, for fear of disgracing the family you live in.

If you are employed in marketing, buy your meat as cheap as you can; but when you bring in your accounts, be tender of your master's honor, and set down the highest rate; which, besides, is but justice; for nobody can afford to sell at the same rate that he buys, and I am confident that you may charge safely; swear that you gave no more than what the butcher and poulterer asked. If your lady orders you to set up a piece of meat for supper, you are not to understand that you must set it up all, therefore you may give half to yourself and the butler.

Good cooks cannot abide what they justly call fiddling work, where abundance of time is spent, and little done: such, for instance, is the dressing small birds, requiring a world of cookery and clutter, and a second or third spit, which, by the way, is absolutely needless; for it will be a very ridiculous thing, indeed, if a spit, which is strong enough to turn a sirloin of beef, should not be able to turn a lark; however, if your lady be nice, and is afraid that a large spit will tear them, place them handsomely in the dripping-pan, where the fat of roasted mutton or beef falling on the birds will serve to baste them, and so save both time and butter: for what cook of any spirit would lose her time in picking larks, wheatears, and other small birds? Therefore, if you cannot get the maids or the young misses to assist you, e'en make short work, and either singe or flay them; there is no great loss in the skins, and the flesh is just the same.

If you are employed in marketing, do not accept a treat of a beef-steak and a pot of ale from the butcher, which I think in conscience is no better than wronging your master; but do you always take that perquisite in money, if you do not go in trust; or in poundage, when you pay the bills.

The kitchen bellows being usually out of order with stirring the fire with the muzzle, to save the tongs and poker, borrow the bellows out of your lady's bed-chamber, which, being least used, are commonly the best in the house: if you happen to damage or grease them, you have a chance to have them left entirely for your own use.

Let a blackguard boy be always about the house to send on your errands, and go to market for you on rainy days, which will save your clothes, and make you appear more creditable to your mistress.

If your mistress allows you the kitchen-stuff, in return of her generosity take care to boil and roast your meat sufficiently. If she keeps it for her own profit, do her justice; and rather than let a good fire be wanting, enliven it now and then with the dripping and the butter that happens to turn to oil.

Send up your meat well stuck with skewers, to make it look round and plump; and an iron skewer rightly employed now and then will make it look handsomer.

When you roast a long joint of meat, be careful only about the middle, and leave the two extreme parts raw, which will serve another time, and will also save firing.

When you scour your plates and dishes, bend the brim inward, so as to make them hold the more.

Always keep a large fire in the kitchen when there is a small dinner, or the family dines abroad, that the neighbors, seeing the smoke, may commend your master's housekeeping: but when much company is invited, then be as sparing as possible of your coals, because a great deal of the meat being half raw will be saved, and serve next day.

Boil your meat constantly in pump water, because you must sometimes want river or pipe water; and then your mistress, observing your meat of a different color, will chide you when you are not in fault.

When you have plenty of fowl in the larder, leave the door open, in pity to the poor cat, if she be a good mouser.

If you find it necessary to go to market in a wet day, take out your mistress's riding-hood and cloak, to save your clothes.

Get three or four charwomen to attend you constantly in the kitchen, whom you pay at small charges, only with the broken meat, a few coals, and all the cinders.

To keep troublesome servants out of the kitchen, always leave the winder sticking on the jack, to fall on their heads.

If a lump of soot falls into the soup, and you cannot conveniently get it out, stir it well, and it will give the soup a high French taste.

If you melt your butter to oil, be under no concern, but send it up, for oil is a genteeler sauce than butter.

Scrape the bottoms of your pots and kettles with a silver spoon, for fear of giving them a taste of copper.

When you send up butter for sauce, be so thrifty as to let it be half water; which is also much wholesomer.

If your butter, when it is melted, tastes of brass, it is your master's fault, who will not allow you a silver saucepan: besides, the less of it will go further, and new tinning is very chargeable; if you have a silver saucepan, and the butter smells of smoke, lay the fault upon the coals.

Never make use of a spoon in anything that you can do with your hands, for fear of wearing out your master's plate.

When you find that you cannot get dinner ready at the time appointed, put the clock back, and then it may be ready to a minute.

Let a red-hot coal now and then fall into the dripping-pan, that the smoke of the dripping may ascend, and give the roast meat a high taste.

You are to look upon the kitchen as your dressing-room; but you are not to wash your hands till you have gone to the necessary-house, and spitted your meat, trussed your fowl, picked your sallad, not indeed till after you have sent up your second course; for your hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced to handle; but when your work is over, one washing will serve for all.

There is but one part of your dressing that I would admit while the victuals are boiling, roasting, or stewing; I mean the combing your head, which loses no time, because you can stand over your cookery, and watch it with one hand, while you are using your comb with the other.

If any of the combings happen to be sent up with the victuals, you may safely lay the fault upon any of the footmen that has vexed you; as those gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuse them a sop in the pan, or a slice from the spit, much more when you discharge a ladleful of hot porridge on their legs, or send them up to their masters with a dish-clout pinned at their tails.

kennel. I have a true veneration for your office, because I had once the honor to be one of your order, which I foolishly left by demeaning myself with accepting an employment in the custom-house. But that you, my brethren, may come to better fortunes, I shall here deliver my instructions, which have been the fruits of much thought and observation, as well as of seven years' experience.

In order to learn the secrets of other families, tell them those of your master's; thus you will grow a favorite both at home and abroad, and be regarded as a person of importance.

Never be seen in the streets with a basket or bundle in your hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your calling; to prevent which, always retain a blackguard boy to carry your load; and if you want farthings, pay him with a good slice of bread, or scrap of meat.

Let a shoe-boy clean your own shoes first, for fear of fouling the chamber, then let him clean your master's; keep him on purpose for that use, and to run of errands, and pay him with scraps. When you are sent on an errand, be sure to edge in some business of your own, either to see your sweetheart, or drink a pot of ale with some brother-servants, which is so much time clear gained.

There is a great controversy about the most convenient and genteel way of holding your plate at meals; some stick it between the frame and the back of the chair, which is an excellent expedient, where the make of the chair will allow it; others, for fear the plate should fall, grasp it so firmly that their thumb reaches to the middle of the hollow; which, however, if your thumb be dry, is no secure method; and, therefore, in that case, I advise you wetting the ball of it with your tongue: as to that absurd practice of letting the back of the plate lie leaning on the hollow of your hand, which some ladies recommend, it is universally exploded, being liable to so many accidents. Others again are so refined that they hold their plate directly under the left arm-pit, which is the best situation for keeping it warm; but this may be dangerous in the article of taking away a dish, where your plate may happen to fall upon some of the company's heads. I confess myself to have objected against all these ways, which I have frequently tried; and, therefore, I recommend a fourth, which is to stick your plate up to the rim inclusive, in the left side, between your waistcoat and your shirt: this will keep it at least as warm as under your arm-pit or ockster, as the Scots call it; this will hide it so as

same knife; and well-bred gentry love the taste of an onion i everything they eat.

Lump three or four pounds of butter together with your hand then dash it against the wall just over the dresser, so as to have i ready to pull by pieces as you have occasion for it.

If you have a silver saucepan for the kitchen use, let me advis you to batter it all, and keep it always black; this will be for you master's honor, for it shows there has been constant good house keeping; and make room for the saucepan by wriggling it on th coals, &c.

In the same manner, if you are allowed a large silver spoon fo the kitchen, let half the bowl of it be worn out with continua scraping and stirring, and often say merrily, This spoon owes m master no service.

When you send up a mess of broth, water-gruel, or the like, t your master in a morning, do not forget with your thumb and fingers to put salt on the side of the plate; for if you make use of a spoon or the end of a knife, there may be danger that the sal would fall, and that would be a sign of ill luck; only remember to lick your thumb and fingers clean before you offer to touch the salt.

CHAPTER III.

DIRECTIONS TO THE FOOTMAN.

YOUR employment being of a mixed nature, extends to a great variety of business, and you stand in a fair way of being the favorite of your master or mistress, or of the young masters and misses: you are the fine gentleman of the family, with whom all the maids are in love. You are sometimes a pattern of dress to your master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at table i all companies, and consequently have the opportunity to see a know the world, and to understand men and manners. I confe your vails are but few, unless you are sent with a present, or atte the tea in the country; but you are called Mr. in the neighbo hood, and sometimes pick up a fortune; perhaps your master daughter; and I have known many of your tribe to have goo commands in the army. In town you have a seat reserved for y in the playhouse, where you have an opportunity of becoming wi and critic: you have no professed enemy except the rabble, and m lady's waiting-woman, who are sometimes apt to call you ski

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Never be seen in the streets with a basket or bundle in your hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your calling; to prevent which, always retain a blackguard boy to carry your load; and if you want farthings, pay him with a good slice of bread, or scrap of meat.

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strangers may take you for a better servant, too good to hold a plate; this will secure it from falling, and thus disposed, it lies ready for you to whip out in a moment, ready warmed, to any guest within your reach who may want it. And lastly, there is another convenience in this method, that if at any time during your waiting you find yourself going to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out the plate, and hold the hollow part close to your nose or mouth, and thus prevent spirting any moisture from either, upon the dishes or the ladies' dress; you see gentlemen and ladies observe a like practice on such an occasion, with a hat or handkerchief; yet a plate is less fouled, and sooner cleaned, than either of these; for, when your cough or sneeze is over, it is but returning your plate to the same position, and your shirt shall clean it in the passage.

Take off the largest dishes, and set them on with one hand, to show the ladies your vigor and strength of back; but always do it between two ladies, that if the dish happens to slip, the soup or sauce may fall on their clothes, and not daub the floor; by this practice, two of our brethren, my worthy friends, got considerable fortunes.

Learn all the new-fashion words, and oaths, and songs, and scraps of plays, that your memory can hold. Thus you will become the delight of nine ladies in ten, and the envy of ninety-nine beaus in a hundred.

Take care that, at certain periods, during dinner especially, when persons of quality are there, you and your brethren be all out of the room together; by which you will give yourself some ease from the fatigue of waiting, and at the same time leave the company to converse more freely, without being constrained by your presence.

When you are sent on a message, deliver it in your own words, although it be to a duke or a duchess, and not in the words of your master or lady; for how can they understand what belongs to a message as well as you, who have been bred to the employment? But never deliver the answer till it is called for, and then adorn it in your own style.

When dinner is done, carry down a great heap of plates to the kitchen, and when you come to the head of the stairs, trundle them all before you: there is not a more agreeable sight or sound, especially if they be silver, besides the trouble they save you, and

there they will lie ready near the kitchen-door for the scullion to wash them.

If you are bringing up a joint of meat in a dish, and it falls out of your hand before you get into the dining-room, with the meat on the ground, and the sauce spilled, take up the meat gently, wipe it with the flap of your coat, then put it again into the dish, and serve it up; and when your lady misses the sauce, tell her it is to be sent up in a plate by itself.

When you carry up a dish of meat, dip your fingers in the sauce, or lick it with your tongue, to try whether it be good and fit for your master's table.

You are the best judge of what acquaintance your lady ought to have, and therefore if she sends you on a message of compliment or business to a family you do not like, deliver the answer in such a manner as may breed a quarrel between them not to be reconciled; or if a footman comes from the same family on the like errand, turn the answer she orders you to deliver, in such a manner, as the other family may take it for an affront.

When you are in lodgings, and no shoe-boy to be got, clean your master's shoes with the bottom of the curtains, a clean napkin, or your landlady's apron.

Ever wear your hat in the house, but when your master calls; and, as soon as you come into his presence, pull it off to show your manners.

Never clean your shoes on the scraper, but in the entry, or at the foot of the stairs, by which you will have the credit of being at home almost a minute sooner, and the scraper will last longer.

Never ask leave to go abroad, for then it will be always known that you are absent, and you will be thought an idle, rambling fellow; whereas, if you go out, and nobody observes you, you have a chance of coming home without being missed; and you need not tell your fellow-servants where you are gone, for they will be sure to say you were in the house but two minutes ago, which is the duty of all servants.

Snuff the candles with your fingers, and throw the snuff on the floor, and then tread it out, to prevent stinking: this method will very much save the snuffers from wearing out. You ought also to snuff them close to the tallow, which will make them run, and so increase the perquisite of the cook's kitchen-stuff; for she is the person you ought in prudence to be well with.

While grace is saying after meat, do you and your brethen take the chairs from behind the company, so that when they go to sit again, they may fall backward, which will make them all merry; but be you so discreet as to hold your laughter till you get to the kitchen, and then divert your fellow-servants.

When you know your master is most busy in company, come in and pretend to settle about the room, and, if he chides, say you thought he rung the bell. This will divert him from plodding on business too much, or spending himself in talk, or racking his thoughts, all which are hurtful to his constitution.

If you are ordered to break the claw of a crab or a lobster, clap it between the sides of the dining-room door between the hinges: thus you can do it gradually, without mashing the meat, which is often the fate of the street-door key, or the pestle.

When you take a foul plate from any of the guests, and observe the foul knife and fork lying on the plate, show your dexterity; take up the plate, and throw off the knife and fork on the table, without shaking off the bones or broken meat that are left; then the guest, who has more time than you, will wipe the fork and knife already used.

When you carry a glass of liquor to any person who has called for it, do not bob him on the shoulder, or cry, sir, or madam, here's the glass; that would be unmannerly, as if you had a mind to force it down one's throat, but stand at the person's left shoulder, and wait his time; and if he strikes it down with his elbow by forgetfulness, that was his fault, and not yours.

When your mistress sends you for a hackney-coach in a wet day, come back in the coach, to save your clothes and the trouble of walking: it is better the bottom of her petticoats should be draggled with your dirty shoes, than your livery be spoiled, and yourself get a cold.

There is no indignity so great to one of your station, as that of lighting your master in the streets with the lantern; and therefore it is very honest policy to try all arts how to evade it; besides, it shows your master to be either poor or covetous, which are the two worst qualities you can meet with in any service. When I was under these circumstances, I made use of several wise expedients, which I here recommend to you: sometimes I took a candle so long, that it reached to the very top of the lantern, and burned it; but my master, after a good beating, ordered me to paste it over with

paper. I then used a middling candle, but stuck it so loose in the socket, that it leaned toward one side, and burned a whole quarter of the horn. Then I used a bit of candle of half an inch, which sunk in the socket, and melted the solder, and forced my master to walk half the way in the dark. Then he made me stick two inches of candle in the place where the socket was, after which I pretended to stumble, put out the candle, and broke all the tin part to pieces: at last, he was forced to make use of a lantern-boy, out of perfect good husbandry.

It is much to be lamented that the gentlemen of our employment have but two hands to carry plates, dishes, bottles, and the like, out of the room at meals; and the misfortune is still the greater, because one of those hands is required to open the door, while you are encumbered with your load; therefore I advise, that the door may be always left a-jar, so as to open it with your foot, and then you may carry out plates and dishes from your belly up to your chin, besides a good quantity of things under your arms, which will save you many a weary step; but take care that none of the burden falls till you are out of the room, and, if possible, out of hearing.

If you are sent to the post-office with a letter in a cold rainy night, step to the ale-house and take a pot, until it is supposed you have done your errand; but take the next fair opportunity to put the letter in carefully, as becomes an honest servant.

If you are ordered to make coffee for the ladies after dinner, and the pot happens to boil over while you are running up for a spoon to stir it, or thinking of something else, or struggling with the chamber-maid for a kiss, wipe the sides of the pot clean with a dish-clout, carry up your coffee boldly, and, when your lady finds it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over, deny the fact absolutely; swear you put in more coffee than ordinary, that you never stirred an inch from it, that you strove to make it better than usual because your mistress had ladies with her, that the servants in the kitchen will justify what you say; upon this, you will find that the other ladies will pronounce your coffee to be very good, and your mistress will confess that her mouth is out of taste, and she will, for the future, suspect herself, and be more cautious in finding fault. This I would have you do from a principle of conscience, for coffee is very unwholesome, and, out of affection to your lady, you ought to give it her as weak as possible; and, upon this

argument, when you have a mind to treat any of the maids with a dish of fresh coffee, you may and ought to subtract a part of the powder, on account of your lady's health, and getting her maid's good will.

If your master sends you with a small, trifling present to one of his friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a diamond-ring; therefore, if the present be only half-a-dozen pippins, send up the servant who received the message, to say that you were ordered to deliver them with your own hands. This will show your exactness and care to prevent accidents or mistakes; and the gentleman or lady cannot do less than give you a shilling: so when your master receives the like present, teach the messenger who brings it to do the same, and give your master hints that may stir up his generosity; for brother-servants should assist one another, since it is all for their master's honor, which is the chief point to be consulted by every good servant, and of which he is the best judge.

When you step but a few doors off to tattle with a wench, or take a running pot of ale, or to see a brother footman going to be hanged, leave the street door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your master discover you are gone out; for a quarter of an hour's time can do his service no injury.

When you take away the remaining pieces of bread after dinner, put them on foul plates, and press them down with other plates over them, so as nobody can touch them; and so they will be a good perquisite to the blackguard boy in ordinary.

When you are forced to clean your master's shoes with your own hand, use the edge of the sharpest case-knife, and dry them with the toes an inch from the fire, because wet shoes are dangerous, and besides by these arts you will get them the sooner for yourself.

In some families the master often sends to the tavern for a bottle of wine, and you are the messenger: I advise you therefore to take the smallest bottle you can find; but, however, make the drawer give you a full quart, then you will get a good sup for yourself, and your bottle will be filled. As for a cork to stop it, you need be at no trouble, for the thumb will do as well, or a bit of dirty chewed paper.

In all disputes with chairmen and coachmen, for demanding too much, when your master sends you down to chaffer with them, take pity of the poor fellows, and tell your master that they will not take a farthing less: it is more for your interest to get share of a pot of ale, than to save a shilling for your master, to whom it is a trifle.

When you attend your lady in a dark night, if she uses her coach, do not walk by the coach-side, so as to tire and dirt yourself, but get up into your proper place behind it, and so hold the flambeau sloping forward over the coach roof; and when it wants snuffing, dash it against the corners.

When you leave your lady at church on Sundays, you have two hours safe to spend with your companions at the ale-house, or over a beef-steak and a pot of beer at home with the cook and the maids; and, indeed, poor servants have so few opportunities to be happy that they ought not to lose any.

Never wear socks when you wait at meals, on account of your own health, as well as of them who sit at table; because as most ladies like the smell of young men's toes, so it is a sovereign remedy against vapors.

Choose a service, if you can, where your livery colors are least tawdry and distinguishing; green and yellow immediately betray your office, and so do all kinds of lace, except silver, which will hardly fall to your share, unless with a duke, or some prodigal just come to his estate. The colors you ought to wish for are blue, or filemot turned up with red; which, with a borrowed sword, a borrowed air, your master's linen, and a natural and improved confidence, will give you what title you please, where you are not known.

When you carry dishes or other things out of the room at meals, fill both your hands as full as possible; for although you may sometimes spill, and sometimes let fall, yet you will find at the year's end you have made great despatch and saved abundance of time.

If your master or mistress happen to walk the streets, keep on one side and as much on the level with them as you can, which people observing, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their companions; but if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the necessity to take off your hat, use but your thumb and one finger, and scratch your head with the rest.

In winter time light the dining-room fire but two minutes before dinner is served up, that your master may see how saving you are of his coals.

When you are ordered to stir up the fire, clean away the ashes from betwixt the bars with the fire-brush.

When you are ordered to call a coach, although it be midnight go no further than the door, for fear of being out of the way when

you are wanted; and there stand bawling, Coach, coach, for half an hour.

Although you gentlemen in livery have the misfortune to be treated scurvily by all mankind, yet you make a shift to keep up your spirits, and sometimes arrive at considerable fortunes. I was an intimate friend to one of our brethren who was footman to a court lady; she had an honorable employment, was sister to an earl, and the widow of a man of quality. She observed something so polite in my friend, the gracefulness with which he tripped before her chair, and put his hair under his hat, that she made him many advances; and one day taking the air in her coach, with Tom behind it, the coachman mistook the way, and stopped at a privileged chapel, where the couple were married, and Tom came home in the chariot by his lady's side: but he unfortunately taught her to drink brandy, of which she died, after having pawned all her plate to purchase it, and Tom is now a journeyman malster.

Boucher, the famous gamester, was another of our fraternity: and when he was worth 50,000*l.*, he dunned the duke of Buckingham for an arrear of wages in his service: and I could instance many more, particularly another, whose son had one of the chief employments at court: and it is sufficient to give you the following advice, which is, to be pert and saucy to all mankind, especially to the chaplain, the waiting-woman, and the better sort of servants in a person of quality's family; and value not now and then a kicking, or a caning, for your insolence will at last turn to good account; and from wearing a livery, you may probably soon carry a pair of colors.

When you wait behind a chair at meals, keep constantly wriggling the back of the chair, that the person behind whom you stand may know you are ready to attend him.

When you carry a parcel of china plates, if they chance to fall, as it is a frequent misfortune, your excuse must be, that a dog ran across you in the hall; that the chamber-maid accidentally pushed the door against you; that a mop stood across the entry, and tripped you up; that your sleeve stuck against the key, or button of the lock.

When your master and lady are talking together in their bedchamber, and you have some suspicion that you or your fellow-servants are concerned in what they say, listen at the door, for the public good of all the servants, and join all to take proper measures for preventing any innovations that may hurt the community.

Be not proud in prosperity: you have heard that fortune turns on a wheel; if you have a good place, you are at the top of the wheel. Remember how often you have been stripped, and kicked out of doors, your wages all taken up before-hand, and spent in translated red-heeled shoes, second-hand toupees, and repaired laced ruffles, besides a swinging debt to the ale-wife and the brandy-shop. The neighboring tapster, who before would beckon you over to a savory bit of ox-cheek in the morning, give it you gratis, and only score you up for the liquor, immediately after you were packed off in disgrace, carried a petition to your master, to be paid out of your wages, whereof not a farthing was due, and then pursued you with bailiffs into every blind cellar. Remember how soon you grew shabby, threadbare, and out at heels; was forced to borrow an old livery coat, to make your appearance while you were looking for a place; and sneak to every house where you had an old acquaintance, to steal you a scrap to keep life and soul together; and, upon the whole, were in the lowest station of human life, which, as the old ballad says, is that of a skip-kennel turned out of place; I say, remember all this now in your flourishing condition. Pay your contributions duly to your late brothers the cadets, who are left to the wide world; take one of them as your dependent, to send on your lady's messages, when you have a mind to go to the ale-house; slip him out privately, now and then, a slice of bread, and bit of cold meat; your master can afford it; and if he be not yet put upon establishment for a lodging, let him lie in the stable or the coach-house, or under the back-stairs, and recommend him to all the gentlemen who frequent your house as an excellent servant.

To grow old in the office of a footman is the highest of all indignities; therefore, when you find years coming on, without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue, (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing,) or running away with your master's niece or daughter, I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honor left you; there you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit, wherein I will give you some instructions.

The last advice I give you relates to your behavior when you are going to be hanged; which, either for robbing your master, for house-breaking, or going upon the highway, or, in a drunken quarrel, by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot,

same knife; and well-bred gentry love the taste of an onion in everything they eat.

Lump three or four pounds of butter together with your hand, then dash it against the wall just over the dresser, so as to have it ready to pull by pieces as you have occasion for it.

If you have a silver saucepan for the kitchen use, let me advise you to batter it all, and keep it always black; this will be for your master's honor, for it shows there has been constant good housekeeping; and make room for the saucepan by wriggling it on the coals, &c.

In the same manner, if you are allowed a large silver spoon for the kitchen, let half the bowl of it be worn out with continual scraping and stirring, and often say merrily, This spoon owes my master no service.

When you send up a mess of broth, water-gruel, or the like, to your master in a morning, do not forget with your thumb and fingers to put salt on the side of the plate; for if you make use of a spoon or the end of a knife, there may be danger that the salt would fall, and that would be a sign of ill luck; only remember to lick your thumb and fingers clean before you offer to touch the salt.

CHAPTER III.

DIRECTIONS TO THE FOOTMAN.

YOUR employment being of a mixed nature, extends to a great variety of business, and you stand in a fair way of being the favorite of your master or mistress, or of the young masters and misses: you are the fine gentleman of the family, with whom all the maids are in love. You are sometimes a pattern of dress to your master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at table in all companies, and consequently have the opportunity to see and know the world, and to understand men and manners. I confess your vails are but few, unless you are sent with a present, or attend the tea in the country; but you are called Mr. in the neighborhood, and sometimes pick up a fortune; perhaps your master's daughter; and I have known many of your tribe to have good commands in the army. In town you have a seat reserved for you in the playhouse, where you have an opportunity of becoming wits and critic: you have no professed enemy except the rabble, and my lady's waiting-woman, who are sometimes apt to call you skip-

kennel. I have a true veneration for your office, because I had once the honor to be one of your order, which I foolishly left by demeaning myself with accepting an employment in the custom-house. But that you, my brethren, may come to better fortunes, I shall here deliver my instructions, which have been the fruits of much thought and observation, as well as of seven years' experience.

In order to learn the secrets of other families, tell them those of your master's; thus you will grow a favorite both at home and abroad, and be regarded as a person of importance.

Never be seen in the streets with a basket or bundle in your hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your calling; to prevent which, always retain a blackguard boy to carry your load; and if you want farthings, pay him with a good slice of bread, or scrap of meat.

Let a shoe-boy clean your own shoes first, for fear of fouling the chamber, then let him clean your master's; keep him on purpose for that use, and to run of errands, and pay him with scraps. When you are sent on an errand, be sure to edge in some business of your own, either to see your sweetheart, or drink a pot of ale with some brother-servants, which is so much time clear gained.

There is a great controversy about the most convenient and genteel way of holding your plate at meals; some stick it between the frame and the back of the chair, which is an excellent expedient, where the make of the chair will allow it; others, for fear the plate should fall, grasp it so firmly that their thumb reaches to the middle of the hollow; which, however, if your thumb be dry, is no secure method; and, therefore, in that case, I advise you wetting the ball of it with your tongue: as to that absurd practice of letting the back of the plate lie leaning on the hollow of your hand, which some ladies recommend, it is universally exploded, being liable to so many accidents. Others again are so refined that they hold their plate directly under the left arm-pit, which is the best situation for keeping it warm; but this may be dangerous in the article of taking away a dish, where your plate may happen to fall upon some of the company's heads. I confess myself to have objected against all these ways, which I have frequently tried; and, therefore, I recommend a fourth, which is to stick your plate up to the rim inclusive, in the left side, between your waistcoat and your shirt: this will keep it at least as warm as under your arm-pit or ockster, as the Scots call it; this will hide it so as

would not wrong the dumb creatures for the world. Be tender of your master, and order the servants not to wake him too early. Get your breakfast before he is up, that he may not wait for you; make the ostler tell him the roads are very good, and the miles short; but advise him to stay a little longer, till the weather clears up, for he is afraid there will be rain, and he will be time enough after dinner.

Let your master mount before you, out of good manners. As he is leaving the inn, drop a good word in favor of the ostler, what care he took of the cattle; and add that you never saw civiler servants. Let your master ride on before, and do you stay until your landlord has given you a dram; then gallop after him through the town or village with full speed, for fear he should want you, and to show your horsemanship.

If you are a piece of a farrier, as every good groom ought to be, get sack, brandy, or strong beer, to rub your horses' heels every night, and be not sparing, for (if any be spent) what is left, you know how to dispose of it.

Consider your master's health, and rather than let him take long journeys, say the cattle are weak, and fallen in their flesh with hard riding; tell him of a very good inn five miles nearer than he intended to go; or leave one of his horse's fore-shoes loose in the morning; or contrive that the saddle may pinch the beast in his withers; or keep him without corn all night and morning, so that he may tire on the road; or wedge a thin plate of iron between the hoof and the shoe, to make him halt: and all this in perfect tenderness to your master.

When you are going to be hired, and the gentleman asks you, Whether you are apt to be drunk? own freely that you love a cup of good ale; but that it is your way, drunk or sober, never to neglect your horses.

When your master has a mind to ride out for the air, or for pleasure, if any private business of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him, give him to understand that the horses want bleeding or purging; that his own pad has got a surfeit; or that the saddle wants stuffing, and his bridle is gone to be mended; this you may honestly do, because it will be no injury to the horses or your master, and at the same time shows the great care you have of the poor dumb creatures.

If there be a particular inn in the town whither you are going,

and where you are well acquainted with the ostler or tapster, and the people of the house, find fault with the other inns, and recommend your master thither; it may probably be a pot and a dram or two more in your way, and to your master's honor.

If your master sends you to buy hay, deal with those who will be the most liberal to you; for service being no inheritance, you ought not to let slip any lawful and customary perquisite. If your master buys it himself, he wrongs you; and, to teach him his duty, be sure to find fault with the hay as long as it lasts; and, if the horses thrive with it, the fault is yours.

Hay and oats, in the management of a skilful groom, will make excellent ale, as well as brandy; but this I only hint.

When your master dines or lies at a gentleman's house in the country, although there be no groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the horses have been quite neglected, be sure to employ some of the servants to hold the horse when your master mounts. This I would have you do when your master only alights to call in for a few minutes: for brother-servants must always befriend one another, and that also concerns your master's honor; because he cannot do less than give a piece of money to him who holds his horse.

In long journeys, ask your master leave to give ale to the horses; carry two quartsful to the stable, pour half a pint into a bowl, and if they will not drink it, you and the ostler must do the best you can; perhaps they may be in a better humor at the next inn; for I would have you never fail to make the experiment.

When you go to air your horses in the park, or the fields, give them to a horse-boy, or one of the blackguards, who, being lighter than you, may be trusted to run races with less damage to the horses, and teach them to leap over hedges and ditches, while you are drinking a friendly pot with your brother grooms; but sometimes you and they may run races yourselves, for the honor of your horses, and of your masters.

Never stint your horses at home in hay and oats, but fill the rack to the top, and the manger to the brim, for you would take it ill to be stinted yourself; although perhaps they may not have the stomach to eat, consider they have no tongues to ask. If the hay be thrown down, there is no loss, for it will make litter, and save straw.

When your master is leaving a gentleman's house in the country, where he has lain a night, then consider his honor; let him know how many servants there are of both sexes, who expect vails; and

give them their cue to attend in two lines, as he leaves the house; but desire him not to trust the money with the butler, for fear he should cheat the rest; this will force your master to be more generous; and then you may take occasion to tell your master, that squire such a one, whom you lived with last, always gave so much a-piece to the common servants, and so much to the housekeeper, and the rest, naming at least double to what he intended to give; but be sure to tell the servants what a good office you did them; this will gain you love, and your master honor.

You may venture to be drunk much oftener than the coachman, whatever he pretends to allege in his own behalf, because you hazard nobody's neck but your own; for the horse will probably take so much care of himself, as to come off with only a strain or a shoulder-slip.

When you carry your master's riding-coat in a journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up close with a strap, but turn your master's inside out, to preserve the outside from wet and dirt: thus, when it begins to rain, your master's coat will be first ready to be given him; and if it get more hurt than yours, he can afford it better, for your livery must always serve its year's apprenticeship.

When you come to your inn with the horses wet and dirty after hard riding, and are very hot, make the ostler immediately plunge them into water up to their bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they please; but be sure to gallop them full speed a mile at least, to dry their skins, and warm the water in their bellies. The ostler understands his business; leave all to his discretion, while you get a pot of ale and some brandy at the kitchen fire, to comfort your heart.

If your horse drop a fore-shoe, be so careful as to alight and take it up; then ride with all the speed you can, with the shoe in your hand (that every traveller may observe your care), to the next smith on the road; make him put it on immediately, that your master may not wait for you, and that the poor horse may be as short a time as possible without a shoe.

When your master lies at a gentleman's house, if you find the hay and oats are good, complain aloud of their badness; this will get you the name of a diligent servant; and be sure to cram the horses with as much oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them so much the less for some days at the inns, and turn the oats into ale When you leave the gentleman's house, tell

your master what a covetous hunks that gentleman was: that you got nothing but buttermilk or water to drink; this will make your master, out of pity, allow you a pot of ale the more at the next inn; but if you happen to get drunk in a gentleman's house, your master cannot be angry, because it cost him nothing; and so you ought to tell him as well as you can in your present condition, and let him know it is both for his and the gentleman's honor to make a friend's servant welcome.

A master ought always to love his groom, to put him in a handsome livery, and to allow him a silver-laced hat. When you are in this equipage, all the honors he receives on the road are owing to you alone: that he is not turned out of the way by every carrier, is caused by the civility he receives at second-hand from the respect paid to your livery.

You may now and then lend your master's pad to a brother-servant, or your favorite maid, for a short jaunt, or hire him for a day, because the horse is spoiled for want of exercise; and if your master happens to want his horse, or has a mind to see the stable, curse that rogue the helper, who has gone out with the key.

When you want to spend an hour or two with your companions at the ale-house, and that you stand in need of a reasonable excuse for your stay, go out of the stable door, or the back way, with an old bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather in your pocket; and on your return, come home by the street door, with the same bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather dangling in your hand, as if you came from the saddler's, where you were getting the same mended: if you were not missed, all is well; but if you are met by your master, you will have the reputation of a careful servant. This I have known practised with good success.

CHAPTER VI.

DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSE STEWARD AND LAND STEWARD.

LORD PETERBOROUGH'S steward that pulled down his house, sold the materials, and charged my lord with repairs. Take money for forbearance from tenants. Renew leases, and get by them, and sell woods. Lend my lord his own money. Gil Blas said much of this, to whom I refer.

CHAPTER VII.

DIRECTIONS TO THE PORTER.

If your master be a minister of state, let him be at home to none but his pimp, or chief flatterer, or one of his pensionary writers, or his hired spy and informer, or his printer in ordinary, or his city solicitor, or a land-jobber, or his inventor of new funds, or a stock-jobber.

CHAPTER VIII.

DIRECTIONS TO THE CHAMBERMAID.

The nature of your employment differs according to the quality, the pride, or the wealth of the lady you serve; and this treatise is to be applied to all sorts of families; so that I find myself under great difficulty to adjust the best business for which you are hired. In a family where there is a tolerable estate, you differ from the housemaid, and in that view I give my directions. Your particular province is your lady's chamber, where you make the bed, and put things in order; and if you live in the country, you take care of rooms where ladies lie who come into the house, which brings in all the vails that fall to your share. Your usual lover, as I take it, is the coachman; but, if you are under twenty, and tolerably handsome, perhaps a footman may cast his eyes on you.

Get your favorite footman to help you in making your lady's bed; and if you serve a young couple, the footman and you, as you are turning up the bed-clothes, will make the prettiest observations in the world; which, whispered about, will be very entertaining to the whole family, and get among the neighborhood.

Do not carry down the necessary-vessels for the fellows to see, but empty them out of the window, for your lady's credit. It is highly improper for men-servants to know that fine ladies have occasion for such utensils; and do not scour the chamber-pot, because the smell is wholesome.

If you happen to break any china with the top of the whisk, on the mantle-tree or the cabinet, gather up the fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the rest, so that when your lady comes to discover them, you may safely say they

were broke long ago, before you came to the service. This will save your lady many an hour's vexation.

It sometimes happens that a looking-glass is broken by the same means: while you are looking another way as you sweep the chamber, the long end of the brush strikes against the glass, and breaks it to shivers. This is the extremest of all misfortunes, and all remedy desperate in appearance, because it is impossible to be concealed. Such a fatal accident once happened in a great family where I had the honor to be a footman; and I will relate the particulars, to show the ingenuity of the poor chamber-maid on so sudden and dreadful an emergency, which perhaps may help to sharpen your invention, if your evil star should ever give you the like occasion. The poor girl had broken a large japan glass, of great value, with a stroke of her brush: she had not considered long, when, by a prodigious presence of mind, she locked the door, stole into the yard, brought a stone of three pounds weight into the chamber, laid it on the hearth, just under the looking-glass, then broke a pane in the sash window that looked into the same yard, so shut the door, and went about her other affairs. Two hours after, the lady goes into the chamber, sees the glass broken, the stone lying under, and a whole pane in the window destroyed; from all which circumstances she concluded just as the maid could have wished, that some idle straggler in the neighborhood, or perhaps one of the out-servants, had, through malice, accident, or carelessness, flung in the stone, and done the mischief. Thus far all things went well, and the girl concluded herself out of danger; but it was her ill fortune, that a few hours after in came the parson of the parish, and the lady naturally told him the accident, which you may believe had much discomposed her; but the minister, who happened to understand mathematics, after examining the situation of the yard, the window, and the chimney, soon convinced the lady that the stone could never reach the looking-glass without taking three turns in its flight from the hand that threw it; and the maid, being proved to have swept the room the same morning, was strictly examined, but constantly denied that she was guilty, upon her salvation, offering to take her oath upon the Bible, before his reverence, that she was as innocent as the child unborn; yet the poor wench was turned off, which I take to have been hard treatment, considering her ingenuity: however, this may be a direction to you in the like case, to contrive a story that will better hang together. For

instance, you might say, that while you were at work with a mop or brush, a flash of lightning came suddenly in at the window, which almost blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken glass on the hearth; that as soon as you recovered your eyes, you saw the looking-glass all broken to pieces: or you may allege, that, observing the glass a little covered with dust, and going very gently to wipe it, you suppose the moisture of the air had dissolved the glue or cement, which made it fall to the ground: or, as soon as the mischief is done, you may cut the cords that fastened the glass to the wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the ground; run out in a fright, tell your lady, curse the upholsterer, and declare how narrowly you escaped that it did not fall upon your head. I offer these expedients from a desire I have to defend the innocent: for innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the glass on purpose, which I would by no means excuse, except upon great provocations.

Oil the tongs, poker, and fire-shovel, up to the top, not only to keep them from rusting, but likewise to prevent meddling people from wasting your master's coals with stirring the fire.

When you are in haste, sweep the dust into a corner of the room, but leave your brush upon it, that it may not be seen, for that would disgrace you.

Never wash your hands, or put on a clean apron, till you have made your lady's bed, for fear of rumpling your apron, or fouling your hands again.

When you bar the window-shuts of your lady's bed-chamber at nights, leave open the sashes, to let in the fresh air, and sweeten the room against morning.

In the time when you leave the windows open for air, leave books, or something else, on the window-seat, that they may get air too.

When you sweep your lady's room, never stay to pick up foul smocks, handkerchiefs, pinners, pin-cushions, tea-spoons, ribbons, slippers, or whatever lies in your way; but sweep all into a corner, and then you may take them up in a lump, and save time.

Making beds in hot weather is a very laborious work, and you will be apt to sweat; therefore, when you find the drops running down from your forehead, wipe them off with a corner of the sheet, that they may not be seen on the bed.

When your lady sends you to wash a china cup, and it happen to

fall, bring it up, and swear you did but just touch it with your hand, when it broke into three halves; and here I must inform you, as well as your fellow-servants, that you ought never to be without an excuse; it does no harm to your master, and it lessens your fault; as in this instance, I do not commend you for breaking the cup, but it is certain you did not break it on purpose; and the thing is possible that it might break in your hand.

You are sometimes desirous to see a funeral, a quarrel, a man going to be hanged, a wedding, a bawd carted, or the like. As they pass by in the street, you lift up the sash suddenly, there, by misfortune it sticks; this was no fault of yours; young women are curious by nature; you have no remedy but to cut the cord, and lay the fault upon the carpenter, unless nobody saw you, and then you are as innocent as any servant in the house.

Wear your lady's smock when she has thrown it off; it will do you credit, save your own linen, and be not a pin the worse.

When you put a clean pillow-case on your lady's pillow, be sure to fasten it well with corking-pins, that it may not fall off in the night.

When you spread bread and butter for tea, be sure that all the holes in the loaf be left full of butter, to keep the bread moist against dinner; and let the mark of your thumb be seen only upon one end of every slice, to show your cleanliness.

When you are ordered to open or lock any door, trunk, or cabinet, and miss the proper key, or cannot distinguish it in the bunch, try the first key that you can thrust in, and turn it with all your strength till you open the lock, or break the key, for your lady will reckon you a fool to come back and do nothing.

CHAPTER IX.

DIRECTIONS TO THE WAITING-MAID.

Two accidents have happened to lessen the comforts and profits of your employment; first, that execrable custom got among ladies of trucking their old clothes for china, or turning them to cover easy chairs, or making them into patch-work for screens, stools, cushions, and the like. The second is the invention of small chests and trunks with lock and key, wherein they keep the tea and sugar, without which it is impossible for a waiting-maid to live; for, by this means, you are forced to buy brown sugar, and pour water

upon the leaves, when they have lost all their spirit and taste. I cannot contrive any perfect remedy against either of these two evils. As to the former, I think there should be a general confederacy of all the servants in every family, for the public good, to drive those china hucksters from the doors; and, as to the latter, there is no other method to relieve yourselves but by a false key, which is a point both difficult and dangerous to compass; but, as to the circumstance of honesty in procuring one, I am under no doubt, when your mistress gives you so just a provocation, by refusing you an ancient and legal perquisite. The mistress of the tea-shop may now and then give you half an ounce; but that will be only a drop in the bucket: therefore I fear you must be forced, like the rest of your sisters, to run in trust, and pay for it out of your wages, as far as they will go, which you can easily make up other ways, if your lady be handsome, or her daughters have good fortunes.

If you are in a great family, and my lady's woman, my lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own lady. In this case, take care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the smallest liberty, not the squeezing of your hand, unless he puts a guinea into it; so, by degrees, make him pay accordingly for every new attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your lady, although you receive his money: five guineas for handling your breast is a cheap pennyworth, although you seem to resist with all your might; but never allow him the last favor under 100 guineas, or a settlement of 20*l.* a year for life.

In such a family, if you are handsome, you will have the choice of three lovers, the chaplain, the steward, and my lord's gentleman. I would first advise you to choose the steward; but if you happen to be young with child by my lord, you must take up with the chaplain. I like my lord's gentleman the least of the three: for he is usually vain and saucy from the time he throws off his livery; and if he misses a pair of colors, or a tide-waiter's place, he has no remedy but the highway.

I must caution you particularly against my lord's eldest son. If you are dexterous enough, it is odds that you may draw him to marry you, and make you a lady; if he be a common rake (and he must be one or t'other), avoid him like Satan; for he stands less in awe of a mother than my lord does of a wife; and after ten thousand promises, you will get nothing from him but a big belly or a clap, and probably both together.

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When your lady is ill, and, after a very bad night, is getting a little nap in the morning, if a footman comes with a message to inquire how she does, do not let the compliment [illegible] shake her gently until she wakes; then deliver the message [illegible] answer, and leave her to sleep.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young lady with a great fortune, you must be an ill-manager if you cannot get 500*l.* or 600*l.* for disposing of her. Put her often in mind that she is rich enough to make any man happy; that there is no real happiness but in love; that she has liberty to choose wherever she pleases, and not by the directions of parents, who never give allowances for an innocent passion; that there are a world of handsome, fine, sweet young gentlemen in town, who would be glad to die at her feet; that the conversation of two lovers is a heaven upon earth; that love, like death, equals all conditions; that if she should cast her eyes upon a young fellow below her in birth and estate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman; that you saw yesterday on the Mall the prettiest ensign, and that, if you had 40,000*l.*, it should be at his service. Take care that everybody should know what lady you live with; how great a favorite you are; and that she always takes your advice. Go often to St. James's Park; the fine fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a letter into your sleeve or your bosom: pull it out in a fury, and throw it on the ground, unless you find at least two guineas along with it; but, in that case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you. When you come home, drop the letter carelessly in your lady's chamber; she finds it, is angry; protest you know nothing of it, only you remember that a gentleman in the Park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the letter into your sleeve or petticoat; and, indeed, he was as pretty a man as ever you saw: that she may burn the letter if she pleases. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before you, and read the letter when you are gone down. You must follow this practice as often as you safely can; but let him who pays you best with every letter be the handsomest man. If a footman presumes to bring a letter to the house to be delivered to you for your lady, although it come from your best customer, throw it at his head, call him impudent rogue and villain, and shut the door in his face; run up to your lady, and, as a proof of your fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this subject, but I trust to your own discretion.

If you serve a lady who is a little disposed to gallantries, you will find it a point of great prudence how to manage. Three things are necessary: First, how to please your lady; secondly, how to prevent suspicion in the husband, or among the family; and lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own advantage. To give you full directions in this important affair would require a large volume. All assignations at home are dangerous, both to your lady and yourself; and therefore contrive, as much as possible, to have them in a third place; especially if your lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand husbands; and very unlucky rencontres may often happen under the best management. I need not warn you to employ your good offices chiefly in favor of those whom you find most liberal: yet, if your lady should happen to cast an eye upon a handsome footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her humor, which is no singularity, but a very natural appetite: it is still the safest of all home intrigues, and was formerly the least suspected, until of late years it has grown more common. The great danger is, lest this kind of gentry, dealing too often in bad ware, may happen not to be sound; and then your lady and you are in a very bad way, although not altogether desperate.

But, to say the truth, I confess it is a great presumption in me to offer you any instructions in the conduct of your lady's amours, wherein your whole sisterhood is already so expert and deeply learned; although it be much more difficult to compass than that assistance which my brother-footmen give their masters on the like occasion; and therefore I leave this affair to be treated by some abler pen.

When you lock up a silk mantua, or laced head, in a trunk or chest, leave a piece out, that when you open the trunk again, you may know where to find it.

CHAPTER X.

DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSEMAID.

If your master and lady go into the country for a week or more, never wash the bed-chamber or dining-room until just the hour before you expect them to return; thus the rooms will be perfectly

clean to receive them, and you will not be at the trouble to wash them so soon again.

I am very much offended with those ladies who are so proud and lazy that they will not be at the pains of stepping into the garden to pluck a rose, but keep an odious implement, sometimes in the bed-chamber itself, or at least in a dark closet adjoining, which they make use of to ease their worst necessities; and you are the usual carriers away of the pan, which makes not only the chamber, but even their clothes, offensive to all who come near. Now, to cure them of this odious practice, let me advise you, on whom the office lies to convey away this utensil, that you will do it openly down the great stairs, and in the presence of the footman; and if anybody knocks, to open the street-door while you have the vessel filled in your hands; this, if anything can, will make your lady take the pains of evacuating her person in the proper place, rather than expose her filthiness to all the men-servants in the house.

Leave a pail of dirty water, with a mop in it, a coal-box, a bottle, a broom, a chamber-pot, and such other unsightly things, either in a blind entry, or upon the darkest part of the back-stairs, that they may not be seen; and if people break their shins by trampling on them, it is their own fault.

Never empty the chamber-pots until they are quite full; if that happens in the night, empty them into the street; if in the morning, into the garden; for it would be an endless work to go a dozen times from garret and upper rooms down to the backside; but never wash them in any other liquor except their own: what cleanly girl would be dabbling in other folk's urine? and, besides, the smell of stale, as I observed before, is admirable against the vapors, which, a hundred to one, may be your lady's case.

Brush down the cobwebs with a broom that is wet and dirty, which will make them stick the faster to it, and bring them down more effectually.

When you rid up the parlor hearth in a morning, throw the last night's ashes into a sieve; and what falls through, as you carry it down, will serve instead of sand for the rooms and the stairs.

When you have scoured the brasses and irons in the parlor chimney, lay the foul wet clout upon the next chair, that your lady may see you have not neglected your work: observe the same rule when you clean the brass locks, only with this addition, to leave the marks of your fingers on the doors, to show you have not forgot.

Leave your lady's chamber-pot in her bed-chamber window all day to air.

Bring up none but large coals to the dining-room and your lady's chamber: they make the best fires, and if you find them too big, it is easy to break them on the marble hearth.

When you go to bed, be sure take care of the fire; and therefore blow the candle out with your breath, and then thrust it under your bed. Note, the smell of the snuff is very good against vapors.

Persuade the footman who got you with child to marry you before you are six months gone; and if your lady asks you why you would take a fellow who was not worth a groat? let your answer be, That service is no inheritance.

When your lady's bed is made, put the chamber-pot under it, but in such a manner as to thrust the valance along with it, that it may be full in sight, and ready for your lady when she has occasion to use it.

Lock up a cat or a dog in some room or closet, so as to make such a noise all over the house as may frighten away the thieves, if any should attempt to break or steal in.

When you wash any of the rooms toward the street over night, throw the foul water out of the street-door; but be sure not to look before you, for fear those on whom the water light might think you uncivil, and that you did it on purpose. If he who suffers breaks the windows in revenge, and your lady chides you, and gives positive orders that you should carry the pail down, and empty it into the sink, you have an easy remedy: when you wash an upper room, carry down the pail so as to let the water dribble on the stairs all the way down to the kitchen, by which not only your load will be lighter, but you will convince your lady that it is better to throw the water out of the windows, or down the street-door steps; besides, this latter practice will be very diverting to you and the family in a frosty night, to see a hundred people on their noses or backsides before your door when the water is frozen.

Polish and brighten the marble hearths and chimney-pieces with a clout dipped in grease; nothing makes them shine so well; and it is the business of the ladies to take care of their petticoats.

If your lady be so nice that she will have the room scoured with freestone, be sure to leave the marks of the freestone six inches deep round the bottom of the wainscot, that your lady may see your obedience to her orders.

CHAPTER XI.

DIRECTIONS TO THE DAIRYMAID.

FATIGUE of making butter: put scalding water in your churn, although in summer, and churn close to the kitchen fire, and with cream of a week old. Keep cream for your sweetheart.

CHAPTER XII.

DIRECTIONS TO THE CHILDREN'S MAID.

IF a child be sick, give it whatever it wants to eat or drink, although particularly forbid by the doctor; for what we long for in sickness will do us good; and throw the physic out of the window: the child will love you the better; but bid it not tell. Do the same for your lady when she longs for anything in sickness, and engage it will do her good.

If your mistress comes to the nursery, and offers to whip a child, snatch it out of her hands in a rage, and tell her she is the cruellest mother you ever saw: she will chide, but love you the better. Tell the children stories of spirits when they offer to cry, &c.

Be sure to wean the children, &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

DIRECTIONS TO THE NURSE.

IF you happen to let the child fall, and lame it, be sure never to confess it; and if it dies, all is safe.

Contrive to be with child as soon as you can, while you are giving suck, that you may be ready for another service when the child you nurse dies, or is weaned.

CHAPTER XIV.

DIRECTIONS TO THE LAUNDRESS.

IF you singe the linen with the iron, rub the place with flour, chalk, or white powder; and if nothing will do, wash it so long till it be either not to be seen, or torn to rags.

About tearing linen in washing:—

When your linen is pinned on the line, or on a hedge, and it

rains, whip it off, although you tear it, &c. But the place for hanging them is on young fruit-trees, especially in blossom; the linen cannot be torn, and the trees give them a fine smell.

CHAPTER XV.

DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSEKEEPER.

You must always have a favorite footman whom you can depend upon; and order him to be very watchful when the second course is taken off, that it may be brought safely to your office, that you and the steward may have a tit-bit together.

CHAPTER XVI.

DIRECTIONS TO THE TUTORESS, OR GOVERNESS.

Say the children have sore eyes; Miss Betty won't take to her book, &c.

Make the misses read French and English novels, and French romances, all the comedies writ in king Charles II. and king William's reigns, to soften their nature, and make them tender-hearted, &c.

To the preceding Directions to Servants, the following may be added, as they were both written with the same design, though in a very different manner. It will easily be perceived that these are to be understood literally, and the others ironically.

The Duty of Servants at Inns.

Be mounted before your master. When you see him mounted, ride out before him. When he baits at noon, enter the inn gate before him, and call the ostler to hold your master's horse while he alights. Leave your master to servants of the inn; go you with the horses into the stable; choose a place furthest from the stable-door; see the standing be dry; send immediately for fresh straw; see all the old hay out of the rack, and get fresh put in; see your horses girths be loosed and stuffed; take not off the bridles till they are cool, nor saddles in an hour; see their hoofs be well picked; try if the heads of the nails be fast, and whether they be well clenched; if not, send presently for a smith; always stand by

while the smith is employed. Give the oats the last thing. Water your horses when you are within a mile of the inn. Never keep above forty yards before or behind your master unless he commands you. Try the oats by smelling and weighing them; see you have good measure; stand by while your horses are eating their oats.

When you enter your evening inn, let your horses' feet be stuffed with cow-dung every night. Observe the same rules, only be sure if anything be wanting for a smith, let it be done over-night.

Know the time your master will set out in the morning: allow him a full hour to get himself ready. Contrive, both at morn and noon, to eat so that your master need not stay for you. Do not let the drawer carry the bill to your master, but examine it first carefully and honestly, and then bring it yourself, and be able to account for every article. If the servants have not been civil, tell your master, before their faces, when he is going to give them money.

Duty of the other Servant where there are two.

Ride forty yards behind your master; but be mounted before him. Observe now and then whether his horses' shoes be right. When you come to an inn at noon, give your horse to the ostler; bestir yourself to get a convenient room for your master; bring all his things into his room, full in his sight; inquire what is in the house, see it yourself, and tell your master how you like it. Step yourself now and then into the kitchen to hasten dinner or supper, and observe whether they be cleanly. Taste the ale, and tell your master whether it be good or bad. If he want wine, go you with the drawer and choose a bottle well filled and stopped. If the wine be in hogsheads, desire to taste and smell it; if it be sour, or not clear, or ill-tasted, let your master know it, that he may not be at the charge of wine not fit to be drunk. See the salt be dry and powdered, the bread new and clean, the knives sharp. At night observe the same rules; but first choose him a warm room, with a lock and key in order; then call immediately for the sheets, see them well aired, and at a large fire; feel the blankets, bed, bolster, pillow, whether they be dry, and whether the floor under the bed be damp. Let the chamber be that which has been last laid in; inquire about it. If the bed itself be damp, let it be brought before a large fire, and air it on both sides. That you may forget nothing in the inn, have a fair list of what you want to take out; and when you put them up, compare them with your list.

You are to step now and then into the stable, to see whether the groom performs his duty.

For packing up your things, have a list of linen, &c. In packing, take care that no hard things be together, and that they be wrapped up in a paper, and other waste paper. Remember to put everything in their proper places in the portmanteau. Stuff the shoes and slippers at the toes with a small lock of hay; fold up the clothes so as that they may not be rumpled. When your master is in his room at night, put all his things in such a manner as he has them at home. Learn to have some skill in cookery, that at a pinch you may be able to make your master easy.

The Groom.—Carry with you a stirrup-leather, an awl, twelve horse-nails, and a horse's fore-shoes, pick, and a hammer, for fear of an accident; and some ends and pack-thread, a bottle-screw, knife, and pen-knife, needles, pins, thread, silk, worsted, &c.; some plasters and scissors.

Item.—The servants to carry their own things, have a pocket-book, keep all their bills, date the time and place, and indorse the numbers.

Inquire in every town if there be anything worth seeing. Observe the country seats, and ask whom they belong to; and enter them, and the counties where they are.

Search under your master's bed when he is gone up, lest a cat or something else may be under it.

When your master's bed is made, and his things ready, lock the chamber-door, and keep the key till he goes to bed; then keep it in your pocket till morn.

Let the servants of the inn be sure to wake you above an hour before your master is to go, that he may have an hour to prepare himself.

If the ostler has been knavish or negligent, do not let him hold your master's horse. Observe the same rule at a gentleman's house; if the groom has not taken care of your horses, do not let him hold your master's.

Inquire at every inn where you stay what is the best inn in the next town you are to come to; yet do not rely on that, but likewise, as you enter into any town to stay, ask the people which is the best inn, and go to that which most people commend.

See that your master's boots be dried and well liquored over night.

LAWS FOR THE DEAN'S SERVANTS.

If either of the two men-servants be drunk, he shall pay an English crown out of his wages for the said offence, by giving the dean a receipt for so much wages received.

When the dean is at home, no servant shall presume to be absent without giving notice to the dean, and asking leave, upon the forfeiture of sixpence for every half-hour that he is absent, to be stopped out of his or her board-wages.

When the dean is abroad, no servant except the woman shall presume to leave the house for above one half-hour; after which, for every half-hour's absence, he shall forfeit sixpence: and if the other servant goes out before the first returns, he shall pay five shillings out of his wages as above.

Whatever servant shall be taken in a manifest lie, shall forfeit one shilling out of his or her board-wages.

When the dean goes about the house, or out-houses, or garden, or to Naboth's vineyard, whatever things he finds out of order, by neglect of any servant under whose care it was, that servant shall forfeit sixpence, and see to get it mended as soon as possible, or suffer more forfeitures, at the dean's discretion.

If two servants be abroad together when the dean is from home, and the fact be concealed from the dean, the concealer shall forfeit two crowns out of his or her wages, as above.

If, in waiting at table, the two servants be out of the room together, without orders, the last who went out shall forfeit threepence out of his board-wages.

The woman may go out when the dean is abroad for one hour, but no longer, under the same penalty with the men, but, provided the two men-servants keep the house until she returns: otherwise, either of the servants who goes out before her return, shall forfeit a crown out of his wages, as above.

Whatever other laws the dean shall think fit to make at any time to come, for the government of his servants, and forfeitures for neglect or disobedience, all the servants are bound to submit to.

Whatever other servant, except the woman, shall presume to be drunk, the other two servants shall inform the dean thereof, under pain of forfeiting two crowns out of his or her wages, besides the forfeiture of a crown from the said servant who was drunk.

DR. SWIFT'S REMARKS

ON "THE FIRST FIFTEEN PSALMS OF DAVID, TRANSLATED INTO[1] LYRIC VERSE.

Proposed as an essay supplying the perspicuity and coherence according to the modern art of poetry; not known to have been attempted before[2] in any language. With a preface, containing some observations of the great and general defectives of[3] the present version in Greek, Latin, and English; by Dr. [James] Gibbs.[4] London, printed by J. Matthews, for J. Bartley, over against Gray's Inn in Holborn, 1701.

DR. GIBBS.

PSALM OF DAVID. (1)

Comparing the different state of the righteous and the wicked, both in this and the next world.

THRICE happy he that doth refuse
With *impious* (2) *sinners* to combine;
Who ne'er their wicked way pursues,
And does the sinners' *seat* (3) *decline.*

(1) I warn the reader that this is a lie, both here and all over this book; for these are not the Psalms of David, but of Dr. Gibbs.

(2) But I suppose, with *pious* sinners a man may combine safely enough.

(3) What part of speech is it?

But still to learn and to obey
The law of God is his delight,
In that employs himself all day
And reads and thinks thereon at (4) night.

(4) A man must have some time to sleep; so that I will change this verse thus: "And thinks and dreams thereon all night."

For as a tree, whose spreading root
By some prolific stream is fed.
Produces (5) fair and lively fruit,
And numerous boughs adorn its head.

(5) Look ye, you must thin the boughs at the top, or your fruit will be neither fair nor timely.

---

[1] Bagpipe.
[2] Nor, I hope, ever will again.
[3] this and.
[4] Sternholdides.—SWIFT.

Whose very (1) leaves, though storms descend
In lively verdure still appear:
Such blessings always shall attend
The man that does the Lord revere.

(1) Why, what other part of a tree appears in a lively verdure, beside the leaves? Read —

These very leaves on which you spend
Your woeful stuff, may serve for squibs:
Such blessings always shall attend
The madrigals of Dr. Gibbs.

The above may serve for a tolerable specimen of Swift's remarks. The whole should be given, if it were possible to make them intelligible, without copying the version which is ridiculed; a labor for which our readers would scarcely thank us. A few detached stanzas, however, with the dean's notes on them, shall be transcribed.

Why do the heathen nations rise,
And in mad tumults join?
Confederate kings vain plots (2) devise
Against the Almighty's reign!

(2) I don't believe that ever kings entered into plots and confederacies against the reign of God Almighty.

But those that do thy laws refuse,
In pieces thou shalt break;
(3) And with an iron sceptre bruise
The disobedient (4) *neck*.

(3) After a man is broken in pieces, it is no great matter to have his neck bruised.
(4) Neak.

Ye earthly kings, the caution *hear*,
Ye rulers *learn* the same (5);
Serve God with reverence, and with *fear* (6)
His joyful praise proclaim.

(5) Rulers must *learn* it, but kings may only *hear* it.
(6) Very proper, to make a joyful proclamation with fear.

(7) For should the madness of his foes
Th' avenging God incense,
Happy are they that can repose
In him their confidence. (8)

(7) For should the foes of David's ape
Provoke his gray-goose quills,
Happy are they that can escape
The vengeance of his pills.

(8) Admirably reasoned and connected!

No fears shall then my soul depress,*
Though thus my enemies increase:
(1) And therefore, now arise, O Lord,*
And graciously thy help afford.

* Depreaze, Loard, Scoticè.

(1) He desires God's help, because he is not afraid of his enemies; others, I think, usually desire it when they *are* afraid.

And *thus* (2) to grant a sure defence,
Belongs to God's (3) omnipotence.

(2) The doctor has a mighty affection for the particle *thus:* he uses it four times in this (the 3d) Psalm, and 100 times in other places, and always wrong.

(3) That is as much as to say, that he that can do all things can defend a man; which I take to be an undoubted truth.

But you, my frail, (4) malicious foes,
Who do my power despise,
Vainly how long will ye oppose,
And (5) falsely calumnize!

(4) Are they malicious out of frailty, or frail out of malice?

(5) That is, they say *false* things *falsely.* I will discover the doctor's secret of making coherence and connexions in the Psalms, that he brags of in his title and preface: he lays violent hands on certain particles (such as, *and, when, since, for, but, thus, so, &c.*), and presses them to his service on all occasions, sore against their wills, and without any regard whether the sense will admit them or not.

Since those alone the Lord has blest
Who do from sin refrain,
He therefore grants what I request, (6)
And hears when I (7) complain.

(6) It is plain the doctor never requested to be a poet.

(7) If your requests be granted, why do you complain?

Then shall my soul with more divine
And solid joys abound,
Than they with stores of corn and wine,
Those earthly riches, crown'd. (8)

(8) I have heard of a crown or garland of corn; but a crown of wine is new, and can hardly be explained, unless we suppose the wine to be in icicles.

And thus confiding, Lord, in thee,
I take my calm repose; (9)
For thou each night protectest me,
From all my (10) treacherous foes.

(9) And yet, to show I tell no fibs,
Thou hast left me in thrall
To Hopkins eke, and doctor Gibbs,
The vilest rogue of all.

(10) Ay, and *open* foes too, or his repose would not be very calm.

Thy heavy hand restrain;
(1) With mercy, Lord, correct;
Do not (2) (as if in high disdain)
My helpless soul reject.

(1) Thy heavy hand restrain;
Have mercy, Dr. Gibbs:
Do not, I pray thee, paper stain
With rhymes retail'd in dribbs.

(2) That bit is a most glorious botch.

For how shall I sustain
(3) Those ills which now I bear?
My vitals are consumed with pain,
(4) My soul oppress'd with care!

(3) The squeaking of a hoggrel.
(4) To listen to thy doggrel.

Lord, I have pray'd in (5) vain,
So long, so much oppress'd;
My very (6) cries increase my pain,
And tears prevent my rest:

(5) The doctor must mean himself; for I hope David never thought so.
(6) Then he is a dunce for crying.

These do my sight impair,
And flowing eyes decay:
While to my enemies I fear
Thus (7) to become a prey.

(7) That is, he is afraid of becoming a prey to his enemies while his eyes are sore.

If I've not spared him though he's grown
My causeless (8) enemy;
Then let my life and fortune (9) crown
Become to him a prey.

(8) If he be grown his *causeless* enemy, he is no longer *guiltless*.
(9) He gives a thing before he has it, and gives it to him that has it already; for Saul is the person meant.

But, Lord, thy kind assistance (10) lend;
Arise in my defence:
According to thy laws (11) contend
For injured innocence.

(10) But why *lend?* Does he design to return it back when he has done with it?
(11) Profane rascal! he makes it a struggle and contention between God and the wicked.

That all the nations that oppose,
May then confess thy power;
Therefore assist my righteous cause,
That they may thee adore:

For equal judgment, Lord, to thee
The nations (1) all submit;
Be therefore (2) merciful to me,
And my just soul acquit. (3)

(1) Yet, in the very verse before, he talks of nations that *oppose*.
(2) Because all nations submit to God, therefore God must be merciful to Dr. Gibbs.
(3) Of what?

Poor David never could acquit
A criminal like thee,
Against his Psalms who could commit
Such wicked poetry.

Thus, by God's gracious providence, (4)
I'm still preserved secure,
Who all the good and just defends
With a resistless (5) power.

(4) Observe the connexion.
(5) That's right, doctor: but there will be no contending, as you desired awhile ago.

'Tis wonderful that Providence
Should save thee from the halter,
Who hast in numbers without sense
Burlesqued the holy Psalter.

All men he does with justice view,
And their iniquity
With direful vengeance can pursue,
Or patiently (6) pass by.

(6) That is no great mark of viewing them with justice. God has wiser ends for passing by his vengeance on the wicked, you profane dunce!

Lo! now th' inflictions (7) they design'd
By others to be borne,
Even all the mischiefs (8) in their mind,
Do on themselves return.

(7) Ay, but what sort of things are these inflictions?
(8) If the mischiefs be in their mind, what need they return on themselves? are they not there already?

O'er all the birds that mount the air,
And fish that in the floods appear (1).

(1) Those, I think, are not very many: they are good fish when they are caught, but till then we have no great sway over them.

Confounded at the sight of thee,
My foes are put to flight (2).
Thus thou, great God of equity,
Dost still assert my right (3).

(2) The doctor is mistaken; for, when people are confounded they cannot fly.
(3) Against Sternhold and Hopkins.

But God eternally remains
(4) Fix'd in his throne on high,
And to the world from thence ordains
(5) Impartial equity.

(4) That is false and profane; God is not fixed anywhere.
(5) Did anybody ever hear of *partial* equity?

And thus consider still, O Lord,
The justice of my cause;
Who often hast my life (6) restor'd
From death's devouring jaws.

(6) Nothing is restored but what has been taken away; so that he has been often raised from the dead, if this be true.

And from the barbarous (7) paths they tread,
No acts of Providence
Can e'er oblige them to recede,
Or stop (8) their bold offence.

(7) The author should first have premised what sort of paths were properly barbarous. I suppose they must be very deep or dirty, or very rugged and stony; both which I myself have heard travellers call barbarous roads.
(8) Which is the way to stop an offence? Would you have it stopped like a bottle, or a thief?

And on their impious heads will pour
Of snares (9) and flames a dismal shower;
And this their bitter cup shall be,
(10) To drink to all eternity.

(9) A shower of snares on a man's head would do wonderful execution. However, I grant it is a scurvy thing enough to swallow them.
(10) To taste the doctor's poetry.

(1) But they were all perverted grown,
Polluted all with blood,
And other impious crimes; not one
Was either just (2) or good.

(1) But they were all perverted grown,
In spite of Dr. Gibbs's blood:
Of all his impious strains not one
Was either just or good.

(2) For a man, it seems, may be good, and not just.

Are they so stupid (3), then, said (4) God,
Who thus my (5) saints devour?
These (6) crimes have they not understood,
Nor thought upon my power.

(3) The fault was not that they devoured saints, but that they were stupid. *Qy.* Whether stupidity makes men devour saints, or devouring saints makes a man stupid? I believe the latter, because they may be apt to lie heavy on one's stomach.

(4) Clod. (5) Strains. (6) Chimes.

(7) O, that his aid we now might have
From Sion's holy hill,
That God the captive just would save,
And glad all Israel!
All those that lead a life like this
Shall reign in everlasting bliss (8).

(7) And O that every parish clerk,
Who hums what Brady cribs
From Hopkins, would attend this work,
And glad the heart with Gibbs.

(8) And so the docter now may kiss ——!

FINIS.

Fiddling Impudent Nauseous Illiterate Scoundrel Scot
Foolish. Idle. Nonsensical Ignorant Sot.

At the end of the MS. is the following note:—

"The above was written from the manuscript mentioned in the first page, now in the hands of Nicholas Coyne, Esq., being the only copy in the kingdom of Ireland; he having purchased the original, and afterward generously given it to his friend Dr. Dunkin, finding the doctor extremely uneasy at the disappointment the earl of Chesterfield was like to meet with, as he had promised the earl

to attend the auction and procure it for him at any price; and is now transcribed by Neale Molloy, Esq., of Dublin, by the favor of the said Nicholas Coyne, his brother-in-law, and sent by him to his kinsman and dear friend, Charles Molloy, of London, Esquire."

"Dublin, May 26, 1748."

THE ADDRESS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO THE QUEEN.

APRIL 9, 1713.

DRAWN UP BY DR. SWIFT, AT THE COMMAND OF THE LORD TREASURER; AND DELIVERED BY THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

WE, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled, do, with the greatest joy and satisfaction, return our humble thanks to your majesty, for your most gracious speech from the throne; and for communicating to this house that peace is agreed on, so honorable to your majesty, and safe and advantageous to your kingdoms; by which we hope, with the blessing of God, that your people will in a few years recover themselves, after so long and expensive a war. We likewise beg leave to congratulate with your majesty upon the success of your endeavors for a general peace; whereby the tranquillity and welfare of Europe will be owing (next to Divine Providence) to your majesty's wisdom and goodness. We never had the least doubt that your majesty, who is the greatest ornament and protector of the Protestant religion, would do everything for securing the Protestant succession; towards which nothing can be more necessary than the perfect harmony there is between your majesty and the house of Hanover. And we do humbly assure your majesty, that, as you are pleased to express your dependence, (next under God,) upon the duty and affection of your people; we think ourselves bound, by the greatest ties of religion, loyalty, and gratitude, to make all returns that can be due from the most obedient subjects to the most indulgent sovereign.

THE ANSWER OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM PULTENEY

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

(WRITTEN BY THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.)

October 15, 1730.

SIR,—A pamphlet was lately sent me, entitled "A Letter from the Right Honorable Sir R. W. to the Right Honorable W. P., occasioned by the late Invectives on the King, her Majesty, and all the Royal Family." By these initial letters of our names, the world is to understand that you and I must be meant. Although the letter seems to require an answer, yet because it appears to be written rather in the style and manner used by some of your pensioners than your own, I shall allow you the liberty to think the same of this answer, and leave the public to determine which of the two actors can better personate their principals. That frigid and fustian way of haranguing, wherewith your representer begins, continues, and ends his declamation, I shall leave to the critics in eloquence and propriety to descant on, because it adds nothing to the weight of your accusations, nor will my defence be one grain the better by exposing its puerilities.

I shall therefore only remark, upon this particular, that the frauds and corruptions in most other arts and sciences, as law, physic, (I shall proceed no further,) are usually much more plausibly defended than in that of politics; whether it be that, by a kind of fatality, the vindication of a corrupt minister is always left to the management of the meanest and most prostitute writers, or, whether it be that the effects of a wicked or unskilful administration are more public, visible, pernicious, and universal; whereas the mistakes in other sciences are often matters that affect only speculation; or at worst, the bad consequences fall upon few and private persons. A nation is quickly sensible of the miseries it feels, and little comforted by knowing what account it turns to by the wealth, the power, the honors conferred on those who sit at the helm, or the salaries paid to their penmen, while the body of the people is sunk into

poverty and despair. A Frenchman in his wooden shoes may, from the vanity of his nation and the constitution of that government, conceive some imaginary pleasure in boasting the grandeur of his monarch in the midst of his own slavery; but a freeborn Englishman, with all his loyalty, can find little satisfaction at a minister overgrown in wealth and power from the lowest degree of want and contempt, when that power or wealth is drawn from the bowels and blood of the nation, for which every fellow-subject is a sufferer, except the great man himself, his family, and his pensioners; I mean such a minister (if there has ever been such a one) whose whole management has been a continued link of ignorance, blunders, and mistakes in every article, besides that of enriching and aggrandizing himself.

For these reasons, the faults of men who are most trusted in public business are, of all others, the most difficult to be defended. A man may be persuaded into a wrong opinion, wherein he has small concern; but no oratory can have the power over a sober man against the conviction of his own senses; and therefore, as I take it, the money thrown away on such advocates might be more prudently spared, and kept in such a minister's own pocket, than lavished in hiring a corporation of pamphleteers to defend his conduct, and prove a kingdom to be flourishing in trade and wealth, which every particular subject (except those few already excepted) can lawfully swear, and by dear experience knows, to be a falsehood.

Give me leave, noble sir, in the way of argument, to suppose this to be your case: could you, in good conscience or moral justice, chide your paper-advocates for their ill success in persuading the world against manifest demonstration? Their miscarriage is owing, alas! to want of matter. Should we allow them to be masters of wit, raillery, or learning, yet the subject would not admit them to exercise their talents; and consequently they can have no recourse but to impudence, lying, and scurrility.

I must confess, that the author of your letter to me has carried this last qualification to a greater height than any of his fellows; but he has, in my opinion, failed a little in point of politeness, from the original, which he affects to imitate. If I should say to a prime-minister, "Sir, you have sufficiently provided that Dunkirk should be absolutely demolished and never repaired; you took the best advantages of a long and general peace to discharge the immense debts of the nation; you did wonders with the fleet; you made the

Spaniards submit to our quiet possession of Gibraltar and Port Mahon; you never enriched yourself and family at the expense of the public." — Such is the style of your supposed letter; which, however, if I am well informed, by no means comes up to the refinements of a fishwife at Billingsgate. "You never had a bastard by Tom the waterman; you never stole a silver tankard; you were never whipped at the cart's tail."

In the title of your letter, it is said to be "occasioned by the late invectives on the king, her majesty, and all the royal family;" and the whole contents of the paper (stripped from your eloquence) go on upon a supposition affectedly serious, that their majesties and the whole royal family have been lately bitterly and publicly inveighed against, in the most enormous and treasonable manner. Now, being a man, as you well know, altogether out of business, I do sometimes lose an hour in reading a few of those controversial papers upon politics, which have succeeded for some years past to the polemical tracts between Whig and Tory; and in this kind of reading, (if it may deserve to be so called,) although I have been often but little edified or entertained, yet has it given me occasion to make some observations. First, I have observed, that however men may sincerely agree in all the branches of the Low Church principle, in a tenderness for dissenters of every kind, in a perfect abhorrence of popery and the pretender, and in the most firm adherence to the Protestant succession in the royal house of Hanover, yet plenty of matter may arise to kindle their animosities against each other, from the various infirmities, follies, and vices inherent in mankind.

Secondly, I observed, that although the vulgar reproach, which charges the quarrels between ministers and their opposers to be only a contention for power between those who are in and those who would be in if they could; yet, as long as this proceeds no further than a scuffle of ambition among a few persons, it is only a matter of course, whereby the public is little affected. But, when corruptions are plain, open, and undisguised, both in their causes and effects, to the hazard of a nation's ruin, and so declared by all the principal persons and the bulk of the people, those only excepted who are gainers by those corruptions; and when such ministers are forced to fly for shelter to the throne, with a complaint of disaffection to majesty against all who durst dislike their administration; such a general disposition in the minds of men cannot, I think, by any rules of reason, be called "the clamor of a

few disaffected incendiaries" grasping after power. It is the true voice of the people, which must, and will at last, be heard, or produce consequences that I dare not mention.

I have observed, thirdly, that among all the offensive printed papers which have come to my hand, whether good or bad, the writers have taken particular pains to celebrate the virtues of our excellent king and queen, even where these were, strictly speaking, no part of the subject; nor can it be properly objected that such a proceeding was only a blind to cover their malice toward you and your assistants; because, to affront the king, queen, or the royal family, as it would be directly opposite to the principles that those kind of writers have always professed, so it would destroy the very end they have in pursuit. And it is somewhat remarkable, that those very writers against you and the regiment you command, are such as most distinguish themselves upon all, or upon no occasions, by their panegyrics on their prince; and, as all of them do this without favor or hire, so some of them continue the same practice under the severest prosecution by you and your janizaries.

You seem to know, or at least very strongly to conjecture, who those persons are that give you so much weekly disquiet. Will you dare to assert that any of these are Jacobites, endeavor to alienate the hearts of the people, to defame the prince, and then dethrone him, (for these are your expressions,) and that I am their patron, their bulwark, their hope, and their refuge? Can you think I will descend to vindicate myself against an aspersion so absurd? God be thanked, we have had many a change of ministry without changing our prince; for, if it had been otherwise, perhaps revolutions might have been more frequent. Heaven forbid that the welfare of a great kingdom, and of a brave people, should be trusted with the thread of a single subject's life; for I suppose it is not yet in your view to entail the ministryship in your family. Thus I hope we may live to see different ministers and different measures, without any danger to the succession in the royal Protestant line of Hanover.

You are pleased to advance a topic which I could never heartily approve of in any party, although they have each in their turn advanced it, while they had the superiority. You tell us it is hard that, while every private man shall have the liberty to choose what servant he pleases, the same privilege should be refused to a king. This assertion, crudely understood, can hardly be supported. If

by servants be only meant those who are purely menial, who provide for their master's food and clothing, or for the convenience and splendor of his family, the point is not worth debating. But, the bad or good choice of a chancellor, a secretary, an ambassador, a treasurer, and many other officers, is of very high consequence to the whole kingdom: so is likewise that amphibious race of courtiers between servants and ministers; such as the steward, chamberlain, treasurer of the household, and the like, being all of the privy council, and some of the cabinet; who, according to their talents, their principles, and their degree of favor, may be great instruments of good or evil, both to the subject and the prince; so that the parallel is by no means adequate between a prince's court and a private family. And yet, if an insolent footman be troublesome in the neighborhood; if he breaks the people's windows, insults their servants, breaks into other folks' houses to pilfer what he can find, although he belong to a duke, and be a favorite in his station; yet those who are injured may, without just offence, complain to his lord, and, for want of redress, get a warrant to send him to the stocks, to Bridewell, or to Newgate, according to the nature and degree of his delinquencies. Thus the servants of the prince, whether menial or otherwise, if they be of his council, are subject to the inquiries and prosecutions of the great council of the nation, even as far as to capital punishment; and so must ever be in our constitution, till a minister can procure a majority even of that council to shelter him; which I am sure you will allow to be a desperate crisis, under any party of the most plausible denomination.

The only instance you produce, or rather insinuate, to prove the late invectives against the king, queen, and royal family, is drawn from that deduction of the English history published, in several papers, by the "Craftsman;" wherein are shown the bad consequences to the public, as well as to the prince, from the practices of evil ministers in most reigns, and at several periods, when the throne was filled by wise monarchs as well as by weak. This deduction, therefore, cannot reasonably give the least offence to a British king, when he shall observe that the greatest and ablest of his predecessors, by their own candor, by a particular juncture of affairs, or by the general infirmity of human nature, have sometimes put too much trust in confident, insinuating, and avaricious ministers.

Wisdom, attended by virtue and a generous nature, is not unapt

to be imposed on. Thus Milton describes Uriel, "the sharpest-sighted spirit in heaven," and "regent of the sun," deceived by the dissimulation and flattery of the devil, for which the poet gives a philosophical reason, but needless here to quote. Is anything more common, or more useful, than to caution wise men in high stations against putting too much trust in undertaking servants, cringing flatterers, or designing friends? Since the Asiatic custom of governing by prime-ministers has prevailed in so many courts of Europe, how careful should every prince be in the choice of the person on whom so great a trust is devolved, whereon depend the safety and welfare of himself and all his subjects! Queen Elizabeth, whose administration is frequently quoted as the best pattern for English princes to follow, could not resist the artifices of the earl of Leicester; who, although universally allowed to be the most ambitious, insolent, and corrupt person of his age, was yet her greatest and almost her only favorite (his religion indeed being partly puritan, and partly infidel, might have better tallied with present times); yet this wise queen would never suffer the openest enemies of that overgrown lord to be sacrificed to his vengeance; nor durst he charge them with a design of introducing popery, or the Spanish pretender.

How many great families do we all know, whose masters have passed for persons of good abilities during the whole course of their lives, and yet the greatest part of whose estates have sunk in the hands of their stewards and receivers; their revenues paid them in scanty portions, at large discount, and treble interest, though they did not know it; while the tenants were daily racked, and at the same time accused to their landlords of insolvency. Of this species are such managers, who, like honest Peter Waters, pretend to clear an estate, keep the owner pennyless, and after seven years leave him five times more in debt, while they sink half a plum into their own pockets.

Those who think themselves concerned, may give you thanks for that gracious liberty you are pleased to allow them of "taking vengeance on the ministers, and there shooting their envenomed arrows." As to myself, I neither owe you vengeance, nor make use of such weapons: but it is your weakness, or ill fortune, or perhaps the fault of your constitution, to convert wholesome remedies into poison; for you have received better and more frequent instructions than any minister of your age and country, if God had given you the grace to apply them.

I dare promise you the thanks of half the kingdom, if you please to perform the promise you have made of suffering the "Craftsman" and company, or whatever other infamous wretches and execrable villains you mean, to take their vengeance only on your own sacred ministerial person, without bringing any of your brethren, much less the most remote branch of the royal family, into the debate. This generous offer I suspected from the first, because there were never heard of so many, so unnecessary, and so severe prosecutions as you have promoted during your ministry, in a kingdom where the liberty of the press is so much pretended to be allowed. But in reading a page or two, I found you thought it proper to explain away your grant; for there you tell us, that "these miscreants" (meaning the writers against you) "are to remember, that the laws have ABUNDANTLY LESS generous, less mild and merciful sentiments," than yourself; and into their secular hands the poor authors must be delivered to fines, prisons, pillories, whippings, and the gallows. Thus your promise of impunity, which began somewhat jesuitically, concludes with the mercy of a Spanish inquisitor.

If it should so happen that I am neither abettor, patron, protector, nor supporter of these imaginary invectives "against the king, her majesty, or any of the royal family," I desire to know what satisfaction I am to get from you, or the creature you employed in writing the libel which I am now answering? It will be no excuse to say, that I differ from you in every particular of your political reason and practice; because that will be to load the best, the soundest, and most numerous part of the kingdom with the denominations you are pleased to bestow upon me, that they are "Jacobites, wicked miscreants, infamous wretches, execrable villains, and defamers of the king, queen, and all the royal family," and "guilty of high treason." You cannot know my style; but I can easily know your works, which are performed in the sight of the sun. Your good inclinations are visible; but I begin to doubt the strength of your credit even at court, that you have not power to make his majesty believe me the person which you represent in your libel; as most infallibly you have often attempted, and in vain, because I must otherwise have found it by the marks of his royal displeasure. However, to be angry with you, to whom I am indebted for the greatest obligation I could possibly receive, would be the highest ingratitude. It is to YOU I owe that reputation I have acquired for some years past of being a lover of my country and its constitution: to YOU I owe the libels and scurrilities con-

ferred upon me by the worst of men, and consequently some degree of esteem and friendship from the best. From YOU I learned the skill of distinguishing between a patriot and plunderer of his country; and from YOU I hope in time to acquire the knowledge of being a loyal, faithful, and useful servant to the best of princes, king George II.; and therefore I can conclude, by your example, but with greater truth, that I am not only with humble submission and respect, but with infinite gratitude, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant, W. PULTENEY.

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE REV. JOHN KENDALL.[1]

Moor-park, February 11, 1691.

SIR, — If anything made me wonder at your letter, it was your almost inviting me to do so in the beginning, which, indeed, grew less upon knowing the occasion; since it is what I have heard from more than one in and about Leicester. And for the friendship between us, as I suppose yours to be real, so I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cause to believe it pretended; though I might have some quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill bestowed in complimenting me. And as to that of my great prospects of making my fortune, on which as your kindness only looks on the best side, so my own cold temper and unconfined humor is a much greater hinderance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter. I shall speak plainly to you, that the very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the university, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then itself, I am so hard to please, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world. How all that suits with my behavior to the woman in hand you may easily imagine, when you know that there is something in me which must be employed, and when I am alone turns all, for want

[1] Vicar of Thornton in Leicestershire.

of practice, into speculation and thought; insomuch, that these seven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England. And this is it which a person of great honor in Ireland (who was pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind) used to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humor that makes me busy when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life to whom I have behaved myself just the same way; and, I profess, without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world, when I had no design for anything grave in it, and what I thought at worst a harmless impertinence; but, whenever I begin to take sober resolutions, or, as now, to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Besides, perhaps in so general a conversation among that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where I am when I am going to choose for a wife; and though the cunning sharper of the town may have a cheat put on him, yet it must be cleanlier carried than this which you think I am going to top upon myself. And truly, if you knew how metaphysical I am that way, you would little fear I should venture on one who has given so much occasion to tongues: for, though the people is a lying sort of a beast, (and I think in Leicester above all parts that I ever was in,) yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason, which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman any further than a bare acquaintance. Among all the young gentlemen that I have known who have ruined themselves by marrying, (which I assure you is a great number,) I have made this general rule, that they are either young, raw, and ignorant scholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every silk petticoat includes an angel; or else these have been a sort of honest young men, who perhaps are too literal in rather marrying than burning, and entail a misery on themselves and posterity by an overacting modesty. I think I am very far excluded from listing under either of these heads. I confess I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to

frolies, have married and ruined themselves out of a maggot; but a thousand household thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, frighten me from that; besides that I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not understand; and having never heard them but so hinted, thought it proper to give you this, to show you how I thank you for your regard of me; and I hope my carriage will be so as my friends need not be ashamed of the name. I should not have behaved myself after that manner I did in Leicester if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leicester to be; and so I contented myself with retaliation. I hope you will forgive this trouble; and so, with my service to your good wife, I am, good cousin, your very affectionate friend and servant.

TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

[WRITTEN TO INTRODUCE THE ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.]

Moor-Park, February 14, 1691.

GENTLEMEN, — Since everybody pretends to trouble you with their follies, I thought I might claim the privilege of an Englishman, and put in my share among the rest. Being last year in Ireland, (from whence I returned about half a year ago,) I heard only a loose talk of your society, and believed the design to be only some new folly just suitable to the age, which, God knows I little expected ever to produce anything extraordinary. Since my being in England, having still continued in the country, and much out of company, I had but little advantage of knowing any more, till about two months ago, passing through Oxford, a very learned gentleman there first showed me two or three of your volumes, and gave me his account and opinion of you. A while after I came to this place, upon a visit to sir William Temple, where I have been ever since, and have seen all the four volumes with their supplements; which answering my expectation, the perusal has produced what you find enclosed.

As I have been somewhat inclined to this folly, so I have seldom wanted somebody to flatter me in it. And for the ode enclosed, I have sent it to a person of very great learning and honor, and since to some others, the best of my acquaintance (to which I thought

very proper to inure it for a greater light); and they have all been pleased to tell me that they are sure it will not be unwelcome, and that I should beg the honor of you to let it be printed before your next volume (which I think is soon to be published), it being so usual before most books of any great value among poets: and before its seeing the world, I submit it wholly to the correction of your pens.

I entreat, therefore, one of you would descend so far as to write two or three lines to me of your pleasure upon it; which, as I cannot but expect from gentlemen who have so well shown upon so many occasions, that greatest character of scholars in being favorable to the ignorant, so, I am sure, nothing at present can more highly oblige me, or make me happier. I am, gentlemen, your ever most humble and most admiring servant.

TO MR. WILLIAM SWIFT.[1]

Moor-Park, November 29, 1692.

SIR,—My sister told me you were pleased (when she was here,) to wonder why I did so seldom write to you. I hope you have been so kind to impute it neither to ill manners nor disrespect. I always have thought that sufficient from one who has always been but too troublesome to you. Besides, I know your aversion to impertinence; and, God knows, so very private a life as mine can furnish a letter with little else, for I often am two or three months without seeing anybody besides the family; and now my sister is gone, I am likely to be more solitary than before. I am still to thank you for your care in my *testimonium*;[2] and it is to very good purpose, for I never was more satisfied than in the behavior of the university of Oxford to me. I had all the civilities I could wish for, and so many substantial favors, that I am ashamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to strangers than ever I was in seven years to Dublin College. I am not to take orders[3] till the king gives me a prebend; and sir William Temple, though he promises me the certainty of it, yet is less forward than I could wish,[4] be-

[1] Uncle of the author.

[2] For the certificate of his degree, in consequence of which he was admitted *ad eundem* at Oxford, June 14, 1692.

[3] It may be observed from this passage that he does not speak of going into the church as a point of news to his uncle.

[4] Here are the grounds of a quarrel which happened between him and sir William Temple in 1694.

cause (I suppose) he believes I shall leave him,[1] and, upon some accounts, he thinks me a little necessary to him.[2] If I were affording entertainment, or doing you any satisfaction by my letters, I should be very glad to perform it that way, as I am bound to do it by all others. I am sorry my fortune should fling me so far from the best of my relations; but hope that I shall have the happiness to see you some time or other. Pray my humble service to my good aunt, and the rest of my relations, if you please.

TO MR. DEANE SWIFT.[3]

Leicester, June 3, 1694.

I RECEIVED your kind letter to-day from your sister, and am very glad to find you will spare time from business so far as to write a long letter to one you have none at all with but friendship, which, as the world passes, is perhaps one of the idlest things in it. It is a pleasure to me to see you sally out of your road and take notice of curiosities, of which I am very glad to have part, and desire you to set by some idle minutes for a commerce which shall ever be dear to me, and, from so good an observer as you may easily be, cannot fail of being useful. I am sorry to see so much superstition in a country so given to trade; I half used to think those two to be incompatible. Not that I utterly dislike your processions for rain or fair weather, which, as trifling as they are, yet have good effects to quiet common heads, and infuse a gaping devotion among the rabble. But your burning the old woman, unless she were a duenna, I shall never be reconciled to; though it is easily observed that nations which have most gallantry to the young are ever the severest upon the old. I have not leisure to descant further upon your pleasing letter, nor anything to return you from so barren a scene as this, which I shall leave in four days toward my journey for Ireland. I had designed a letter to my cousin Willoughby;[4] and the last favor he has done me requires a great deal of acknowledgment; but the thought of my sending so many before has made me believe it better to trust you with delivering my best thanks to him, and that you will endeavor to persuade him how extremely sensible of

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[1] Which at last was the cause of much anger in sir William Temple.

[2] Dr. Swift was at this time employed in revising sir W. Temple's works for the press.

[3] A cousin of Dr. Swift's then at Lisbon.

[4] A considerable merchant at Lisbon.

his goodness and generosity I am. I wish and shall pray he may be as happy as he deserves, and he cannot be more. My mother desires her best love to him and to you, with both our services to my cousin his wife.

I forgot to tell you I left sir William Temple a month ago, just as I foretold it to you; and everything happened thereupon exactly as I guessed. He was extremely angry I left him; and yet would not oblige himself any further than upon my good behavior, nor would promise anything firmly to me at all; so that everybody judged I did best to leave him. I design to be ordained in September next, and make what endeavors I can for something in the church. I wish it may ever lie in my cousin's way or yours to have interest to bring me in chaplain of the factory.

If anything offers from Dublin that may serve either to satisfy or divert you, I will not fail of contributing and giving you constant intelligence from thence of whatever you shall desire. I am your affectionate cousin and servant.

TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.[1]

Dublin, October 6, 1694.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR,—That I might not continue the many troubles I have given you, I have all this while avoided one which I fear proves necessary at last. I have taken all due methods to be ordained, and one time of ordination is already elapsed since my arrival for effecting it. Two or three bishops, acquaintance of our family, have signified to me and them, that after so long standing in the University, it is admired I have not entered upon something or other (above half the clergy in this town being my juniors); and that, it being so many years since I left this kingdom, they could not admit me to the ministry without some certificate of my behavior where I lived: and my lord archbishop of Dublin was pleased to say a great deal of this kind to me yesterday; concluding, against all I had to say, that he expected I should have a certificate from your honor of my conduct in your family. The *sence* I am in, how low I am fallen in your honor's thoughts, has *denied* me assurance enough to beg this favor, till I find it impossible to avoid:

[1] This very curious letter was transcribed from the original; indorsed by Mrs. Temple, "Swift's penitential letter;" copied by Dr. Shipman, late fellow of All-Souls' College, Oxford, and rector of Compton, near Winchester, who was a relation to sir William Temple.

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and I entreat your honor to understand, that no p[illegible] is admitted here to a living without some knowledge of his abiliti[illegible] it being reckoned impossible to judge in those who are no[illegible] the usual method is to admit men first to some small reader's place, till, by preaching upon occasions, they can *value* themselves for better preferment. This (without great friends) is so general, that, if I were fourscore years old, I must go the same way, and should at that age be told every one must have a beginning. I entreat that your honor will consider this, and will please to send me some certificate of my behavior during almost three years in your family; wherein I shall stand in need of all your goodness to excuse my many weaknesses and oversights, much more to say anything to my advantage. The particulars expected of me are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons of quitting your honor's family, that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill actions. They are all left entirely to your honor's mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself any further than for *infirmities*.[1]

This is all I dare beg at present from your honor, under circumstances of life not worth your regard: what is left me to wish (next to the health and prosperity of your honor and family,) is, that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet for so many favors I have received; which, whatever effect they have had upon my fortune, shall never fail to have the greatest upon my mind, in approving myself, upon all occasions, your honor's most obedient and most dutiful servant.

P. S. I beg my most humble duty and service be presented to my ladies, your honor's lady and sister.—The ordination is appointed by the archbishop by the beginning of November; so that, if your honor will not grant this favor immediately, I fear it will come too late.

TO VARINA.[2]

April 29, 1696.

MADAM,—Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover, and indeed of every person who is in pursuit of a design whereon he conceives his greatest happiness or misery to depend. It is the same thing in war, in courts, and in common business. Every one who hunts after pleasure, or fame, or fortune, is still restless and

[1] Perhaps deficiencies of temper.

[2] Sister to Mr. Waryng, Swift's chamber-fellow at college.

uneasy till he has hunted down his game; and all this is not only very natural, but something reasonable too; for a violent desire is little better than a distemper, and therefore men are not to blame in looking after a cure. I find myself hugely infected with this malady, and am easily vain enough to believe it has some very good reasons to excuse it. For indeed, in my case, there are some circumstances which will admit pardon for more than ordinary disquiets. That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happiness entirely depends is in perpetual danger to be removed for ever from my sight. Varina's life is daily wasting; and though one just and honorable action could furnish health to her and unspeakable happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doting upon her cruelty, and me on the cause of it. This fully convinces me of what we are told, that the miseries of man's life are all beaten out on his own anvil. Why was I so foolish to put my hopes and fears into the power or management of another? Liberty is doubtless the most valuable blessing of life; yet we are fond to fling it away on those who have been these 5000 years using us ill. Philosophy advises to keep our desires and prospects of happiness as much as we can in our own breasts, and independent of anything without. He that sends them abroad is likely to have as little quiet as a merchant whose stock depends upon winds, and waves, and pirates, or upon the words and faith of creditors, every whit as dangerous and inconstant as the other.

I am a villian if I have not been poring this half hour over the paper, merely for want of something to say to you: or is it rather that I have so much to say to you that I know not where to begin, though at last it's all very likely to be arrant repetition?

Two strangers, a poet and a beggar, went to cuffs yesterday in this town, which minded me heartily to curse both employments. However, I am glad to see those two trades fall out, because I always heard they had been constant cronies; but what was best of all, the poet got the better, and kicked the gentleman beggar out of doors. This was of great comfort to me, till I heard the victor himself was a most abominable bad rhymer, and as mere a vagabond beggar as the other, which is a very great offence to me; for starving is much too honorable for a blockhead. I read some of his verses printed in praise of my lady Donegal, by which he has plainly proved that Fortune has injured him, and that he is dunce

enough to be worth 5000*l.* a-year. It is a pity he has not also the qualifications to recommend himself to your sex. I dare engage no ladies will hold him long in suspense with their unkindness: one settlement of separate maintenance, well engrossed, would have more charms than all the wit or passion of a thousand letters. And I will maintain it, any man had better have a poor angel to his rival than the devil himself if he was rich.

You have now had time enough to consider my last letter, and to form your own resolutions upon it. I wait your answer with a world of impatience; and if you think fit I should attend you before my journey, I am ready to do it. My lady Donegal tells me that it is feared my lord-deputy will not live many days; and if that be so, it is possible I may take shipping from hence, otherwise I shall set out on Monday fortnight for Dublin, and, after one visit of leave to his excellency, hasten to England: and how far you will stretch the point of your unreasonable scruples to keep me here will depend upon the strength of the love you pretend for me. In short, madam, I am once more offered the advantage to have the same acquaintance with greatness that I formerly enjoyed, and with better prospect of interest. I here solemnly offer to forego it all for your sake. I desire nothing of your fortune; you shall live where and with whom you please, till my affairs are settled to your desire: and in the meantime I will push my advancement with all the eagerness and courage imaginable, and do not doubt to succeed.

Study seven years for objections against all this, and by heaven they will at last be no more than trifles and put-offs. It is true you have known sickness longer than you have me, and therefore perhaps you are more loath to part with it as an older acquaintance: but listen to what I here solemnly protest, by all that can be witness to an oath, that if I leave this kingdom before you are mine, I will endure the utmost indignities of fortune rather than ever return again, though the king would send me back his deputy. And if it must be so, preserve yourself, in God's name, for the next lover who has those qualities you love so much beyond any of mine, and who will highly admire you for those advantages which shall never share any esteem from me. Would to heaven you were but a while sensible of the thoughts into which my present distractions plunge me; they hale me a thousand ways, and I not able to bear them. It is so, by heaven: the love of Varina is of more tragical consequence than her cruelty. Would to God you had treated and

scorned me from the beginning! It was your pity opened the first way to my misfortune; and now your love is finishing my ruin: and is it so then? In one fortnight I must take eternal farewell of Varina; and (I wonder) will she weep at parting, a little to justify her poor pretences of some affection to me? and will my friends still continue reproaching me for the want of gallantry, and neglecting a close siege? How comes it that they all wish us married together, they knowing my circumstances and yours extremely well, and I am sure love you too much, if it be only for my sake, to wish you anything that might cross your interest or your happiness?

Surely, Varina, you have but a very mean opinion of the joys that accompany a true, honorable, unlimited love; yet either nature and our ancestors have highly deceived us, or else all other sublunary things are dross in comparison. Is it possible you can be yet insensible to the prospect of a rapture and delight so innocent and so exalted? Trust me, Varina, Heaven has given us nothing else worth the loss of a thought. Ambition, high appearances, friends, and fortune, are all tasteless and insipid when they come in competition; yet millions of such glorious minutes are we perpetually losing,—for ever losing, irrecoverably losing,—to gratify empty forms and wrong notions, and affected coldnesses and peevish humor. These are the unhappy encumbrances which we who are distinguished from the vulgar do fondly create to torment ourselves. The only felicity permitted to human life we clog with tedious circumstances and barbarous formality. By heaven, Varina, you are more experienced, and have less virgin innocence than I. Would not your conduct make one think you were highly skilled in all the little politic methods of intrigue? Love, with the gall of too much discretion, is a thousand times worse than with none at all. It is a peculiar part of nature which art debauches, but cannot improve. We have all of us the seeds of it implanted in ourselves, and they require no help from courts or fortune to cultivate and improve them. To resist the violence of our inclinations in the beginning is a strain of self-denial that may have some pretences to set up for a virtue: but when they are grounded at first upon reason,—when they have taken firm root and grown up to a height, it is folly—folly as well as injustice—to withstand their dictates; for this passion has a property peculiar to itself, to be most commendable in its extremes; and it is as possible to err in the excess of piety as of love.

These are the rules I have long followed with you, Varina; and had you pleased to imitate them, we should both have been infinitely happy. The little disguises and affected contradictions of your sex were all (to say the truth) infinitely beneath persons of your pride and mine; paltry maxims that they are, calculated for the rabble of humanity. O Varina, how imagination leads me beyond myself and all my sorrows! It is sunk, and a thousand graves lie open! —No, madam, I will give you no more of my unhappy temper, though I derive it all from you.

Farewell, madam; and may love make you awhile forget your temper to do me justice. Only remember, that if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose him that has resolved to die as he has lived, all yours.

I have here sent you Mr. Fletcher's letter, wherein I hope I do not injure generosity or break trust, since the contents are purely my own concern. If you will pardon the ill hand and spelling, the reason and sense of it you will find very well and proper.

TO MRS. JANE SWIFT.

[THE DOCTOR'S SISTER.]

1696.

I RECEIVED your kind letter from Robert by word of mouth, and think it a vast condescension in you to think of us in all your greatness: now shall we hear nothing from you for five months but *We courtiers*. Loory is well, and presents his humble duty to my lady, and love to his fellow-servant; but he is the miserablest creature in the world, eternally in his melancholy note, whatever I can do; and if his finger does but ache, I am in such a fright you would wonder at it. I pray return my service to Mrs. Filby, in payment of hers by Robert.

Nothing grows better by your absence but my lady's chamber-floor and Tumble-down Dick. Here are three letters for you, and Molly will not send one of them; she says you ordered her to the contrary; Mr. Mose[1] and I desire you will remember our love to the king, and let us know how he looks.

Robert says the Czar[2] is there, and is fallen in love with you, and designs to carry you to Muscovy; pray, provide yourself with muffs and sable tippets, &c.

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[1] Steward to sir William Temple, after whose death he married Stella's sister.

[2] Peter the Great was then in England.

Æolus has made a strange revolution in the rooks' nests; but I say no more, for it is dangerous to meddle with things above us.

I desire your absence heartily, for now I live in great state, and the cook comes in to know what I please to have for dinner: I ask very gravely what is in the house, and accordingly give orders for a dish of pigeons, or, &c. You shall have no more ale here unless you send us a letter. Here is a great bundle and a letter for you; both came together from London. We all keep home like so many cats.

TO THE REV. MR. WINDER, PREBENDARY OF KILROOT.

[THE DOCTOR'S SUCCESSOR.]

(To be left at Belfast, in the county of Antrim, Ireland.)

Moor-Park, January 13, 1698.

I AM not likely to be so pleased with anything again this good while as I was with your letter of Dec. 20, and it has begun to put me into a good opinion of my own merits, or at least my skill at negotiation, to find I have so quickly restored a correspondence that I feared was declining, as it requires more charms and address in women to revive one fainting flame than to kindle a dozen new ones; but I assure you I was very far from imputing your silence to any bad cause (having never entertained one single ill thought of you in my life), but to a custom which breaks off commerce between abundance of people after a long absence. At first, one omits writing for a little while, and then one stays awhile longer to consider of excuses, and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write at all: at this rate I have served others, and have been served myself.

I wish I had a lexicon by me, to find whether your Greek word be spelled and accented right; and I am very sorry you have made an *acutum in ultima*, as if you laid the greatest stress upon the worst part of the word. However, I protest against your meaning or any interpretation you shall ever make of that nature out of my letters. If I thought you deserved any bitter words, I should either deliver them plainly, or hold my tongue altogether; for I esteem the custom of conveying one's resentments by hints or innuendos, to be a sign of malice, or fear, or too little sincerity: but I have told you, *coram et absens*, that you are in your nature more sensible than you need be, and it is hard you cannot be satisfied

with the esteem of the best among your neighbors, but lose your time in regarding what may be thought of you by one of my privacy and distance. I wish you could as easily make my esteem and friendship for you to be of any value as you may be sure to command them.

I should be sorry if you have been at an inconvenience in hastening my accounts; and I dare refer you to my letters, that they will lay the fault upon yourself; for I think I desired more than once that you would not make more despatch than stood with your ease, because I was in no haste at all.

I desired of you two or three times, that when you had sent me a catalogue of those few books, you would not send them to Dublin till you had heard again from me: the reason was, that I did believe there was one or two of them that might have been useful to you, and one or two more that were not worth the carriage: of the latter sort were an old musty Horace, and Foley's book: of the former were Reynolds' works, Collection of Sermons in 4to, Stillingfleet's Grounds, &c., and the folio paper book, very good for sermons, or a receipt-book for your wife, or to keep accounts for mutton, raisins, &c. The *Sceptis Scientifica* is not mine, but old Mr. Dobbs's, and I wish it were restored: he has Temple's *Miscellanea* instead of it, which is a good book, worth your reading. If *Sceptis Scientifica* comes to me, I'll burn it for a fustian piece of abominable curious virtuoso stuff. The books missing are few and inconsiderable, not worth troubling anybody about. I hope this will come to your hands before you have sent your cargo, that you may keep those books I mention; and desire you will write my name, and *ex dono* before them in large letters.

I desire my humble service to Mrs. Winder, and that you will let her know I shall pay a visit at Carmony some day or other, how little soever any of you may think of it. But I will, as you desire, excuse you the delivery of my compliments to poor H. Clements, and hope you will have much better fortune than poor Mr. Davis, who has left a family that is like to find a cruel want of him. Pray let me hear that you grow very rich, and begin to make purchases. I never heard that H. Clements was dead: I was at his mayoral feast: has he been mayor since? or did he die then, and everybody forget to send me word of it?

Those sermons you have thought fit to transcribe will utterly disgrace you, unless you have so much credit that whatever comes from

you will pass: they were what I was firmly resolved to burn, and especially some of them the idlest trifling stuff that ever was writ, calculated for a church without company or a roof, like our ******* Oxford. They will appear a perfect lampoon upon me, whenever you look on them and remember they are mine.

I remember those letters to Eliza: they were writ in my youth; you might have sealed them up, and nobody of my friends would have opened them; pray burn them. There were parcels of other papers that I would not have lost; and I hope you have packed them up so that they may come to me. Some of them were abstracts and collections from reading.

You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover; but I must take my fortune: if the report proceeds, pray inform me; and when you have leisure and humor, give me the pleasure of a letter from you: and though you are a man full of fastenings to the world, yet endeavor to continue a friendship in absence; for who knows but fate may jumble us together again? And I believe, had I been assured of your neighborhood, I should not have been so unsatisfied with the region I was planted in. I am, and will be ever, entirely yours, &c.

P. S. Pray let me know something of my debt being paid to Tailer, the innkeeper of ; I have forgot the town, between Dromore and Newry.

TO MISS JANE WARYNG.[1]

Dublin, May 4, 1700.

MADAM,—I am extremely concerned at the account you give of your health; for my uncle told me he found you in appearance better than you had been in some years, and I was in hopes you had still continued so. God forbid I should ever be the occasion of creating more troubles to you, as you seem to intimate! The letter you desired me to answer I have frequently read, and thought I had replied to every part of it that required it; however, since you are pleased to repeat those particulars wherein you desire satisfaction, I shall endeavor to give it you as well as I am able. You would know what gave my temper that sudden turn, as to alter the

[1] Miss Waryng was a young lady of family in the north of Ireland. This second letter was written some time before the time of Stella fixing her residence in that kingdom. There is an evident alteration, if not desire of a rupture with the person addressed, in its tone throughout.

style of my letters since I last came over. If there has been that alteration you observe, I have told you the cause abundance of times. I had used a thousand endeavors and arguments to get you from the company and place you are in; both on account of your health and humor, which I thought were like to suffer very much in such an air and before such examples. All I had in answer from you was nothing but a great deal of arguing, and sometimes in a style so very imperious as I thought might have been spared, when I reflected how much you had been in the wrong. The other thing you would know is, whether this change of style be owing to the thoughts of a new mistress. I declare, upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other person but yourself. I had ever an opinion that you had a great sweetness of nature and humor; and whatever appeared to the contrary, I looked upon it only as a thing put on as necessary before a lover; but I have since observed in abundance of your letters such marks of a severe indifference, that I began to think it was hardly possible for one of my few good qualities to please you. I never knew any so hard to be worked upon, even in matters where the interest and concern are entirely your own; all which, I say, passed easily while we were in the state of formalities and ceremony; but, since that, there is no other way of accounting for this untractable behavior in you but by imputing it to a want of common esteem and friendship for me.

When I desired an account of your fortune, I had no such design as you pretend to imagine. I have told you many a time that in England it was in the power of any young fellow of common sense to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to: I asked in order to consider whether it were sufficient, with the help of my poor income, to make one of your humor easy in a married state. I think it comes to almost 100*l.* a year; and I think, at the same time, that no young woman in the world of the same income would dwindle away her health and life in such a sink, and among such family conversation: neither have all your letters been once able to persuade that you have the least value for me, because you so little regarded what I so often said upon that matter. The dismal account you say I have given you of my livings[1] I can assure you to be a true one; and, since it is a dismal one even in your own

[1] Those of Laracor and Rathbeggin.

opinion, you can best draw consequences from it. The place where Dr. Bolton[1] lived is upon a living which he keeps with the deanery; but the place of residence for that they have given me is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way but to hire a house at Trim, or build one on the spot: the first is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at present. For coming down to Belfast, it is what I cannot yet think of, my attendance is so close and so much required of me; but our government sits very loose, and I believe will change in few months; whether our part will partake in the change I know not, though I am very apt to believe it: and then I shall be at leisure for a short journey. But I hope your other friends, more powerful than I, will, before that time, persuade you from the place where you are. I desire my service to your mother, in return for her remembrance; but for any other dealings that way, I entreat your pardon; and I think I have more cause to resent your desires of me in that case than you have to be angry at my refusals. If you like such company and conduct, much good do you with them! My education has been otherwise. My uncle Adam asked me one day in private, as by direction, what my designs were in relation to you, because it might be a hinderance to you if I did not proceed. The answer I gave him (which I suppose he has sent you) was to this effect: "That I hoped I was no hinderance to you; because the reason you urged against an union with me was drawn from your indisposition, which still continued; that you also thought my fortune not sufficient, which is neither at present in a condition to offer you; that if your health and my fortune were as they ought, I would prefer you above all your sex; but that, in the present condition of both, I thought it was against your opinion, and would certainly make you unhappy: that, had you any other offers which your friends or yourself thought more to your advantage, I should think I were very unjust to be an obstacle in your way." Now for what concerns my fortune, you have answered it. I desire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwise than it was when you told me the doctors advised you against marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs, with an income of less (perhaps)

[1] This gentleman, as well as Dr. Swift, was chaplain to lord Berkeley when one of the lords-justices in Ireland.

than 300*l.* a year? have you such an inclination to my person and humor as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavor to make us both as happy as you can? will you be ready to engage in those methods I shall direct for the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable when we are neither visiting nor visited? can you bend your love and esteem and indifference to others the same way as I do mine? shall I have so much power in your heart, or you so much government of your passions, as to grow in good humor upon my approach, though provoked by a ————? have you so much good-nature as to endeavor by soft words to smooth any rugged humor occasioned by the cross accidents of life? shall the place wherever your husband is thrown be more welcome than courts or cities without him? In short these are some of the necessary methods to please men who, like me, are deep read in the world; and to a person thus made I should be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy. These are the questions I have always resolved to propose to her with whom I meant to pass my life; and whenever you can heartily answer them in the affirmative, I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I desire, indeed, a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be of my own; though I should bear from a wife to be reproached for the greatest.

I have said all I can possibly say in answer to any part of your letter, and in telling you my clear opinion as to matters between us. I singled you out at first from the rest of women: and I expect not to be used like a common lover. When you think fit to send me an answer to this without ————, I shall then approve myself, by all means you shall command, madam, your most faithful humble servant.

TO THE BISHOP OF DERRY.[1]

Dublin Castle, July 16, 1700.

My Lord,—I was several times to wait on your lordship at your lodgings; but you were either abroad, or so engaged that I could not be permitted the honor to attend you. I have an humble request to your lordship, that you will please to excuse me if I

[1] Dr. William King, afterwards archbishop of Dublin.

cannot be at the triennial visitation; for my lord and lady [Berkley] continually residing at the Lodge, I am obliged to a constant attendance there. I am, with all respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant.

TO THE REV. DR. TIDSALL.[1]

London, December 16, 1703.

I PUT great violence on myself in abstaining all this while from treating you with politics. I wish you had been here for ten days, during the highest and warmest reign of party and faction that I ever knew or read of, upon the bill against occasional conformity, which, two days ago, was, upon the first reading, rejected by the lords.[2] It was so universal that I observed the dogs in the streets much more contumelious and quarrelsome than usual; and the very night before the bill went up, a committee of Whig and Tory cats had a very warm and loud debate upon the roof of our house. But why should we wonder at that, when the very ladies are split asunder into high-church and low, and, out of zeal for religion, have hardly time to say their prayers? The masks will have a crown more from any man of the other party, and count it a high point of merit to a member who will not vote on their side. For the rest, the whole body of the clergy, with a great majority of the house of commons, were violent for this bill. As great a majority of the lords, among whom all the bishops but four were against it: the court and the rabble (as extremes often agree) were trimmers. I would be glad to know men's thoughts of it in Ireland; for myself, I am much at a loss, though I was mightily urged by some great people to publish my opinion. I cannot but think (if men's highest assurances are to be believed) that several, who were against this bill, do love the church and do hate or despise presbytery. I put it close to my lord Peterborough, just as the bill was going up, who assured me in the most solemn manner that, if he had the least suspicion the rejecting this bill would hurt the church or do kindness to the dissenters, he would lose his right hand rather than speak against it. The like profession I had from the bishop of Salisbury [Gilbert Burnet], my lord Somers, and some others; so that I know not what to think, and therefore shall think no more; and you will

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[1] The circumstances of Dr. Tidsall's proposal to Stella will be found described in the Life of the author.

[2] The bill against occasional conformity.

forgive my saying so much on a matter that all our heads have been so full of, to a degree that, while it was on the anvil, nothing else was the subject of conversation. I shall return in two months, in spite of my heart. I have here the best friends in nature, only want that little circumstance of favor and power; but nothing is so civil as a cast courtier. Pray let the ladies [Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley] know I had their letter, and will answer it soon; and that I obeyed Mrs. Johnson's commands, and waited on her mother and other friend. You may add, if you please, that they advise her clearly to be governed by her friends there about the renewing her lease, and she may have her mortgage taken up here whenever she pleases, for the payment of her fine; and that we have a project for putting out her money in a certain lady's hands for annuities, if the parliament goes on with them, and she likes it.

I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnson: it is a new-fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a *bite*. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some damned lie in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest; and then cry you, "Madam, there's *a bite!*" I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in court, and everywhere else among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain among you, and teach you a new refinement.

TO THE SAME.

London, February 3, 1703.

I AM content you should judge the order of friendship you are in with me by my writing to you, and accordingly you will find yourself the first after the ladies [Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley]; for I never write to any other, either friend or relation, till long after. I cannot imagine what paragraph you mean in my former that was calculated for lord-primate [Dr. Marsh], or how you could show it him without being afraid he might expect to see the rest. But I will take better methods another time, and you shall never, while you live, receive a syllable from me fit to be shown to a lord-primate, unless it be yourself. Montaigne was angry to see his essays lie in the parlor window, and therefore wrote a chapter that forced the ladies to keep it in their closets. After some such manner I shall henceforth use you in my letters, by making them fit to be seen by none but yourself.

I am extremely concerned to find myself unable to persuade you

into a true opinion of your own littleness, nor make you treat me with more distance and respect: and the rather, because I find all your little pretensions are owing to the credit you pretend with two ladies who came from England. I allow indeed the chamber in William-street to be Little England by their influence; as an ambassador's house, wherever it is, hath all the privileges of his master's dominions; and, therefore, if you wrote the letter in their room, or their company, (for in this matter their room is as good as their company,) I will indulge you a little. Then, for the Irish legs you reproach me with, I defy you. I had one indeed when I left your island; but that which made it Irish is spent and evaporated, and I look upon myself now as upon a new foot. You seem to talk with great security of your establishment near the ladies; though, perhaps, if you knew what they say of you in their letters to me, you would change your opinion both of them and yourself. —*A bite.*—And now you talk of a bite, I am ashamed of the ladies' being caught by you, when I had betrayed you and given them warning.——I had heard before of the choking, but never of the jest in the church; you may find from thence that women's prayers are things perfectly by rote, as they put on one stocking after another, and no more. But if she be good at blunders, she is as ready at come-offs; and to pretend her senses were gone was a very good argument she had them about her. You seem to be mighty proud (as you have reason, if it be true,) of the part you have in the ladies' good graces, especially of her you call *the party.* I am very much concerned to know it; but since it is an evil I cannot remedy, I will tell you a story. A cast mistress went to her rival, and expostulated with her for robbing her of her lover. After a long quarrel, finding no good to be done—"Well," says the abdicated lady, "keep him, and**** *** ** **** ****." "No," says the other, "that will not be altogether so convenient; however, to oblige you, I will do something that is very near it."—*Dixi.*

I am mightily afraid the ladies are very idle, and do not mind their book. Pray, put them upon reading; and be always teaching something to Mrs. Johnson, because she is good at comprehending, remembering, and retaining. I wonder she could be so wicked as to let the first word she could speak, after choking, be a pun. I differ from you; and believe the pun was just coming up, but met with the crumbs, and so, struggling for the wall, could neither of them get by, and at last came both out together.

It is a pleasant thing to hear you talk of Mrs. Dingley's blunders, when she has sent me a list with above a dozen of yours that have kept me alive, and I hope will do so till I have them again from the fountain-head. I desire Mrs. Johnson only to forbear punning after the Finglas rate when Dilly[1] was at home.

I thank you for your bill, which was a cunning piece of civility to prevent me from wanting. However, I shall buy hats for you and Tom Leigh; for I have lately a bill of 20*l.* sent me for myself, and shall take up 10*l.* more here. I saw Tom Leigh's brother in the court of requests, and, knowing him to be your friend, I talked with him; and we will take some occasion to drink your health together, and Tom Leigh's. I will not buy you any pamphlets unless you will be more particular in telling me their names or their natures, because they are usually the vilest things in nature. Leslie has written several of late violent against presbyterians and low-churchmen. If I had credit enough with you, you should never write but upon some worthy subject, and with long thought. But I look upon you as under a terrible mistake if you imagine you cannot be enough distinguished without writing for the public. Preach, preach, preach, preach, preach, preach; that is certainly your talent; and you will some years hence have time enough to be a writer. I tell you what I am content you should do: choose any subject you please; and write for your private diversion, or by way of trial; but be not hasty to write for the world. Besides, who that has a spirit would write in such a scene as Ireland?—You and I will talk an hour on these matters. Pox on the dissenters and independents! I would as soon trouble my head to write against a louse or a flea. I tell you what; I wrote against the bill that was against occasional conformity; but it came too late by a day, so I would not print it. But you may answer it if you please; for you know you and I are Whig and Tory. And, to cool your insolence a little, know that the queen and court, and house of lords, and half the commons almost, are Whigs; and the number daily increases.

I desire my humble service to the primate, whom I have not written to, having not had opportunity to perform that business he employed me in; but shall soon, now the days are longer. We are all here in great impatience at the king of Spain's delay, who yet continues in the Isle of Wight.

[1] The Rev. Dillon Ashe, a celebrated punster.

My humble service to dean Ryves, Dilly, Jones, and other friends. And I assure you nobody can possibly be more, or I believe is half so, entirely yours, as ——

TO THE SAME.

London, April 20, 1704.

YESTERDAY, coming from the country, I found your letter, which had been four or five days arrived, and by neglect was not forwarded as it ought. You have got three epithets for my former letter, which I believe are all unjust: you say it was *unfriendly*, *unkind*, and *unaccountable*. The two first, I suppose, may pass but for one; saving (as captain Fluellin says the phrase is) *a little variation*. I shall therefore answer those two as I can; and for the last, I return it you again by these presents, assuring you that there is more unaccountability in your letter's little finger than in mine's whole body. And one strain I observe in it, which is frequent enough; you talk in a mystical sort of way, as if you would have me believe I had some great design, and that you had found it out: your phrases are, "that my letter had the effect you judge I designed; that you are amazed to reflect on what you judge the cause of it; and wish it may be in your power to love and value me while you live," &c. In answer to all this, I might with good pretence enough talk starchly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours. In answer to all which I will, upon my conscience and honor, tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before that, if my fortunes and humor served me to think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers; this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you: but I judged it would, perhaps, be a clog to your rising in the world; and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present, and by the assurances of Eaton's livings. I told you indeed that your authority was not sufficient to make overtures to the mother without the daughter's giving me leave, under her own or her friend's hand, which, I think, was a right and a prudent

step. However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advantages you deserve. But, the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune, in losing so good a friend and companion as her, prevail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself whether I was your friend or not in the whole concern; though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequence that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay, I went so far both to her mother, herself, and I think to you, as to think it could not be decently broken; since I supposed the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always described her to you in a manner different from those who would be discouraging; and must add that, though it has come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank and of that sex more than is usual to men of my level and of our function, yet I have nowhere met with an humor, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things, I mean here in England; for as to the ladies of Ireland I am a perfect stranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and if you resume your designs, and would have further intelligence, I shall send you a particular account.

I give you joy of your good fortunes, and envy very much your prudence and temper, and love of peace and settlement; the reverse of which has been the great uneasiness of my life, and is likely to continue so. And what is the result? *En queis consevimus agros!* I find nothing but the good words and wishes of a decayed ministry, whose lives and mine will probably wear out before they can serve either my little hopes or their own ambition. Therefore I am resolved suddenly to retire, like a discontented courtier, and vent myself in study and speculation, till my own humor, or the scene here, shall change.

TO DR. WILLIAM KING, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Trim, December 31, 1704.

My Lord,—I did intend to have waited on your grace before you went for England; but, hearing your voyage is fixed for the

first opportunity of the wind, I could not forbear giving you a few minutes' interruption, which I hope your grace will believe to be without any other design than that of serving you. I believe your grace may have heard that I was in England last winter, when the dean and chapter of Christ Church had, I think, with great wisdom and discretion, chosen a most malicious, ignorant, and headstrong creature to represent them: wherein your grace cannot justly tax their prudence, since the cause[1] they are engaged in is not otherwise to be supported. And I do assure your grace (which perhaps others may have been cautious in telling you) that they have not been without success. For not only the general run in Doctors' Commons was wholly on their side, which my lord bishop of Cloyne[2] observed as well as I; but that little instrument of theirs did use all his power to misrepresent your grace and your cause, both in town and city, as far as his narrow sphere could reach. And he spared not to say that your grace had personal resentment against him; that you sought his ruin, and threatened him with it. And I remember at a great man's table, who has as much influence in England as any subject can well have, after dinner came in a master in chancery, whom I had before observed to be a principal person in Doctors' Commons when your grace's cause was there debating; and, upon occasion of being there, fell into discourse of it, wherein he seemed wholly an advocate for Christ Church! for all his arguments were only a chain of misinformations, which he had learned from the same hand; insomuch that I was forced to give a character of some persons, which otherwise I should have spared, before I could set him right, as I also did in the affair of the late dean of Derry [Dr. Bolton], which had been told with so many falsehoods and disadvantages to your grace as it is hard to imagine.

I humbly presume to say thus much to your grace, that, knowing the prejudices that have been given, you may more easily remove them, which your presence will infallibly do.

I would also beg of your grace to use some of your credit toward bringing to a good issue the promise the queen made, at my lord bishop of Cloyne's intercession, to remit the first fruits and tenths of the clergy, unless I speak ignorantly, for want of information, and that it be a thing already done. But what I would mind your

[1] A lawsuit between the archbishop of Dublin and the dean and chapter of the cathedral of Christ Church, Dublin.

[2] Dr. Charles Crow, 1702—1726.

grace of is, that the crown-rent should be added, which is a great load upon many poor livings, and would be a considerable help to others. And I am confident, with some reason, that it would be easily granted; being, I hear, under 1000*l.* a-year, and the queen's grant for England being so much more considerable than ours can be at best. I am very certain that, if the bishop of Cloyne had continued to solicit it in England, it would easily have passed; but his lordship giving it up wholly to the duke of Ormond, [lord-lieutenant of Ireland,] I believe it has not been thought of so much as it ought. I humbly beg your grace's pardon for the haste and hurry of this, occasioned by that of the post, which is not very regular in this country; and, imploring your blessing, and praying to God for your good voyage, success, and return, I humbly kiss your grace's hands, and remain, my lord, your grace's obedient and most humble servant.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, February 5, 1706.

My Lord,—I have been above a month expecting the representation your grace was pleased to promise to send me, which makes me apprehend your grace has been hindered by what you complained of, the clergy's backwardness in a point so very necessary to their service; and it is time ill lost at this juncture, while my lord-lieutenant [the earl of Pembroke] is here and in great credit at court, and would perhaps be more than ordinarily ready to serve the church in Ireland. If I have no directions from your grace by the end of this month, I shall think of my return to Ireland against the 25th of March, to endeavor to be chosen to the living of St. Nicholas, as I have been encouraged to hope; but would readily return at a week's warning, to solicit that affair with my lord-lieutenant while he stays here, or in any other manner your grace will please to direct.

Your grace knows long before this that Dr. Milles is bishop of Waterford. The court and archbishop of Canterbury [Tenison] were strongly engaged for another person not much suspected in Ireland, any more than the choice already made was, I believe, either here or there.

The two houses are still busy in lord Peterborough's affair, which seems to be little more than an amusement, which it is conceived might at this time be spared, considering how slow we are said to

be in our preparations; which I believe is the only reason why it was talked the other day about the town as if there would be soon a treaty of peace. There is a report of my lord Galway's death, but it is not credited. It is a perfect jest to see my lord Peterborough, reputed as great a Whig as any in England, abhorred by his own party and caressed by the Tories.

The great question, whether the number of men in Spain and Portugal, at the time of the battle of Almanza, was about 8600, when there ought to have been 29,600, was carried on Tuesday in the affirmative, against the court, without a division, which was occasioned by sir Thomas Hammer's oratory. It seems to have been no party question, there being many of both glad and sorry for it. The court has not been fortunate in their questions this session; and I hear some of both parties expressing contrary passions upon it. I tell your grace bare matters of fact, being not inclined to make reflections; and if I were, I could not tell what to make, so oddly people are subdivided.—I am, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant.

TO THE SAME.

London, February 12, 1707.

HAVING written what I had of business about three posts ago, (whereof I wait an answer,) perhaps it may be some amusement to you for a few minutes to hear some particulars about the turns we have had at court. Yesterday the seals were taken from Mr. Harley, and sir Thomas Mansel gave up his staff. They went to Kensington together for that purpose, and came back immediately, and went together into the house of commons. Mr. St. John designs to lay down in a few days, as a friend of his told me, though he advised him to the contrary; and they talk that Mr. Bruges, and Mr. Coke the vice-chamberlain, with some others, will do the like. Mr. Harley had been for some time, with the greatest art imaginable, carrying on an intrigue to alter the ministry, and began with no less an enterprise than that of removing the lord-treasurer, and had nearly effected it, by the help of Mrs. Masham, one of the queen's dressers, who was a great and a growing favorite, of much industry and insinuation. It went so far that the queen told Mr. St. John a week ago "that she was resolved to part with lord-treasurer; and sent him with a letter to the duke of Marlborough, which she read to him, to that purpose; and she gave St. John

leave to tell it about the town, which he did without any reserve; and Harley told a friend of mine a week ago that he was never safer in favor or employment. On Sunday evening last the lord-treasurer [Godolphin] and duke of Marlborough went out of the council; and Harley delivered a memorial to the queen, relating to the emperor and the war. Upon which the duke of Somerset rose, and said, "if her majesty suffered that fellow (pointing to Harley) to treat affairs of the war without advice of the general, he could not serve her;" and so left the council. The earl of Pembroke, though in milder words, spoke to the same purpose; so did most of the lords: and the next day the queen was prevailed upon to turn him out, though the seals were not delivered till yesterday. It was likewise said that Mrs. Masham is forbid the court; but this I have no assurance of. Seven lords of the Whig party are appointed to examine Gregg,[1] who lies condemned in Newgate; and a certain lord of the council told me yesterday that there are endeavors to bring in Harley as a party in that business, and to carry it as far as an impeachment. All this business has been much fomented by a lord whom Harley had been chiefly instrumental in impeaching some years ago. The secretary always dreaded him, and made all imaginable advances to be reconciled, but could never prevail; which made him say yesterday to some who told it to me, "that he had laid his neck under their feet, and they trod upon it." I am just going this morning to visit that lord, who has a very free way of telling what he cares not who hears: and if I can learn any more particulars worth telling, you shall have them. I never in my life saw or heard such divisions and complications of parties as there have been for some time; you sometimes see the extremes of Whig and Tory driving on the same thing. I have heard the chief Whigs blamed by their own party for want of moderation, and I know a Whig lord in good employment who voted with the highest Tories against the court and the ministry, with whom he is nearly allied. My lord Peterborough's affair is yet upon the anvil, and what they will beat it out to no man can tell. It is said that Harley had laid a scheme for an entire new ministry, and the men are named to whom the several employments were to be given. And though his project has 'miscarried, it is reckoned the greatest piece of court skill that has been acted these many years.—I have heard nothing

[1] An under clerk in Harley's office, condemned and executed for traitorous correspondence.

since morning, but that the attorney-general[1] either has laid down, or will do it in a few days.

TO DR. STERNE.[2]

London, April 15, 1708.

SIR,—I wonder whether, in the midst of your buildings, you ever consider that I have broke my shins, and have been a week confined this charming weather to my chamber, and cannot go abroad to hear the nightingales, or pun with my lord Pembroke. Pug is very well, and likes London wonderfully, but Greenwich better, where we could hardly keep him from hunting down the deer. I am told by some at court that the bishop of Kildare [Dr. William Ellis] is utterly bent upon a removal on this side, though it be to St. Asaph: and then the question must be, whether Dr. Pratt will be dean of St. Patrick's, minister of St. Catharine's, or provost? For I tell you a secret, that the queen is resolved the next promotion shall be to one of Dublin education: this she told the lord-lieutenant. Your new Waterford bishop franks his letters, which no bishop does that writes to me; I suppose it is some peculiar privilege of that see. The dissenters have made very good use here of your frights in Ireland upon the intended invasion; and the archbishop writes me word that the address of Dublin city will be to the same purpose, which I think the clergy ought to have done their best to prevent, and I hope they did so. Here has the Irish speaker [Allan Broderick, Esq.] been soliciting to get the test clause repealed by an act here; for which I hope he will be impeached when your parliament meets again, as well as for some other things I could mention. I hope you will be of my opinion in what I have told the archbishop about those addresses. And if his grace and clergy of the province send an address, I desire I may present it, as one of the chapter, which is the regular way; but I beg you will endeavor among you that the church-of-Ireland gentlemen may send an address to set the queen and court right about the test: which every one here is of opinion you should do; or else I have reason to fear it will be repealed here next session; which will be of terrible consequence, both as to the thing and the manner, by the parliament here interfering in things purely of Ireland that have no relation to any interest of theirs.

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[1] Sir Simon, afterwards lord Harcourt, chancellor in Harley's administration.

[2] Dean of St. Patrick's, afterwards bishop of Clogher.

If you will not use me as your book-buyer, make use of sir Andrew Fountaine, who sends you his humble service, and will carry over a cargo as big as you please toward the end of summer, when he and I intend my lord-lieutenant [earl of Pembroke] shall come in our company without fail, and in spite of Irish reports that say we shall come no more.

I reckon by this time you have done with masons and carpenters, and are now beginning with upholsterers, with whom you may go on as slow and soberly as you please. But pray keep the garden till I come. I am, sir, your most faithful, humble servant.

Direct the enclosed, and deliver it to the greatest person in your neighborhood.

TO THE SAME.

June, 1708.

SIR,—I writ to you some weeks ago, and enclosed (as now) a letter to your neighbor. But I fear it was kidnapped by some privateer, or else you were lazy or forgetful, or, which is full as good perhaps, it had no need of an answer, and I would not for a good deal that the former had miscarried, because the enclosed was wonderfully politic, and would have been read to you, as this, I suppose, will, though it be not half so profound. Now are you gone some summer ramble, and will not receive this in a fortnight, nor send the enclosed in as much more. I have often begged you would let me buy you one fifty pounds' worth of books; but now I have been here so long, I believe you will have reason to apprehend I may sink the money. Sir Andrew Fountaine[1] will never be satisfied till he gets into the little room, with the three Ashes, the bishop of Killala [Dr. William Lloyd], and myself, to be happy at the expense of your wine and conversation.

Here is a sight of two girls joined together at the back, which, in the newsmonger's phrase, causes a great many speculations; and raises abundance of questions in divinity, law, and physic.[2] The boys of our town are mighty happy, for we are to have a beheading next week, unless the queen will interpose her mercy.[3] Here is a

[1] Dr. Swift, in 1708, used to lodge with sir Andrew Fountaine when he was in London.

[2] There is a particular account of them in the "Philosophical Transactions" for the year 1758.

[3] Of Edward lord Griffin, attainted by outlawry for high-treason committed in the reign of king William, and on the 15th of May, 1708, ordered for execution, but reprieved.

long lampoon publicly printed, abusing by name at length all the young people of quality that walk in the park.[1] These are effects of our liberty of the press.

I long to know what is become of your new house, whether there is yet a union between that and the little one, or whether the work stops for want of money; and you pretend it is only that the boards may have time to season. We are still in pain for Mr. Dopping's being in one of the packet-boats that were taken. He and many more have vowed never to return to England again; which, if they forget, they may properly be called vows written in water.

Pray, sir, let me hear from you some time this hot weather, for it will be very refreshing; and I am confined by business to this ugly town, which, at this season of the year, is almost insufferable. I am, sir, your most faithful, humble servant.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, June 10, 1708.

My Lord,—I sent your grace a long letter several weeks ago, enclosed in one to the dean [Dr. Sterne]. I know not whether it came to your hands, having not since been honored with your commands. I believe I told your grace that I was directly advised by my lord Sunderland, my lord Somers, Mr. Southwell, and others to apply to my lord-treasurer [earl of Godolphin] in behalf of the clergy of Ireland; and lord Sunderland undertook to bring me to lord-treasurer, which was put off for some time on account of the invasion. For it is the method here of great ministers, when any public matter is in hand, to make it an excuse for putting off all private application. I deferred it some time longer, because I had a mind my lord Sunderland should go along with me; but either the one or the other was always busy or out of the way; however, his lordship had prepared lord-treasurer, and engaged him (as he assured me) to think well of the matter; and the other day lord-treasurer appointed me to attend him. He took me into a private room, and I told him my story; "that I was commanded by your grace, and desired by some other bishops, to use what little credit I had, to solicit (under the direction of my lord-lieutenant) the remitting of the first-fruits; which, from the favorable representation of his lordship to the queen about four years ago, the clergy were encouraged to hope would be granted; that I had been told it might

[1] A poem by Oldisworth under the title of "St. James's Park."

be of use if some person could be admitted to his presence, at his usual times of being attended, in order to put him in mind: for the rest, they relied entirely on his excellency's good office and his lordship's dispositions to favor the church." He said, in answer, "he was passive in this business: that he supposed the lord-lieutenant would engage in it, to whom, if I pleased, he would repeat what I had said." I replied, "I had the honor of being well known to his excellency; that I intended to ask his leave to solicit this matter with his lordship, but had not mentioned it yet, because I did not know whether I had credit enough to gain that access he was now pleased to honor me with: that upon his lordship's leave to attend him, signified to me by the earl of Sunderland, I went to inform his excellency, not doubting his consent; but did not find him at home, and therefore ventured to come; but, not knowing how his excellency might understand it, I begged his lordship to say nothing to my lord-lieutenant, until I had the honor to wait on him again."

This my lord-treasurer agreed to, and, entering on the subject, told me, "that since the queen's grant of the first fruits here, he was confident not one clergyman in England was a shilling the better." I told him, "I thought it lay under some incumbrances." He said, "it was true; but besides that, it was wholly abused in the distribution; that as to those in Ireland, they were an inconsiderable thing, not above 1000*l.* or 1200*l.* a-year, which was almost nothing for the queen to grant, upon two conditions: First, that it should be well disposed of; and, secondly, that it should be well received, with due acknowledgments; in which cases he would give his consent: otherwise, to deal freely with me, he never would." I said, "as to the first, that I was confident the bishops would leave the methods of disposing it entirely to her majesty's breast; as to the second, her majesty and his lordship might count upon all the acknowledgments that the most grateful and dutiful subjects could pay to a prince. That I had the misfortune to be altogether unknown to his lordship, else I should presume to ask him whether he understood any particular acknowledgments." He replied, "By acknowledgments I do not mean anything under their hands; but I will so far explain myself to tell you I mean better acknowledgments than those of the clergy of England."

I then begged his lordship "to give me his advice what sort of acknowledgments he thought fittest for the clergy to make, which

I was sure would be of mighty weight with them." He answered, "I can only say, again, such acknowledgments as they ought."

We had some other discourse of less moment; and after license to attend him on occasion, I took my leave.

I tell your grace these particulars in his very words, as near as I can recollect, because I think them of moment, and I believe your grace may think them so too. I told Southwell all that had passed, and we agreed in our comments, of which I desired him now to inform you. He set out for Ireland this morning. I am resolved to see my lord Sunderland in a day or two, and relate what my lord-treasurer said, as he has commanded me to do; and perhaps I may prevail on him to let me know his lordship's meaning, to which I am prepared to answer, as Mr. Southwell will let you know.

At evening, the same day, I attended my lord-lieutenant, and desired to know what progress he had made; and at the same time proposed "that he would give me leave to attend lord-treasurer only as a common solicitor, to refresh his memory. I was very much surprised at his answer, "that the matter was not before the treasurer, but entirely with the queen, and therefore it was needless;" upon which, I said nothing of having been there. He said, "he had writ lately to your grace an account of what was done; that some progress was made; but they put it off because it was a time of war, but that he had some hopes it would be done:" but this is only such an account as his excellency thinks fit to give, although I sent it your grace by his orders. I hope that in his letters he is fuller. My lord-treasurer, on the other hand, assured me, "he had the papers" (which his excellency denied); and talked of it as a matter that had long lain before him, which several persons in great employments assure me is and must be true.

Thus your grace sees that I shall have nothing more to do in this matter, further than pursuing the cold scent of asking his excellency, once a month, how it goes on; which, I think, I had as good forbear, since it will turn to little account. All I can do is, to engage my lord Sunderland's interest with my lord-treasurer, whenever it is brought before him; or to hint it to some other persons of power and credit; and likewise to endeavor to take off that scandal the clergy of Ireland lie under, of being the reverse of what they really are, with respect to the revolution, loyalty to the queen, and settlement of the crown; which is here the construction of the word *Tory*.

I design to tell my lord-treasurer that, this being a matter my lord-lieutenant has undertaken, he does not think proper I should trouble his lordship; and which, recommending it to his goodness, I shall forbear any further mention. I am sensible how lame and tedious an account this is, and humbly beg your grace's pardon; but I still insist that, if it had been solicited four years ago by no abler hand than my own, while the duke of Ormond was in Ireland, it might have been done in a month: and I believe it may be so still, if his excellency lays any weight of his credit upon it, otherwise, God knows when. For myself, I have nothing more to do here but to attend my lord-lieutenant's motions, of whose return we are very uncertain, and to manage some personal affairs of my own. I beg the continuance of your grace's favor, and your blessing; and am, with all respect, your grace's most obedient, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, November 9, 1708.

My Lord,—Your grace's letter of Sept. 7 found me in Kent, where I took the opportunity to retire during my lord Pembroke's absence with his new lady, who are both expected to-morrow. I went afterward to Epsom, and returned but yesterday: this was the cause of my so long omitting to acknowledge your letter. I am ready to agree with your grace that very wrong representations are made of things and persons here by people who reside on this side but a short time, converse at second or third hand, and on their return make a vanity of knowing more than they do. This I have observed myself in Ireland, even among people of some rank and quality; and I believe your grace will proceed on much better grounds by trusting to your own wisdom and experience of things than such intelligence.

I spoke formerly all I knew of the twentieth parts; and whatever Mr. D—— has said in his letters about staying until a peace, I do assure your grace, is nothing but words. However, that matter is now at an end. There is a new world here; and yet I agree with you, that if there be an interregnum it will be the properest time to address my lord-treasurer; and I shall second it with all the credit I have, and very openly; and I know not (if one difficulty lies in the way) but it may prove a lucky juncture.

On my return from Kent (the night of the prince's death), I staid a few days in town before I went to Epsom: I then visited a

certain great man, and we entered very freely into discourse upon the present juncture. He assured me there was no doubt now of the scheme holding about the admiralty [Orford], the government of Ireland [Wharton], and presidency of the council [Somers], the disposition whereof your grace knows as well as I; and although I care not to mingle public affairs with the interest of so private a person as myself, yet, upon such a revolution, not knowing how far my friends may endeavor to engage me in the service of a new government, I would beg your grace to have favorable thoughts of me on such an occasion; and to assure you that no prospect of making my fortune shall ever prevail on me to go against what becomes a man of conscience and truth, and an entire friend to the established church. This I say, in case such a thing should happen; for my thoughts are turned another way, if the earl of Berkeley's journey to Vienna holds, and the ministry will keep their promise of making me the queen's secretary, by which I shall be out of the way of parties, until it shall please God I have some place to retire to a little above contempt: or, if all fail, until your grace and the dean of St. Patrick's shall think fit to dispose of that poor town living in my favor.

Upon this event of the prince's death, the contention designed with the court about a speaker is dropped, and all agree in sir Richard Onslow, which is looked on as another argument for the scheme succeeding. This I had from the same hand.

As to a comprehension which your grace seems to doubt an intention of, from what was told me, I can say nothing: doubtless, it must be intended to come to that at last, if not worse; but I believe at present, it was meant that there should be a consent to what was endeavored at in your parliament last session.

I thought to have writ more largely to your grace, imagining I had much matter in my head; but it fails, or is not convenient at present. If the scheme holds, I shall make bold to tell your grace my thoughts as formerly, under cover, because I believe there will be a great deal to be thought of and done. A little time may produce a great deal. Things are now in great suspense both at home and abroad. The parliament, we think, will have no prorogation. There is no talk of the duke of Marlborough's return yet. Speculative people talk of a peace this winter, of which I can form no prospect according to our demands. I am, my lord, your grace's most obedient humble servant.

Your grace will please to direct your commands to me at St. James's Coffeehouse in St. James's-street.

TO THE LORD PRIMATE.

London, November 30, 1708.

My Lord,—I writ to you about a fortnight ago after my return from the country, and gave you some account of an intended change at court, which is now finished. Care was taken to put lord Pembroke in mind of the first-fruits before he went out of his office; but it was needless, for his excellency had it at heart, and the thing is done, of which I suppose you have an account. You know who goes over chaplain; the archbishop of Canterbury, and several other bishops, and the lord-treasurer himself, solicited that matter in a body; it was thought absolutely necessary, considering the dismal notion they have here of so many high-church archbishops among you; and your friend made no applications, for reasons left you to guess. I cannot yet learn whether you are to have a new parliament; but I am apt to think you will, and that it must be thought necessary. The affair of Drogheday has made a noise here, and, like everything else on your side, is used as a handle: I have had it rung in my ears from certain persons. I hope you are prepared to take off the sacramental test, because that will be a means to have it taken off here among us; and that the clergy will be for it in consideration of the queen's bounty; and that men in employment will be so wise as to please the court, and secure themselves; but, to think there is any design of bringing the Scotch into offices is a mere scandal.

Lord Pembroke is to have the admiralty only a few months, then to have a pension of 4000*l.* a-year, and to retire; and it is thought lord Orford will succeed him, and then it is hoped there will be an entire change in the admiralty; that sir John Leake will be turned out, and the Whigs so well confirmed, that it will not be in the power of the court, upon a peace, to bring the balance on the other side.

One Mr. Chute is named for secretary to lord Wharton: he is a young man, but reckoned the shrewdest head in England; and the person in whom the Presbyterians chiefly confide; and if money be necessary toward the good work in Ireland, it is reckoned he can command as far as 100,000*l.* from the body of dissenters here. As to his principles, he is truly a moderate man, frequenting the church and the meeting indifferently, &c.

The clergy are here in an uproar upon their being prorogued: the archbishop of Canterbury takes pains to have it believed it was [illegible] done without his knowledge. A divine of note (but of the wrong side,) was with me the other day, and said he had it from a good hand that the reason of this proceeding was an intention of putting the parliament on examining and correcting courts ecclesiastic, &c.

The archbishop of Dublin is represented here as one that will very much oppose our designs; and, although I will not say that the "Observator" *is paid for writing as he does*, yet I can positively affirm to you that whatever he says of that archbishop, or of the affairs of Ireland, or those here, is exactly agreeable to *our thoughts and intentions.*

This is all I can recollect fit to inform you at present.—If you please, I shall, from time to time, send you anything that comes to my knowledge that may be worth your notice. I am, &c.

TO DEAN STERNE.

November 30, 1708.

SIR,—I received a letter from you the Lord knows when, for it has no date; but I conceive it to have been a month ago, for I met it when I came from Kent, where, and at Epsom, I passed about six weeks, to divert myself the fag-end of the summer, which proved to be the best weather we had. I am glad you made so good a progress in your building; but you had the emblem of industry in your mind, for the bees begin at the top, and work downward, and at last work themselves out of house and home, as many of you builders do.

You know before this the great revolution we have had at court; and that Dr. Lambert is chaplain to the lord-lieutenant [lord Wharton]: the archbishop of Canterbury, several other bishops, and my lord-treasurer himself, would needs have it so. I made no manner of application for that post, upon certain reasons, that I shall let you know if ever I have the happiness to see you again.

My lord Sunderland rallied me on that occasion, and was very well pleased with my answer, "that I observed one thing in all new ministries: for the first week or two they are in a hurry, or not to be seen; and when you come afterward they are engaged."

What I have to say of the public, &c., will be enclosed,[1] which,

[1] Alluding to his letter to archbishop King.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

I suppose, will be shown you, and you will please to deliver it formerly. Lord Pembroke takes all things mighty well, and we put together as usual; and he either makes the best use of his pearance with his philosophy of any man I ever knew, believed he is pleased at heart upon many accounts.

Sir Andrew Fountaine is well, and has either writ to you last post, or designs it soon.

Dr. Pratt is buying good pennyworths of books for the college, and has made some purchases that would set you a-longing. You have heard our mighty news[1] is extremely dwindled in our last packets. However, we expected a very happy end of the campaign, which this sudden thaw and foul weather, begun here yesterday, will soon bring to an issue. I am, &c

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TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, January 6, 1709.

My Lord,—Before I received the honor of your grace's of Nov. 20, I had sent one enclosed, &c., with what account I could of affairs. Since that time the measures are altered of dissolving your parliament, which, doubtless, is their wisest course, for certain obvious reasons that your grace will easily apprehend; and I suppose you have now received directions about proroguing it, for I saw the order some days ago. I should have acknowledged your grace's letter, if I had not been ever since persecuted with a cruel distemper of giddiness in my head, that would not suffer me to write or think of anything, and of which I am now slowly recovering. I sent you word of the affair of the first fruits being performed, which my lord Pembroke had the goodness to send me immediate notice of. I seldom see his lordship now, but when he pleases to command me; for he sees nobody in public, and is very full of business. I fancy your grace will think it necessary that in due time his lordship should receive some kind of thanks in form. I have a fair pretence to merit in this matter, although, in my own conscience, I think I have very little, except my good wishes, and frequent reminding my lord Pembroke. But two great men in office, giving me joy of it, very frankly told me, "that if I had not smoothed the way, by giving them and the rest of the ministry a good opinion of the justice of the thing, it would have met with opposition;" upon

[1] The duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene obliged the elector of Bavaria to raise the siege of Brussels.

which I only remarked what I have always observed in courts, that when a favor is done there is no want of persons to challenge obligations. Meantime, I am in a pretty condition, who have bills of merit given me, that I must thankfully acknowledge, and yet cannot honestly offer them in payment. I suppose the clergy will, in due time, send the queen an address of thanks for her favor.

I very much applaud your grace's "sanguine temper," as you call it, and your comparison of religion to paternal affection; but the world is divided into two sects, those that hope the best, and those that fear the worst; your grace is of the former, which is the wiser, the nobler, and most pious principle; and although I endeavor to avoid being of the other, yet upon this article I have sometimes strange weaknesses. I compare true religion to learning and civility, which have ever been in the world, but very often shifted their scenes; sometimes entirely leaving whole countries where they have long flourished, and removing to others that were before barbarous; which has been the case of Christianity itself, particularly in many parts of Africa; and how far the wickedness of a nation may provoke God Almighty to inflict so great a judgment is terrible to think. But as great princes, when they have subdued all about them, presently have universal monarchy in their thoughts; so your grace, having conquered all the corruptions in a diocese, and then pursued your victories over a province, would fain go further and save a whole kingdom, and would never be quiet, if you could have your will, until you had converted the world.

And this reminds me of a pamphlet lately come out, pretended to be a letter hither from Ireland, against repealing the test,[1] wherein your grace's character is justly set forth: for the rest, some parts are very well, and others puerile, and some facts, as I am informed, wrong represented. The author has gone out of his way to reflect on me as a person likely to write for repealing the test, which I am sure is very unfair treatment. This is all I am likely to get by the company I keep. I am used like a sober man with a drunken face; have the scandal of the vice without the satisfaction. I have told the ministry, with great frankness, my opinion, that they would never be able to repeal it, unless such changes should happen as I could not foresee; and they all believe I differ from them in that point.

Mr. Addison, who goes over first secretary, is a most excellent

[1] The tract was Swift's own composition.

person; and being my most intimate friend, I shall use all my credit to set him right in his notions of persons and things. I spoke to him with great plainness upon the subject of the test; and he says he is confident my lord Wharton will not attempt it if he finds the bent of the nation against it.—I will say nothing further of his character to your grace at present, because he has half persuaded me to have some thoughts of returning to Ireland, and then it will be time enough: but if that happens otherwise, I presume to recommend him to your grace as a person you will think worth your acquaintance.

My lord Berkeley begins to drop his thoughts of going to Vienna; and indeed I freely gave my opinion against such a journey for one of his age and infirmities. And I shall hardly think of going secretary without him, although the emperor's ministers here think I will, and have writ to Vienna. I agree with your grace that such a design was a little too late at my years; but, considering myself wholly useless in Ireland, and in a parish with an audience of half a score, and it being thought necessary that the queen should have a secretary at that court, my friends telling me it would not be difficult to compass it, I was a little tempted to pass some time abroad, until my friends would make me a little easier in my fortunes at home. Besides, I had hopes of being sent in time to some other court, and in the mean while the pay would be forty shillings a-day, and the advantage of living, if I pleased, in lord Berkeley's family. But, I believe, this is now all at an end. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant.

My lord Wharton says he intends for Ireland the beginning of March.

A MONSIEUR MONSIEUR HUNTER, GENTILHOMME ANGLOIS A PARIS.

London, January 12, 1709.

Sir,—I know no people so ill used by your men of business as their intimate friends. About a fortnight after Mr. Addison had received the letter you were pleased to send me, he first told me of it with an air of recollection, and after ten days further of grace, thought fit to give it me; so you know where to fix the whole blame that it was no sooner acknowledged. 'Tis a delicate expedient you prisoners have of diverting yourselves in an enemy's country, for

which other men would be hanged. I am considering whether there be no way of disturbing your quiet by writing some dark matter that may give the French court a jealousy of you. I suppose Monsieur Chamillard or some of his commissaries must have this letter interpreted to them before it comes to your hands; and therefore I here think good to warn them that, if they exchange you under six of their lieutenant-generals, they will be losers by the bargain. But that they may not mistake me, I do not mean as *viceroy de Virginia, mais comme le colonel* Hunter. I would advise you to be very tender of your honor, and not fall in love; because I have a scruple whether you can keep your parole if you become a prisoner to the ladies; at least it will be scandalous for a free Briton to drag two chains at once. I presume you have the liberty of Paris and fifty miles round, and have a very light pair of fetters, contrived to ride or dance in, and see Versailles, and every place else, except St. Germain. I hear the ladies call you already *notre prisonnier Hunter, le plus honnête garçon du monde.* Will you French yet own us Britons to be a brave people? Will they allow the duke of Marlborough to be a great general? Or are they all as partial as their gazetteers? Have you yet met any French colonel whom you remember to have formerly knocked from his horse, or shivered at least a lance against his breastplate? Do you know the wounds you have given when you see the scars? Do you salute your old enemies with

> —"Stetimus tela aspera contra,
> Contulimusque manus?"

Vous savez que Monsieur d'Addison, notre bon ami, est fait secrétaire d'état d'Irelande; and unless you make haste over and get me my Virginian bishopric, he will persuade me to go with him, for the Vienna project is off; which is a great disappointment to the design I had of displaying my politics at the emperor's court. I do not like the subject you have assigned me to entertain you with. Crowder is sick, to the comfort of all quiet people; and Frowde, is *rêveur à peindre.* Mr. Addison and I often drink your health, and this day I did it with Will Pate, a certain adorer of yours, who is both a *bel esprit* and a woollen-draper. The Whigs carry all before them, and how far they will pursue their victories we underrate Whigs can hardly tell. I have not yet observed the Tories' noses; their number is not to be learned by telling of noses, for every Tory has not a nose.

'Tis a loss you are not here to partake of three weeks' frost, and eat gingerbread in a booth, by a fire upon the Thames. Mrs. Floyd looked out with both her eyes, and we had one day's thaw: but she drew in her head, and it now freezes as hard as ever.

As for the convocation, the queen thought fit to prorogue it, though at the expense of Dr. Atterbury's displeasure, who was designed their prolocutor, and is now raving at the disappointment.

I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mrs. Finch, and sometimes with projects for the uniting of parties, which I perfect over night, and burn in the morning. Sometimes Mr. Addison and I steal to a pint of bad wine, and wish for no third person but you; who, if you were with us, would never be satisfied without three more. You know, I believe, that poor Dr. Gregory[1] is dead, and Keil[1] solicits to be his successor; but party reaches even to lines and circles, and he will hardly carry it, being reputed a Tory, which yet he utterly denies. We are here nine times madder after operas than ever; and have got a new castrato from Italy, called Nicolini, who exceeds Valentini, I know not how many bars' length. Lords Somers and Halifax are as well as busy statesmen can be in parliament time. Lord Dorset is nobody's favorite but yours and Mr. Prior's, who has lately dedicated his book of poems to him; which is all the press has furnished us of any value since you went. Mr. Pringle, a gentleman of Scotland, succeeds Mr. Addison in the secretary's office; and Mr. Shute, a notable young Presbyterian gentleman, under thirty years old, is made a commissioner of the customs. This is all I can think of, either public or private, worth telling you: perhaps you have heard part or all of both from other hands, but you must be content: pray let us know what hopes we have of seeing you, and how soon; and be so kind or just to believe me always your most faithful, humble servant.

P. S. Mr. Steele presents his most humble service to you: and I cannot forbear telling you of your *méchanceté* to impute the "Letter on Enthusiasm" to me, when I have some good reasons to think the author is now at Paris.

A MONSIEUR MONSIEUR HUNTER, GENTILHOMME ANGLOIS A PARIS.

London, March 22, 1709.

SIR, — I am very much obliged to you for the favor of a kind reproach you sent me in a letter to Mr. Addison, which he never

[1] Two famous mathematicians.

told me of till this day, and that accidentally; but I am glad at the same time that I did not deserve it, having sent you a long letter in return to that you was pleased to honor me with; and it is a pity it should be lost; for, as I remember, it was full of the *diei fabulus*, and such particularities as do not usually find place in newspapers. Mr. Addison has been so taken up for some months in the amphibious circumstances of premier C—— to my lord Sunderland and secretary of state[1] for Ireland, that he is the worst man I know either to convey an idle letter or deliver what he receives; so that I design, when I trust him with this, to give him a memorial along with it; for if my former has miscarried, I am half persuaded to give him the blame. I find you a little lament your bondage, and indeed in your case it requires a good share of philosophy: but if you will not be angry, I believe I may have been the cause you are still a prisoner; for I imagine my former letter was intercepted by the French court, when the most Christian king, reading one passage in it (and duly considering the weight of the person who wrote it) where I said, if the French king understood your value as well as we do, he would not exchange you for count Tallard and all the *débris* of Blenheim together; for I must confess I did not rally when I said so.

I hear your good sister, the queen of Pomunki,[2] waits with impatience till you are restored to your dominions; and that your rogue of a viceroy returns money fast to England, against the time he must retire from his government. Meantime Philips writes verses in a sledge, upon the frozen sea, and transmits them hither to thrive in our warmer clime under the shelter of my lord Dorset. I could send you a great deal of news from the *Respublica Grubstreetaria*, which was never in greater altitude, though I have been of late but a small contributor. A cargo of splinters from the Arabian rocks have been lately shipwrecked in the Thames, to the irreparable damage of the virtuosi. Mrs. Long and I are fallen out; I shall not trouble you with the cause, but don't you think her altogether in the wrong? But Mrs. Barton is still in my good graces; I design to make her tell me when you are to be redeemed, and will send you word. There it is now, you think I am in jest; but I assure you, the best intelligence I get of public affairs is from ladies, for the ministers never tell me anything; and Mr. Addison is nine

[1] Principal secretary to the earl of Wharton.

[2] Referring to colonel Hunter's government of Virginia.

times more secret to me than anybody else, because I have the happiness to be thought his friend. The company at St. James's coffee-house is as bad as ever, but it is not quite so good. The beauties you left are all gone off this frost, and we have got a new set for spring, of which Mrs. Chetwind and Mrs. Worsley are the principal. The vogue of operas holds up wonderfully, though we have had them a year; but I design to set up a party among the wits to run them down by next winter, if true English caprice does not interpose to save us the labor. Mademoiselle Spanheim is going to marry my lord Fitzharding, at least I have heard so; and if you find it otherwise at your return, the consequences may possibly be survived; however, you may tell it the Paris gazetteer, and let me have the pleasure to read a lie of my own sending. I suppose you have heard that the town has lost an old duke and recovered a mad duchess. The duke of Marlborough has at length found an enemy that dares face him, and which he will certainly fly before with the first opportunity, and we are all of opinion it will be his wisest course to do so. Now the way to be prodigiously witty would be by keeping you in suspense, and not letting you know that this enemy is nothing but the north-east wind, which stops his voyage to Holland. This letter, going in Mr. Addison's packet, will, I hope, have better luck than the former. I shall go for Ireland some time in summer, being not able to make my friends in the ministry consider my merits, or their promises, enough to keep me here; so that all my hopes now terminate in my bishopric of Virginia:[1] in the meantime, I hold fast my claim to your promise of corresponding with me, and that you will henceforward address your letters for me, at Mr. Steele's office, at the Cockpit, who has promised his care in conveying them. Mr. Domvil is now at Geneva, and sends me word he is become a convert to the Whigs, by observing the good and ill effects of freedom and slavery abroad.

I am now with Mr. Addison, with whom I have fifty times drunk your health since you left us. He is hurrying away for Ireland, and I can at present lengthen my letter no further; and I am not certain whether you will have any from him or not till he gets to Ireland. However, he commands me to assure you of his humble service; and I pray God too much business may not spoil *le plus honnête homme du monde;* for it is certain, which of a man's good

[1] There was at this time a desire to make Swift bishop of Virginia, with power to ordain priests and deacons for our colonies in America.

talents he employs on business must be detracted from his conversation. I cannot write longer in so good company, and therefore conclude. Your most faithful and most humble servant.

TO THE LORD-PRIMATE MARSH.[1]

London, March 24, 1709.

My Lord, — I am commanded by his excellency the lord-lieutenant to send the enclosed to your grace, in answer to a letter his excellency lately received from your grace and several bishops, relating to the first-fruits of Ireland. This will spare your grace and their lordships the trouble of any further account from me. I shall therefore only add that his excellency commands me to assure your grace of his hearty inclination in favor of the church of Ireland; and am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most obedient servant.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

March 26, 1709.

My Lord,—I should have acknowledged yours of Feb. 10 long ago if I had not stayed to see what became of the first-fruits. I have likewise yours of the 12th instant. I will now tell you the proceeding in this unhappy affair. Some time after the prince's death lord Pembroke sent me word by sir Andrew Fountaine that the queen had granted the thing, and afterward took the compliment I made him upon it. He likewise (I suppose) writ to the same purpose himself to the archbishop of Dublin. I was then for a long time pursued by a cruel illness, that seized me at fits, and hindered me from meddling in any business; neither, indeed, could I at all suspect there was any need to stir any more in this, until, often asking Mr. Addison whether he had any orders about it, I was a little in pain, and desired Mr. Addison to inquire at the treasury whether such a grant had then passed? and finding an unwillingness, I inquired myself, where Mr. Taylor assured me there were never any orders for such a grant. This was a month ago, and then I began to despair of the whole thing. Lord Pembroke was hard to be seen, neither did I think it worth talking the matter with him. What perplexed me most was, why he should tell me, and write to Ireland, that the business was done; for if

[1] Indorsed by Swift, "Copy of a letter to the lord-primate of Ireland, by lord Wharton's order."

the account he sent to Ireland were not as positive as what he gave me, I ought to be told so from thence. I had no opportunity of clearing this matter until the day I received your last letter; when his explanation was, that he had been promised he should carry over the grant when he returned to Ireland, and that his memorial was now in the Treasury. Yet, when I had formerly begged leave to follow this matter with lord-treasurer only, in the form of common soliciting, he was uneasy, and told me lord-treasurer had nothing at all to do with it, but that it was a matter purely between the queen and himself, as I have told you in former letters; which, however, I knew then to be otherwise, from lord-treasurer himself. So that all I had left me to do was only the cold amusement of now and then refreshing lord Pembroke's memory, or giving the ministry, as I could find opportunity, good dispositions toward the thing. Upon this notice from lord Pembroke, I immediately went to lord Wharton, which was the first attendance I ever paid him. He was then in a great crowd; I told him my business; he said "he could not then discourse of it with me, but would the next day." I guessed the meaning of that, and saw the very person I expected just come from him. Then I gave him an account of my errand. I think it not convenient to repeat here the particulars of his answer; but the formal part was this: "That he was not yet properly lord-lieutenant until he was sworn; that he expected the same application should be made to him as had been done to other lord-lieutenants; that he was very well disposed," &c. I took the boldness to begin answering those objections, and designed to offer some reasons; but he rose suddenly, turned off the discourse, and seemed in haste; so I was forced to take my leave. I had an intention to offer my reasons in a memorial; but was advised, by very good hands, to let it alone, as infallibly to no purpose. And, in short, I observe such a reluctance in some friends, whose credit I would employ, that I begin to think no further of it.

I had writ thus far without receiving a former letter from the archbishop of Dublin, wherein he tells me positively that lord Pembroke had sent him word the first-fruits were granted, and that lord Wharton would carry over the queen's letter, &c. I appeal to you what any man could think after this? neither, indeed, had I the least suspicion, until Mr. Addison told me he knew nothing of it; and that I had the same account from the treasury. It is wonder-

ful a great minister should make no difference between a grant and the promise of a grant; and it is as strange that all I could say would not prevail on him to give me leave to solicit the finishing of it at the Treasury, which could not have taken the least grain of merit from him. Had I the least suspected it had been only a promise, I would have applied to lord Wharton above two months ago; and so I believe would the archbishop of Dublin from Ireland, which might have prevented, at least, the present excuse, of not having had the same application, although others might, I suppose, have been found.

I sent last post, by the lord-lieutenant's commands, an enclosed letter from his excellency to the lord-primate. In answer to a passage in your former letter, Mr. Stoughton is recommended for a chaplain to the lord-lieutenant. His sermon is much recommended by several here. He is a prudent person, and knows how to time things. Others of somewhat better figure are as wise as he. A bold opinion is a short easy way to merit, and very necessary for those who have no other.

I am extremely afflicted with a cold, and cough attending it, which must excuse anything ill expressed in this letter. Neither is it a subject in the present circumstances very pleasant to dwell upon. I am, &c.

TO DEAN STERNE.

[WITH A PROXY FOR HIS APPEARANCE AS PREBENDARY OF DUNLAVAN AT THE ARCHBISHOP'S VISITATION.]

Laracor, April 17, 1710.

SIR,—You have put me under the necessity of writing you a very scurvy letter, and in a very scurvy manner. It is the want of horses, and not of inclination that hinders me from attending on you at the chapter. But I would do it on foot to see you[1] visit in your own right; but if I must be visited by proxy, by proxy I will appear. The ladies [Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley] of St. Mary's delivered me your commands; but Mrs. Johnson had dropped half of them by the shaking of her horse. I have made a shift, by the assistance of two civilians and a book of precedents, to send you the jargon annexed, with a blank for the name and title of any prebendary who will have the charity to answer for me. Those words, *gravi incommodo*, are to be translated, the want of a horse.

[1] Dr. Sterne was then vicar-general of the diocese of Dublin.

In a few days I expect to hear the two ladies lamenting the flesh-pots of Cavan-street. I advise them, since they have given up their title and lodgings of St. Mary, to buy each of them a palfrey, and take a squire and seek adventures. I am here quarrelling with the frosty weather for spoiling my poor half-dozen of blossoms. *Spes anni collapsa ruit:* whether these words be mine or Virgil's, I cannot determine. I am this minute very busy, being to preach to-day before an audience of at least fifteen people, most of them gentle, and all simple.

I can send you no news: only the employment of my parishioners may, for memory's sake, be reduced under these heads: Mr. Percival is ditching; Mrs. Percival in her kitchen; Mr. Wesley switching; Mrs. Wesley stitching; sir Arthur Langford *riching*, which is a new word for heaping up riches. I know no other rhyme but *bitching*, and that I hope we are all past. Well, sir, long may you live the hospitable owner of good bits, good books, and good buildings. The bishop of Clogher would envy me for these three *bes*. I am your most obedient, humble servant.

DR. SWIFT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS MOTHER'S DEATH, 1710.

MEM.—On Wednesday, between seven and eight in the evening, May 10, 1710, I received a letter in my chamber at Laracor (Mr. Percival and John Beaumont being by) from Mrs. Fenton, dated May 9th, with one enclosed, sent from Mrs. Worrall at Leicester to Mrs. Fenton, giving an account that my dear mother, Mrs. Abigail Swift, died that morning, Monday, April 24, 1710,[1] about ten o'clock, after a long sickness, being ill all winter, and lame, and extremely ill a month or six weeks before her death. I have now lost my barrier between me and death; God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been! If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there.

TO MR. BENJAMIN TOOKE.[2]

Dublin, June 29, 1710.

SIR,—I was in the country when I received your letter with the apology enclosed in it;[3] and I had neither health nor humor to

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[1] "1710, April 27, Abignil Swift, widow, aged 70 years, buried." Register of St. Martin's, Leicester.

[2] Swift's bookseller and publisher, Temple-gate, Fleet-street.

[3] The "Apology" prefixed to the "Tale of a Tub."

finish that business. But the blame rests with you, that if you thought it time you did not print it when you had it. I have just now your last, with the complete Key. I believe it is so perfect a Grub-street piece, it will be forgotten in a week. But it is strange that there can be no satisfaction against a bookseller for publishing names in so bold a manner. I wish some lawyer could advise you how I might have satisfaction: for at this rate there is no book, however vile, which may not be fastened on me. I cannot but think that little parson-cousin of mine is at the bottom of this; for, having lent him a copy of some part of, &c., and he showing it, after I was gone for Ireland, and the thing abroad, he affected to talk suspiciously, as if he had some share in it. If he should happen to be in town, and you light on him, I think you ought to tell him gravely, "That if he be the author, he should set his name to the, &c.," and rally him a little upon it: and tell him, "if he can explain some things, you will, if he pleases, set his name to the next edition." I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce could go. Well; I will send you the thing, now I am in town, as soon as possible. But I dare say you have neither printed the rest nor finished the cuts, only are glad to lay the fault on me. I shall, at the end, take a little contemptible notice of the thing you sent me; and I dare say it will do you more good than hurt. If you are in such haste, how came you to forget the "Miscellanies?" I would not have you think of Steele for a publisher; he is too busy. I will, one of these days, send you some hints, which I would have in a preface, and you may get some friend to dress them up. I have thoughts of some other work one of these years; and I hope to see you ere it be long; since it is likely to be a new world, and since I have the merit of suffering by not complying with the old. Yours, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, September 9, 1710.

My Lord,—I arrived here on Thursday last, and, inquiring for the two bishops, I found my lord of Ossory[1] was gone some time ago, and the bishop of Killaloe[2] I could not hear of till next day, when I found he was set out early in the morning for Ireland; so

[1] Dr. John Hartstonge, bishop of Ossory from 1693 to 1724.

[2] Dr. Thomas Lindsay, bishop of Killaloe from March, 1695, translated to Raphoe in June, 1713; to Armagh in January, 1714; and died July 13, 1724.

that the letter to their lordships is so far to no purpose. I cannot yet learn whether they left any papers behind them; neither shall I much inquire; and, to say the truth, I was less solicitous to ask after the bishop of Killaloe when I heard the other was gone.

They tell me all affairs in the treasury are governed by Mr. Harley, and that he is the person usually applied to; only of late, my lord Poulet, upon what people have talked to him that way, hath exerted himself a little, and endeavors to be as significant as he can. I have opportunities enough of getting some interest with his lordship, who hath formerly done me good offices, although I have no personal acquaintance with him. After which I will apply to Mr. Harley, who formerly made some advances towards me; and, unless he be altered, will, I believe, think himself in the right to use me well; but I am inclined to suspend any particular solicitations until I hear from your grace, and am informed what progress the two bishops have made; and until I receive their papers, with what other directions your grace will desire to send me.

Upon my arrival here I found myself equally caressed by both parties; by one as a sort of bough for drowning men to lay hold of; and by the other as one discontented with the late men in power for not being thorough in their designs, and therefore ready to approve present things. I was to visit my lord Godolphin, who gave me a reception very unexpected, and altogether different from what I ever received from any great man in my life; altogether short, dry, and morose, not worth repeating to your grace, until I have the honor to see you. I complained of it to some of his friends, as having, as I thought, for some reasons, deserved much the contrary from his lordship: they said, to excuse him, that he was overrun with spleen and peevishness upon the present posture of affairs, and used nobody better. It may be new to your grace to tell you some circumstances of his removal. A letter was sent him by the groom of the queen's stables, to desire he would break his staff, which would be the easiest way, both to her majesty and him. Mr. Smith, chancellor of the Exchequer, happening to come in a little after, my lord broke his staff, and flung the pieces in the chimney, desiring Mr. Smith to be witness that he had obeyed the queen's commands; and sent him to the queen with a letter and message, which Mr. Smith delivered, and at the same time surrendered up his own office. The parliament is certainly to be dissolved, although the day is yet uncertain. The remainder of Whigs in employment are

resolved not to resign; and a certain lord told me he had been the giver of that advice, and did, in my presence, prevail on an acquaintance of mine in a great post to promise the same thing. Only Mr. Boyle, [youngest son of Charles lord Clifford,] they say, is resolved to give up. Everybody counts infallibly upon a general removal. The duke of Queensberry, it is said, will be steward; my lord Cholmondeley is gone over to the new interest, with great indignation of his friends. It is affirmed by the Tories that the great motive of these changes was the absolute necessity of a peace, which they thought the Whigs were for perpetually delaying. Elections are now managing with greater violence and expense and more competitors than ever was known; yet the town is much fuller of people than usual at this time of the year, waiting till they see some issue of the matter. The duke of Ormond is much talked of for Ireland, and I imagine he believed something of it himself. Mr. Harley is looked upon as first minister, and not my lord Shrewsbury, and his grace helps on the opinion, whether out of policy or truth; upon all occasions professing to stay until he speaks with Mr. Harley. The queen continues at Kensington indisposed with the gout, of which she has frequent returns.

I deferred writing to your grace as late as I could this post, until I might have something to entertain you; but there is such a universal uncertainty among those who pretend to know most, that little can be depended on. However, it may be some amusement to tell you the sentiments of people here, and, as bad as they are, I am sure they are the best that are stirring; for it is thought there are not three people in England entirely in the secret; nor is it sure whether even those three are agreed in what they intend to do. I am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant.

I have not time to read this and correct the literal mistakes.

I was to wait on the duke of Ormond to set him right in the story of the college, about the statue,[1] &c.

TO DEAN STERNE.

London, September 26, 1710.

SIR,—One would think this an admirable place from whence to fill a letter, yet when I come to examine particulars, I find they either

[1] Some young gentlemen of the university, who took the truncheon out of the hand of the statue of king William III. on College-green, and were expelled.

consist of news which you hear as soon by the public papers, or of persons and things to which you are a stranger, and are the wiser and happier for being so. Here have been great men every day resigning their places; a resignation as sincere as that of a usurer on his death-bed. Here are some that fear being whipped because they have broken their rod; and some that may be called to an account because they could not cast one up. There are now not much above a dozen great employments to be disposed of, which, according to our computation, may be done in as many days. Patrick [Dr. Swift's Irish servant] assures me his acquaintance are all very well satisfied with these changes, which I take for no ill symptom, and it is certain the queen has never appeared so easy or so cheerful. I found my lord Godolphin the worst dissembler of any of them that I have talked to; and no wonder, since his loss and danger are greater, besides the addition of age and complexion. My lord-lieutenant [earl of Wharton] is gone to the country to bustle about elections. He is not yet removed, because they say it will be requisite to supersede him by a successor, which the queen has not fixed on; nor is it agreed whether the duke of Shrewsbury or Ormond[1] stand fairest. I speak only for this morning, because reports usually change every twenty-four hours. Meantime the pamphlets and half-sheets grow so upon our hands, it will very well employ a man every day from morning till night to read them, and so out of perfect despair I never read any at all. The Whigs, like an army beat three-quarters out of the field, begin to skirmish but faintly; and deserters daily come over. We are amazed to find our mistakes, and how it was possible to see so much merit where there was none, and to overlook it where there was so much. When a great minister has lost his place, immediately virtue, honor, and wit fly over to his successor, with the other ensigns of his office. Since I left off writing I received a letter from my lord archbishop of Dublin, or rather two letters, upon these memorials. I think immediately to begin my soliciting, though they are not very perfect; for I would be glad to know whether my lord archbishop would have the same method taken here that has been done in England, to settle it by parliament; but, however, that will be time enough thought of this good while.

I must here tell you that the dean of St. Patrick's lives better than any man of quality I know; yet this day I dined with the

[1] The duke of Ormond was appointed lord-lieutenant October 19, 1710.

controller [sir John Holland, Bart.], who tells me he drinks the queen's wine to-day. I saw collector Sterne,[1] who desired me to present his service to you, and to tell you he would be glad to hear from you, but not about business; by which I told him I guessed he was putting you off about something you desired.

I would much rather be now in Ireland drinking your good wine, and looking over while you lost a crown at penny-ombre. I am weary of the caresses of great men out of place. The controller expects every day the queen's commands to break his staff. He is the last great household officer they intend to turn out. My lord-lieutenant is yet in, because they cannot agree about his successor. I am your most obedient, humble servant.

A MEMORIAL OF DR. SWIFT'S

TO MR. HARLEY ABOUT THE FIRST-FRUITS.

October 7, 1710.

In Ireland hardly one parish in ten has any glebe, and the rest very small and scattered, except a very few, and these have seldom any houses.

There are in proportion more impropriations in Ireland than in England, which, added to the poverty of the country, make the livings of very small and uncertain value, so that five or six are often joined to make a revenue of 50*l.* per annum; but these have seldom above one church in repair, the rest being destroyed by frequent wars, &c.

The clergy, for want of glebes, are forced in their own or neighboring parish to take farms to live at rack-rents.

The queen having some years since remitted the first-fruits to the clergy of England, the bishop of Cloyne, being then in London, did petition her majesty for the same favor in behalf of the clergy in Ireland, and received a gracious answer. But this affair, for want of soliciting, was not brought to an issue during the governments of the duke of Ormond and earl of Pembroke.

Upon the earl of Wharton's succeeding Dr. Swift (who had solicited this matter in the preceding government) was directed by the bishops of Ireland to apply to his excellency, who thought fit to receive the motion as wholly new, and what he could not consider till he were fixed in the government, and till the same application were made to him as had been to his predecessors. Accordingly,

[1] Enoch Sterne, Esq., collector of Wicklow, and clerk of the house of lords in Ireland.

an address was delivered to his lordship, with a petition to the queen, and a memorial annexed from both houses of convocation; but a dispute happening in the lower house, wherein his chaplain was concerned, and which was represented by the said chaplain as an affront designed to his excellency, who was pleased to understand and report it so to the court, the convocation was suddenly prorogued, and all further thoughts about the first-fruits let fall as desperate.

The subject of the petition was to desire that the twentieth parts might be remitted to the clergy, and the first-fruits made a fund for purchasing glebes and impropriations, and rebuilding churches.

The twentieth parts are 12*d.* in 1*l.* paid annually out of all ecclesiastical benefices, as they were valued at the Reformation. They amount to about 500*l.* per annum; but of little or no value to the queen, after the officers and other charges are paid, though of much trouble and vexation to the clergy.

The first-fruits paid by incumbents upon their promotion amount to 450*l.* per annum; so that her majesty, in remitting about 1000*l.* per annum to the clergy, will really lose not above 500*l.*

Upon Aug. 31, 1710, the two houses of convocation being met to be further prorogued, the archbishops and bishops conceiving there was now a favorable juncture to resume their applications, did, in their private capacities, sign a power to the said Dr. Swift to solicit the remitting of the first-fruits and twentieth parts.

But there is a greater burden than this, and almost intolerable, upon several of the clergy in Ireland; the easing of which the clergy only looked on as a thing to be wished, without making it part of their petition.

The queen is impropriator of several parishes, and the incumbent pays her half-yearly a rent generally to the third part of the real value of the living, and sometimes half. Some of these parishes, yielding no income to the vicar by the increase of graziers, are seized on by the crown, and cannot pay the reserved rent! The value of all these impropriations is about 2000*l.* per annum to her majesty.

If the queen would graciously please to bestow likewise these impropriations to the church, part to be remitted to the incumbent, where the rent is large and the living small, and the rest to be laid out in levying glebes and impropriations, and building churches, it would be a most pious and seasonable bounty

The utmost value of the twentieth parts, first-fruits, and crown-rents, is 3000*l.* per annum, of which about 500*l.* per annum is sunk among officers; so that her majesty, by this great benefaction, would lose but 2500*l.* per annum.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, October 10, 1710.

My Lord,—I had the honor of your grace's letter of September 16, but I was in no pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be at any other time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you, because I am very sensible how much an insignificant letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise the memorial, &c., in another packet; and I beg your grace to enclose whatever packets you send me (I mean of bulk) under a paper directed to Mr. Steele, at his office in the Cockpit, and not for me at Mr. Steele's. I should have been glad the bishops had been here, although I take bishops to be the worst solicitors in the world, except in their own concerns. They cannot give themselves the little troubles of attendance that other men are content to swallow; else I am sure their two lordships might have succeeded easier than men of my level can reasonably hope to do.

As soon as I received the packets, I went to wait upon Mr. Harley. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill-used by the last ministry, after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me. This happened to be in some sort Mr. Harley's own case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest marks of kindness and esteem, as I was whispered that he would; and the more, upon the ill usage I had met with. I sat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone; where I gave him a history of the whole business, and the steps that had been made in it; which he heard as I could wish, and promised with great readiness his best credit to effect it. I mentioned the difficulties we had met with from lords-lieutenants and their secretaries, who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me entirely; and said neither they nor himself should have the merit of it, but the queen, to whom he would show my memorial with the first opportunity, in order, if possible, to have it done in this interregnum. I said "it was a great en-

couragement to the bishops that he was in the Treasury, whom they knew to have been the chief adviser of the queen to grant the same favor in England; that the honor and merit of this would certainly be his, next the queen; but that it was nothing to him, who had done so much greater things; and that for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of Ireland for giving him an occasion of gratifying the pleasure he took in doing good to the church." He received my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promises.

Your grace will please to know that, besides the first-fruits, I told him of the crown-rents, and showed the nature and value of them; but said my opinion was that the convocation had not mentioned them in their petition to the queen, delivered to lord Wharton with the address, because they thought the times would not then bear it; but that I looked upon myself to have a discretionary power to solicit it in so favorable a juncture. I had two memorials ready of my own drawing up, as short as possible, showing the nature of the thing, and how long it had been depending, &c. One of these memorials had a paragraph at the end relating to the crown-rents; the other had none. In case he had waived the motion of the crown-rents I would have given him the last, but I gave him the other, which he immediately read, and promised to second *both* with his best offices to the queen. As I have placed that paragraph in my memorial, it can do no harm, and may possibly do good. However, I beg your grace to say nothing of it, but if it dies, let it die in silence; we must take up with what can be got.

I forgot to tell your grace that when I said I was empowered, &c., he desired to see my powers; and then I heartily wished they had been a little more ample; and I have since wondered what scruple a number of bishops could have of empowering a clergyman to do the church and them a service, without any prospect or imagination of interest for himself further than about 10*s.* a year.

Mr. Harley has invited me to dine with him to-day; but I shall not put him upon this discourse so soon. If he begins it himself, I will add at bottom whatever there is of moment.

He said Mr. secretary St. John desires to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together, which may be of further help: although I told him I had no thoughts of applying to any but himself; wherein he differed from me, desiring I would speak to others, if it were but for form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid

the envy of doing things alone. But an old courtier, (an intimate friend of mine,) with whom I consulted, advised me still to let him know I relied wholly upon his good inclinations and credit with the queen.

I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lies in my memory; but perhaps it may give your grace a truer notion of what passed than if I had writ in more order. Besides, I am forced to omit the greatest part of what I said, being not proper for a letter at such a distance; for I told very freely the late causes which had stopped this matter, and removed many odious misrepresentations, &c.

I beg whatever letters are sent to bishops or others in this matter, by your grace or the primate, may be enclosed to me, that I may stifle or deliver them, as the course of the affair shall require. As for a letter from your grace to the queen, you say it needs advice; and I am sure it is not from me, who shall not presume to offer; but perhaps from what I have writ you may form some judgment or other.

As for public affairs, I confess I began this letter on a half-sheet, merely to limit myself on a subject with which I did not know whether your grace would be entertained. I am not yet convinced that any access to men in power gives a man more truth or light than the politics of a coffeehouse. I have known some great ministers who would seem to discover the very inside of their hearts, when I was sure they did not value whether I had proclaimed all they had said at Charingcross. But I never knew one great minister who made any scruple to mould the alphabet into whatever words he pleased, or to be more difficult about any facts than his porter is about that of his lord's being at home: so that whoever has so little to do as to desire some knowledge in secrets of state, must compare what he hears from several great men, as from one great man at several times, which is equally different. People were surprised when the court stopped its hands as to further removals; the comptroller, a lord of the Admiralty, and some others, told me they expected every day to be dismissed; but they were all deceived, and the higher Tories are very angry; but some time ago, at Hampton Court, I picked out the reason from a dozen persons; and told sir John Holland I would lay a wager he would not lose his staff so soon as he imagined. The ministry are afraid of too great a majority of their own side in the house of commons, and therefore stopped short in their changes; yet some

refiners think they have gone too far already, for of thirty new members in the present elections about twenty-six are Tories. The duke of Ormond seems still to stand the fairest for Ireland; although I hear some faint hopes they will not nominate very soon. The ruin of the late party was owing to a great number and a complication of causes, which I have had from persons able enough to inform me; and that is all we can mean by a good hand, for the veracity is not to be relied on. The duchess of Marlborough's removal has been seven years working; that of the treasurer above three, and he was to be dismissed before lord Sunderland. Besides the many personal causes, that of breaking measures settled for a peace four years ago had a great weight, when the French had complied with all terms, &c. In short, they apprehended the whole party to be entirely against a peace, for some time, until they were riveted fast, too fast to be broke, as they otherwise expected, if the war should conclude too soon. I cannot tell (for it is just come into my head) whether some unanimous addresses, from those who love the church in Ireland, or from Dublin, or your grace and the clergy, might not be seasonable; or whether my lord Wharton's being not yet suspended might yet hinder it.

I forgot to tell your grace that the memorial I gave Mr. Harley was drawn up by myself, and was an abstract of what I had said to him; it was as short as I could make it; that which you sent being too long, and of another nature.

I dined to-day with Mr. Harley; but I must humbly beg your grace's pardon if I say no more at present, for reasons I may shortly let you know. In the mean time I desire your grace to believe me, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, November 4, 1710.

My Lord,—I am most unhappily engaged this night, where I cannot write to your grace so long a letter as I intended; but I will make it up in a post or two. I have only now to tell you that Mr. Harley has given me leave to acquaint my lord-primate and your grace that the queen has granted the first-fruits and twentieth parts to the clergy of Ireland. It was done above a fortnight ago; but I was then obliged to keep it a secret, as I hinted to your grace in my last letter. He has now given me leave to let your grace and

my lord-primate know it; only desires you will say nothing of it until a letter comes to you from my lord Dartmouth, secretary of state. All I know yet is, that the bishops are to be made a corporation for the disposal of the first-fruits, and that the twentieth parts are to be remitted. I will write to your grace the particulars of my negotiations, and some other amusements very soon. I humbly beg your grace to acquaint my lord-primate with this. I had your grace's letter last post; and you will now see that your letters to the archbishops here are unnecessary. I was a little in pain about the duke of Ormond, who, I feared, might interpose in this matter, and be angry it was done without him: but Mr. Harley has very kindly taken this matter upon himself. It was yesterday I dined with him, and he told me all this; and to-morrow I dine with him again, where I may hear more. I shall obey your grace's directions, whether my stay here be further necessary after you have had the letter from the secretary's office. I know not what it will be; but if any forms remain to finish, I shall be ready to assist in it as I have hitherto done. I have all the reason in the world to be satisfied with Mr. Harley's conduct in this whole affair. In three days he spoke of it to the queen, and gave her my memorial, and so continued until he got her grant. I am now in much company, and steal this time to write to your grace. The queen was resolved to have the whole merit of this affair to herself. Mr. Harley advised her to it; and next to her majesty he is the only person to be thanked. I suppose it will not be many days before you have the letter from my lord Dartmouth; and your grace will afterward signify your commands if you have any for me. I shall go to the office and see that a despatch be made as soon as possible. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most obedient humble servant.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, November 23, 1710.

My Lord,—I had your grace's letter[1] not until this day; whether it lay in the secretary's office, or was kept by the wind, I cannot tell; but I would have exposed it immediately whenever it had come. Mr. Southwell told me two days ago of the letter[2] your

[1] That which is dated November 2.

[2] A letter to Mr. Southwell from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the duke of Ormond, requesting him to move the queen to take off the first-fruits.

grace mentions, which surprised me a good deal, when I remembered I had writ to your grace three weeks ago that the queen had absolutely granted the first-fruits and twentieths, and that Mr. Harley had permitted me to signify the same to the primate and your grace. Perhaps that letter might not have reached your grace before that resolution of sending to the duke of Ormond; but, however, I gave you such an account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and his readiness to undertake this affair, and what steps he had already made in it, as I thought would have given you some sight in what way the business was; but Mr. Harley charged me to tell nobody alive what the queen had resolved on till he gave me leave; and by the conclusion of a former letter, your grace might see you were to expect some further intelligence very soon. Your grace may remember that, upon your telling me how backward the bishops were in giving me a power, I was very unwilling to go at all, and sent the dean of St. Patrick's [Dr. Sterne] to tell you so; but you thought I could not handsomely put it off when things were gone so far. Your objection then about the disadvantage I lay under in point of party I knew well enough how to answer, otherwise nothing should have prevailed on me to come hither; and if my lords the bishops doubt whether I have any credit with the present ministry, I will, if they please, undo this matter in as little time as I have done it. I did reckon your grace understood and believed me in what I said; and I reckon so still; but I will not be at the pains of undeceiving so many. I never proposed to myself either credit or profit by my labor, but the satisfaction of doing good, without valuing whether I had the merit of it or not: but the method now taken was the likeliest way to set all things backward, if it were not past danger. It shall be my business (until my lords the bishops forbid me to engage further) to prevent any misunderstanding with Mr. Harley by this sudden step. The thing was all done before the duke of Ormond was named for lord-lieutenant, so there was no affront at all to him; and Mr. Harley told me more than once that such an interest was the properest, because he thought the queen herself should have the doing of it: but I said a great deal of this in former letters. If your grace has any commands for me of your own, I shall obey them with all cheerfulness, being, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, November 28, 1710.

My Lord,—A day or two after I received your grace's letter of the second instant I dined with Mr. Southwell, who showed me the letter of the bishops to the duke of Ormond, and another letter from the bishop of Kildare [Dr. Welbore Ellis] to Mr. Southwell, to desire him to get the papers from me, which I shall send him as soon as I have looked them out. Mr. Southwell said that, a month or two hence, when the duke began to think of this journey, it would be time enough to solicit this affair. Upon this I told him frankly that the queen had already granted the first-fruits, and that I had writ to your grace by Mr. Harley's directions, but that my letter did not reach you until yours was sent to the duke and him; and that therefore I thought it would be a very odd step to begin again. He said he was glad it was done, and that he did not design to take any of the credit from me, &c. I told him sincerely, it was what I did not regard at all, and, provided the church had the benefit, it was indifferent to me how it came about, and so we parted. I had told the duke of Ormond at first that I would apply myself to Mr. Harley if his grace advised it, which he did; and I afterward told Mr. Southwell that Mr. Harley had been very kind in promising his good offices: further I durst not speak, being under an engagement of secrecy to Mr. Harley; and the whole thing was done before the duke was declared lord-lieutenant. If your grace considers the time you sent me the paper, you will judge what despatch was made; in two days after I delivered a memorial I drew up to Mr. Harley; and in less than a fortnight he had treated the matter four times with the queen, and then told me she had granted it absolutely, as my memorial desired, but charged me to tell no man alive; and your grace may remember that one of my letters ended with something as if I were limited and would say more in a short time. In about a week after I had leave to inform the primate and your grace, as I did in my letter of the 4th instant. It is to be considered that the queen was all this while at Hampton Court or Windsor, so that I think the despatch was very great. But, indeed, I expected a letter would have been sent from the secretary's office to signify this matter in due form; and so it will: but Mr. Harley had a mind first to bring me to the queen, for that and some other matters; and she came to town not a week ago, and was out of order one day when it was designed I should attend her, and since, the parliament's beginning has taken her up; but in a few

days Mr. Harley tells me he will introduce me. This I tell your grace in confidence, only to satisfy you in particular why the queen has not yet sent a letter in form. Upon that despatch to Mr. Southwell I was perplexed to the last degree. I did not value the slighting manner of the bishop of Kildare's letter, barely desiring Mr. Southwell to call on me for the papers, without anything further, as if I had been wholly insignificant; but I was at a loss how to behave myself with the duke and Mr. Harley. I met the latter yesterday in the court of requests, and he whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him of the despatch to Mr. Southwell, and rallied him for putting me under difficulties with his secrets; that I was running my head against a wall; that he reckoned he had done the church and me a favor; that I should disoblige the duke of Ormond; and that the bishops in Ireland thought I had done nothing, and had therefore taken away my commission. He told me your lordship had taken it away in good time, for the thing was done; and that, as for the duke of Ormond, I need not be uneasy; for he would let his grace know it as soon as he saw him, which would be in a day or two at the Treasury; and then promised again to carry me to the queen with the first opportunity. Your grace now sees how the affair stands, and whether I deserve such treatment from the bishops; from every part whereof I wholly exclude your grace, and could only wish my first letter, about the progress I had made, had found so much credit with you as to have delayed that despatch until you heard once more from me. I had at least so much discretion not to pretend I had done more than I really did, but rather less; and if I had consulted my own interest I should have employed my credit with the present ministry another way. The bishops are mistaken in me; it is well known here that I could have made my markets with the last ministry if I had pleased; and the present men in power are very well apprised of it, as your grace may, if I live to see you again; which I certainly never would in Ireland, if I did not flatter myself that I am upon a better foot with your grace than with some other of their lordships. Your grace is pleased to command me to continue my solicitations; but as now there will be no need of them, so I think my commission is at an end ever since I had notice of that despatch to Mr. Southwell. However, in obedience to your grace, if there be anything to be done about expediting the forms, wherein my service can be of use, I will readily perform as far as I am able: but

I must tell your grace what gives me the greatest displeasure, that I had hopes to prevail that the queen should in some months be brought to remit the crown-rents, which I named in my memorial, but in an article by itself; and which Mr. Harley had given me some hopes of, and I have some private reasons to think might have been brought about. I mentioned it in the memorial only as from myself; and therefore, if I have an opportunity, I shall venture to mention it to the queen, or at least repeat it to Mr. Harley. This I do as a private man whom the bishops no longer own. It is certainly right to pay all civilities and make applications to a lord-lieutenant; but, without some other means, a business may hang long enough, as this of the first-fruits did for four years under the duke of Ormond's last government, although no man loves the church of Ireland better than his grace; but such things are forgot and neglected between the governor and his secretaries, unless solicited by somebody who has the business at heart. But I have done, and shall trouble your grace no further upon this affair; and on other occasions, while I am here, will endeavor to entertain you with what is likely to pass in this busy scene, where all things are taking a new and, I think, a good turn; and where, if you please, I will write to you with that freedom I formerly did; and I beg your grace to employ me in any commands you may have here, which I shall be prouder to obey than to have ever so much merit with some others; being, with perfect respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most obedient humble servant.

Your grace will please to direct for me at St. James's coffee-house, St. James's-street.

Two hundred members supped last night at the Fountain tavern, where they went to determine about a chairman for elections. Medlicot and Manley were the two candidates; but the company could not agree, and parted in an ill humor. It is a matter of some moment, and I hope it will be amicably made up; but the great rock we are afraid of is a dissension among the majority, because the weakest part, when they grow discontented, know where to retire and be received.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, December 30, 1710.

My Lord,—I have just received your grace's letter of the 16th; and I was going, however, to write again to your grace, not upon

business, but to amuse you with something from hence, which no man wants more than your grace, considering the variety of other people's affairs you have always on your hands, as well as the church's and your own, which are the same thing. The duke of Ormond told me the other day that the primate declined very fast, and was hardly able to sign a paper. I said, I wondered they would put him in the government, when every one knew he was a dying man this twelvemonth past. I hope, for the church's good, that your grace's friends will do their duty, in representing you as the person the kingdom wishes to succeed him. I know not how your dispositions stand that way. I know my lord-president has great credit at present; and I have understood him to be a friend to your grace. I can only say I have no regard to your interest in this, but that of the church; and therefore should be very glad to drop in a word where it lies in my way, if I thought it would not be disagreeable to you. I dread their sending a person from hence, which I shall venture to prevent with all the little credit I have, and should be glad to see a primate of our own kingdom and university; and that is all I shall venture to say on this subject.

Marshal Staremberg[1] has certainly got to Saragossa with 7000 men, and the duke of Vendome[2] has sent him his equipage. Mr. Stanhope was positive to part forces with Staremberg, which occasioned this loss; and when the battle was, they were several miles asunder.[3] The duke of Marlborough was yesterday an hour with the queen; it was sent him at twelve noon, when it was likely his visit should be shortest. Mr. St. John was with her just before, and Mr. Harley just after. The duke's behavior was with the most abject submission: "that he was the meanest of her majesty's instruments; her humble creature; a poor worm," &c. This I had from a lord to whom the queen told it; for the ministers never tell anything; and it is only by picking out and comparing that one can ever be the wiser for them. I took leave yesterday of lord Peterborough, who is going in a day or two to Vienna: I said I wished he were going to Spain; he told me, "he hoped his present journey would be to more purpose:" and by what I can gather, they will use all means to make as speedy a peace as possible, with safety and honor. Lord Rivers tells me he will not set out for Hanover this month. I asked him about his late reception there, because

[1] General and commander of the Imperial forces of Spain.

[2] Commander of the French.

[3] This refers to the battle of Villa Viciosa.

the town was full of stories about it; he assured me he could not desire a better; and if it were otherwise, I believe he would hardly be pitched upon to be sent again. The young people in parliament are very eager to have some inquiries made into past managements, and are a little angry with the slackness of the ministry upon that article; they say they have told those who sent them that the queen's calling a new parliament was to correct and look into former abuses; and if something of the latter be not done, they know not how to answer it. I am not altogether satisfied how the ministry is disposed in this point. Your grace has heard there was much talk lately of sir Richard Levintz's[1] design to impeach lord Wharton; and several persons of great consideration in the house assured me they would give him all encouragement; and I have reason to know it would be acceptable to the court: but sir Richard is the most timorous man alive, and they all begin to look upon him in that character, and to hope nothing from him;[2] however, they talk of some other inquiries when the parliament meets after this recess; and it is often mentioned in people's mouths that February will be a warm month; but this I can affirm nothing of, and I hope your grace will distinguish between what I affirm and what I report: as to the first, you may securely count upon it; the other you will please to take as it is sent.

Since the letter from the bishops to the duke of Ormond, I have been a much cooler solicitor; for I look upon myself no longer a deputed person. Your grace may be fully satisfied that the thing is granted, because I had orders to report it to you from the prime-minister; the rest is form, and may be done at any time: as for bringing the letter over myself, I must again profess to your grace that I do not regard the reputation of it at all; perhaps I might if I were in Ireland; but, when I am on this side, a certain pride seizes me, from very different usage I meet with, which makes me look on things in another light; but, besides, I beg to tell your grace in confidence, that the ministry have desired me to continue here some time longer, for certain reasons that I may some time have the honor to tell you. As for everybody's knowing what is done in the first-fruits, it was I that told it: for, after I saw the bishops' letter, I let every one know it in perfect spite, and told Mr. Harley and Mr. secretary St. John so. However, in humble

[1] Speaker of the House of Commons, and lord chief-justice of the Queen's Bench.
[2] The proposed impeachment fell to the ground.

deference to your grace's opinion, and not to appear sullen, I did yesterday complain to Mr. secretary St. John that Mr. Harley had not yet got the letter from the queen to confirm the grant of the first-fruits; that I had lost reputation by it; and that I took it very ill of them both; and that their excuses of parliament business, and grief for the loss in Spain, were what I would bear no longer. He took all I had said very well, and desired I would call to him to-morrow morning, and he would engage, if Mr. Harley had not done it, he himself would in a day or two. As soon as there is any issue of this I shall inform your grace; and I have reason to think it is a trifle they will not refuse me.

I think I had from other hands some accounts of that ridiculous plot your grace mentions, but it is not yet talked of here, neither have any of the ministry mentioned a word of it to me, although they are well apprised of some affairs in Ireland: for I had two papers given me by a great man, one about the sentence of the defacers of the statue, and the other about a trial before the lord chief-justice Broderick, for some words in the north spoken by a clergyman against the queen. I suppose your grace reckons upon a new parliament in Ireland, with some alterations in the council, the law, and the revenue. Your grace is the most exact correspondent I ever had, and the dean of St. Patrick's directly contrary, which I hope you will remember to say to him upon the occasion. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

I have read over this letter, and find several things relating to affairs here that are said in perfect confidence to your grace: if they are told again, I only desire it may not be known from what hand they came

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TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

January 4, 1711.

My Lord, — Having writ to your grace so lately, I only now make bold to let you know that on Tuesday I was to wait on Mr. secretary St. John, who told me from Mr. Harley that I need not to be in pain about the first-fruits, for the warrant was drawn in order toward a patent; but must pass two several forms, and take up some time, for the queen designs to make a grant by her letters-patent. I shall take all due methods to hasten it as far as I am able; but in these cases they are generally pretty tedious. Mr.

Harley likewise sent me the same day, by another person, the same message. I dined with him about four days ago; but there being much company, and he going away in haste pretty soon after dinner, he had not time to tell me so himself. Indeed he has been so ready to do everything in this matter as I would have him, that he never needed pressing; which, considering both the weight and difficulty of affairs at present on his shoulders, is very extraordinary, and what I never met from a great minister before. I had thought, and so Mr. Harley told me, that the queen would have sent a letter to the bishops; but this is a shorter way, and I hope your grace will like it. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

I am told from a good hand that in a short time the house of commons will fall upon some inquiries into the late management.

I took leave yesterday of lord Peterborough, who, I suppose, is this day set out on his journey to Vienna; he is a little discouraged, and told me he did not hope for any great success in what he went upon. He is one of those many who are mightily bent upon having some such inquiries made as I have mentioned.

TO MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

January 7, 1711.

SIR, — Though I should not value such usage from a secretary of state and a great minister, yet, when I consider the person it comes from, I can endure it no longer. I would have you know, sir, that if the queen gave you a dukedom and the garter to-morrow, with the treasury staff at the end of them, I would regard you no more than if you were not worth a groat. I could almost resolve, in spite, not to find fault with my victuals or be quarrelsome to-morrow at your table; but if I do not take the first opportunity to let all the world know some qualities in you that you take most care to hide, may my right hand forget its cunning. After which threatening, believe me if you please to be with the greatest respect, sir, your most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

February —, 1711.

MY LORD,—I envy none of the queen's subjects so much as those who are abroad; and I desire to know whether, as great a soul as

your lordship has, you did not observe your mind to open and enlarge after you were some leagues at sea, and had left off breathing party air. I am apt to think this schism in politics has cloven our understandings, and left us but just half the good sense that blazed in our actions; and we see the effect it has had upon our wit and learning, which are crumbled into pamphlets and penny papers. The October Club, which was in its rudiments when your lordship left us, is now growing up to be a party by itself, and begins to rail at the ministry as much as the Whigs do, but from topics directly contrary. I am sometimes talked into frights, and told that all is ruined; but am immediately cured when I see any of the ministry; not from the satisfaction they give me in any one point, but because I see them so perfectly easy, and I believe they could not be so if they had any fear at heart. My comfort is, they are persons of great abilities, and they are engaged in a good cause. And what is one very good circumstance, as I told three[1] of them the other day, they seem heartily to love one another, in spite of the scandal of inconstancy which court friendships lie under. And I can affirm to your lordship they heartily love you too; which I take to be a great deal more than when they assure you so themselves: for even statesmen will sometimes discover their passions, especially their good ones.

Here is a pamphlet come out, called "A Letter to Jacob Banks," showing that the liberty of Sweden was destroyed by the principle of passive obedience. I know not whether his quotation be fair, but the piece is shrewdly written; and in my opinion not to be answered, otherwise than by disclaiming that sort of passive obedience which the Tories are charged with. This dispute would soon be ended if the dunces who write on each side would plainly tell us what the object of this passive obedience is in our country; for, I dare swear, nine in ten of the Whigs will allow it to be the legislature, and as many of the Tories deny it to the prince alone; and I hardly ever saw a Whig and a Tory together whom I could not immediately reconcile on that article when I made them explain themselves.

My lord, the queen knew what she did when she sent your lordship to spur up a dull northern court: yet I confess I had rather have seen that activity of mind and body employed in conquering another kingdom, or the same over again. I am, my lord, &c.

[1] Harley, St. John, and Harcourt.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, March 8, 1711.

My Lord,—I write to your grace under the greatest disturbance of mind for the public and myself. A gentleman came in where I dined this afternoon, and told us Mr. Harley was stabbed, and some confused particulars. I immediately ran to secretary St. John's hard by, but nobody was at home; I met Mrs. St. John in her chair, who could not satisfy me, but was in pain about the secretary, who, as she had heard, had killed the murderer. I went straight to Mr. Harley's, where abundance of people were to inquire. I got young Mr. Harley to me: he said his father was asleep, and they hoped in no danger, and then told me the fact, as I shall relate it to your grace. This day the marquis de Guiscard was taken up for high-treason, by a warrant of Mr. St. John, and examined before a committee of council in Mr. St. John's office; where were present the dukes of Ormond, Buckingham, Shrewsbury, earl Powlett, Mr. Harley, Mr. St. John, and others. During examination, Mr. Harley observed Guiscard, who stood behind him, but on one side, swearing and looking disrespectfully. He told him he ought to behave himself better while he was examined for such a crime. Guiscard immediately drew a penknife out of his pocket, which he had picked out of some of the offices, and, reaching round, stabbed him just under the breast, a little to the right side; but it pleased God that the point stopped at one of the ribs, and broke short half an inch. Immediately Mr. St. John rose, drew his sword, and ran it into Guiscard's breast. Five or six more of the council drew and stabbed Guiscard in several places: but the earl Powlett called out, for God's sake, to spare Guiscard's life, that he might be made an example; and Mr. St. John's sword was taken from him and broke; and the footmen without ran in, and bound Guiscard, who begged he might be killed immediately; and, they say, called out three or four times, "My lord Ormond! my lord Ormond!" They say Guiscard resisted them a while, until the footmen came in. Immediately Bucier, the surgeon, was sent for, who dressed Mr. Harley; and he was sent home. The wound bled fresh, and they do not apprehend him in danger; he said, when he came home, he thought himself in none; and when I was there he was asleep, and they did not find him at all feverish. He has been ill this week, and told me last Saturday he found himself much out of order, and has

been abroad but twice since; so that the only danger is, lest his being out of order should, with the wound, put him in a fever; and I shall be in a mighty pain till to-morrow morning. I went back to poor Mrs. St. John, who told me her husband was with my lord-keeper [sir Simon Harcourt] at Mr. Attorney's, [sir John Trevor,] and she said something to me very remarkable: "That going to-day to pay her duty to the queen, when all the men and ladies were dressed to make their appearance, this being the day of the queen's accession, the lady of the bedchamber in waiting told her the queen had not been at church, and saw no company; yet, when she inquired her health, they said she was very well, only had a little cold." We conceive the queen's reasons for not going out might be something about this seizing of Guiscard for high treason, and that perhaps there was some plot, or something extraordinary. Your grace must have heard of this Guiscard: he fled from France for villanies there, and was thought on to head an invasion of that kingdom, but was not liked. I know him well, and think him a fellow of little consequence, although of some cunning and much villany. We passed by one another this day in the Mall, at two o'clock, an hour before he was taken up; and I wondered he did not speak to me.

I write all this to your grace, because I believe you would desire to know a true account of so important an accident; and besides, I know you will have a thousand false ones; and I believe every material circumstance here is true, having it from young Mr. Harley. I met sir Thomas Mansel, (it was then after six this evening,) and he and Mr. Prior told me they had just seen Guiscard carried by in a chair, with a strong guard, to Newgate or the Press-yard. Time perhaps will show who was at the bottom of all this; but nothing could happen so unluckily to England, at this juncture, as Mr. Harley's death; when he has all the schemes for the greatest part of the supplies in his head, and the parliament cannot stir a step without him. Neither can I altogether forget myself, who, in him, should lose a person I have more obligations to than any other in this kingdom; who has always treated me with the tenderness of a parent, and never refused me any favor I asked for a friend; therefore I hope your grace will excuse the disorder of this letter. I was intending, this night, to write one of another sort.——I must needs say, one great reason for writing these particulars to your grace was, that you might be able to give a true account of the fact,

which will be some sort of service to Mr. Harley. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful, and most humble servant.

I have read over what I writ, and find it confused and incorrect, which your grace must impute to the violent pain of mind I am in, greater than ever I felt in my life.——It must have been the utmost height of desperate guilt which could have spirited that wretch to such an action. I have not heard whether his wounds are dangerous; but I pray God he may recover, to receive his reward, and that we may learn the bottom of his villany. It is not above ten days ago that I was interceding with the secretary in his behalf, because I heard he was just starving; but the secretary assured me he had 400*l.* a-year pension.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, April 10, 1711.

My Lord,—I had lately the honor of a letter from your grace, and waited to acknowledge it until something material should happen that might recompense the trouble. My occasion of writing to you at present is purely personal to your grace. A report was beginning to run here, by some letters from Ireland, that your grace had applied the passage you mention of Rufus, in a speech you made to your clergy, which I ventured to contradict, as an impossibility, and inconsistent with your general opinion and what was in your letter. Mr. Southwell and Mr. Dopping were of the same mind; and the former says he has writ to your grace about it. I should have thought no more of the matter, but let it spend like an idle story below notice; only dining last Sunday with one of the principal secretaries of state, he gave me a letter to read, which he had just received from the printer of the newspaper called "The Postboy," in which was a transcript of a letter from Dublin; and the secretary being mentioned in that transcript, the man would not publish it without his advice. It contained an account how the news of Mr. Harley's being stabbed had been received by the Whigs in Dublin, of which he produced some instances. Then he mentions the passage out of Tacitus, and concludes thus: "The first that mentioned it was the archbishop of Dublin, who took notice of it first at a meeting of his clergy; and afterwards, in the hearing of several persons, was reprimanded for it, in a civil though sharp

manner, by one of the chief ministers there, well known for his steady loyalty to her majesty, and his zealous service to the church of England under her late perilous trial." I immediately told the secretary that I knew this must be false and misrepresented, and that he must give me leave to scratch out that passage, which I accordingly did; and for fear of any mistake, I made him give me afterwards the whole letter that, I might have it in my power. The next day I sent for the printer, and told him what I had done; and upon further thoughts I stifled the whole letter, and the secretary approved of it. I likewise told the printer, that when he had anything relating to Ireland, I had the secretary's order (which was true) to send it me, that he might not do injury to men's reputations by what was represented to him from ignorant or malicious hands in that kingdom. The letter was to have been printed this day in "The Postboy," with that conclusion reflecting on your grace, which is happily prevented; for, although your character and station place you above the malice of little people, yet your friends would be extremely concerned to see your name made so bold with in a common newspaper.

I humbly hope your grace will not disapprove of what I have done: at least I have gratified my own inclination in the desire of serving you; and, besides, had the opportunity of giving Mr. Secretary some part of your character.

I dare lay a wager that all this happened by the gross understandings of some people who misunderstood and misapplied something very innocent that came from your grace. I must be so bold to say that people in that kingdom do very ill understand raillery. I can rally much safer here with a great minister of state or a duchess than I durst do there with an attorney or his wife. And I can venture to rally with your grace, although I could not do it with many of your clergy. I myself have been a witness when want of common sense has made people offended with your grace where they ought to have been the most pleased. I say things every day at the best tables which I should be turned out of company for if I were in Ireland.

Here is one Mr. Richardson, a clergyman, who is soliciting an affair that I find your grace approves;[1] and therefore I do him all the service I can in it.

We are now full of the business of the Irish yarn; and I intend,

[1] The printing of Irish Bibles.

among the rest, to engage the members I am acquainted with in our interest. To-morrow we expect it will come on.

I will shortly write to your grace some account how public affairs stand; we hope Mr. Harley will be well in a week.

We have news from Brussels that the dauphin is dead of an apoplexy. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

I wish your grace would enclose your commands to me, directed to Erasmus Lewis, esq., at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; for I have left off going to coffeehouses.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

May 14, 1711.

My Lord,—I have had the honor of your lordship's letter, and by the first lines of it have made a discovery that your lordship is come into the world about eighteen hundred years too late, and was born about half a dozen degrees too far to the north, to employ that public virtue I always heard you did possess, which is now wholly useless, and which those very few that have it are forced to lay aside when they would have business succeed.

Is it not some comfort, my lord, that you meet with the same degeneracy of manners, and the same neglect of the public among the honest Germans, though, in the philosopher's phrase, differently modified? and I hope, at least, we have one advantage, to be more polite in our corruptions than they.

Our divisions run further than perhaps your lordship's intelligence has yet informed you of: that is, a triumvirate of our friends whom I have mentioned to you: I have told them more than once, upon occasion, "That all my hopes of their success depended on their union; that I saw they loved one another, and hoped they would continue it, to remove that scandal of inconstancy ascribed to court friendships." I am not now so secure. I care not to say more on such a subject, and even this *entre nous*. My credit is not of a size to do any service on such an occasion: but as little as it is, I am so ill a politician, that I will venture the loss of it to prevent this mischief; the consequence of which I am as good a judge of as any minister of state, and perhaps a better, because I am not one.

When you writ your letter you had not heard of Guiscard's attempt on Mr. Harley: supposing you know all the circumstances,

I shall not descant upon it. We believe Mr. Harley will soon be treasurer, and be of the house of peers; and then we imagine the court will begin to deal out employments, for which every October member is a candidate; and consequently nine in ten must be disappointed; the effect of which we may find in the next session. Mr. Harley was yesterday to open to the house the ways he has thought of to raise funds for the securing the unprovided debts of the nation; and we are all impatient to know what his proposals are.

As to the imperfect account you say you have received of disagreement among ourselves, your lordship knows that the names of Whig and Tory have quite altered their meanings. All who were for turning out the late ministry we now generally call Tories; and in that sense I think it plain that there are among the Tories three different interests; one of those, I mean the ministry, who agree with your lordship and me, and in a steady management for pursuing the true interests of the nation; another is, that of warmer heads, as the October Club and their adherents without doors: and a third is, I fear, of those who, as your lordship expresses it, would sound a parley, and who would make fair weather in case of a change; and some of these last are not inconsiderable.

Nothing can be more obliging than your lordship's remembering to mention me in your letters to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, when you are in the midst of such great affairs. I doubt I shall want such an advocate as your lordship; for I believe every man who has modesty or merit is but an ill one for himself. I desire but the smallest of those titles you give me on the outside of your letter. My ambition is to live in England, and with a competency to support me with honor. The ministry know by this time whether I am worth keeping; and it is easier to provide for ten men in the church than one in a civil employment.

But I renounce England and deaneries without a promise from your lordship, under your own hand and seal, that I shall have the liberty to attend you whenever I please. I foresee we shall have a peace next year, by the same sagacity that I have often foreseen when I was young. I must leave the town in a week, because my money is gone, and I can borrow no more. Peace will bring your lordship home: and we must have you to adorn your country when you shall be no longer wanted to defend it. I am, my lord, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Chelsea, May 10, 1711.

My Lord,—I have had your grace's letter of April 19 some time by me, but deferred my answer until I could give some account of what use I had made of it. I went immediately to Mr. secretary St. John, and read most if it to him; he was extremely satisfied, and very glad that scandalous account, designed to be printed in "The Postboy," was suppressed. Mr. Harley was then not quite well enough; so I ventured (and I hope your grace will not disapprove it) to show your letter to a gentleman who has a great respect for your grace, and who told me several others of Ireland were possessed of that report. I trusted the letter with him, and gave him leave to read it to them, which he told me he did, and "that they were all entirely convinced:" and indeed, as far as I can find, the report is quite blown over, and has left no impression. While your grace's letter was out of my hands, dining with Mr. Harley, he said to me, almost as soon as he saw me, "How came the archbishop of Dublin and I to fall out?" I told him "I knew what he meant; but your grace was altogether misrepresented; and it must come from some infamous rascals, of which there never wants a set in that kingdom, who make it their business to send wrong characters here," &c. He answered "that he believed and knew it was as I said."—I added "that I had the honor to be long known to your grace, and that you were the last man in the kingdom upon whom such a report could be fixed with any probability; and that, since he was pleased to mention this matter first, he must give me leave, the next time I saw him, to read a letter I had from your grace in answer to one of mine, wherein I told you of such a report." He said "there was no need, for he firmly believed me." I answered, smiling, "that should not do, for I would never suffer a person for whom I had so great an esteem to lie under the least suspicion of anything wrong." Last Saturday, after dinner, I was again to wait on him. On that day of the week, my lord-keeper, my lord Rivers, and Mr. secretary St. John always used to dine with him before this accident; and sometimes they used to let me be of the company. This was the first Saturday they had met since his recovery; and I was in such joy to see the old club met again, that it affects me still, as your grace sees by my impertinence in mixing it with an account that only relates to yourself. I read those parts of your letter to him which I thought proper, and both he and the

company did very frankly acquit your grace; and Mr. Harley, in particular, spoke a good deal of his respect and esteem for you: and then he repeated "that it was no new thing to receive lies from Ireland:" which I doubt is so true, that no man of distinction in that kingdom is safe; and I wish it were possible to take some course to prevent the evil.

As for libels upon your grace, bating my concern for the souls of the writers, I should give you joy of them. You would less deserve your station if knaves and fools did not hate you; and while these sects continue, may your grace and all good men be the object of their aversion!

My lord-keeper, Mr. Harley, and one or two more, are immediately to be made peers: the town has been expecting it for some time, although the court make it yet a secret: but I can assure your grace of the truth, for the preambles to their patents are now drawing, and I saw a very handsome one for Mr. Harley. You'll please not to mention this particular, although it will be soon public, but it is yet kept mighty private. Mr. Harley is to be lord-treasurer. Perhaps before the post leaves this town all this will be openly told, and then I may be laughed at for being so mysterious; but so capricious are great men in their secrets. The first authentic assurances I had of these promotions was last Sunday; though the expectation has been strong for above a month. We suppose likewise that many changes will be made in the employments as soon as the session ends, which will be, I believe, in less than a fortnight.

Poor sir Cholmondeley Dering, of Kent, was yesterday in a duel shot through the body by one Mr. Thornhill, in Tothilfields, and died in some hours.

I never mention anything of the first-fruits either to Mr. Harley or the duke of Ormond. If it be done before his grace goes over, it is well, and there's an end: if not, I shall have the best opportunity of doing it in his absence. If I should speak of it now, perhaps it would be so contrived as to hinder me from soliciting it afterward: but as soon as the duke is gone, I shall learn at the treasury what he has done in it. I have been at this town this fortnight for my health, and to be under a necessity of walking to and from London every day. But your grace will please still to direct your letters under cover to Mr. Lewis. I am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and obliged humble servant.

TO MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

Chelsea, May 11, 1711.

SIR,—Being convinced by certain ominous prognostics, that my life is too short to permit me the honor of ever dining another Saturday, with *sir Simon Harcourt, knight*, or *Robert Harley, esq.*, I beg I may take the last farewell of those two gentlemen to-morrow.[1] I made this request on Saturday last, unfortunately after you were gone; and they, like great statesmen, pretended they could do nothing in it without your consent; particularly my lord-keeper, as a lawyer, raised innumerable difficulties, although I submitted to allow you an hour's whispering before dinner and an hour after. My lord Rivers would not offer one word in my behalf, pretending he himself was but a tolerated person. The keeper alleged, "You could do nothing but when all three were capitularly met," as if you could never open but like a parish chest, with the three keys together. It grieves me to see the present ministry thus confederated to pull down my great spirit. Pray, sir, find an expedient. Finding expedients is the business of secretaries of state. I will yield to any reasonable conditions not below my dignity. I will not find fault with the victuals; I will restore the water-glass that I stole, and solicit for my lord-keeper's salary. And, sir, to show you I am not a person to be safely injured, if you dare refuse me justice in this point, I will appear before you in a pudding-sleeve gown, I will disparage your snuff, write a lampoon upon Nably Car, dine with you upon a foreign post-day; nay, I will read verses in your presence until you snatch them out of my hands. Therefore, pray, sir, take pity upon me and yourself; and believe me to be, with great respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, July 12, 1711.

MY LORD,—I now conceive your grace begins to be a busy person in council and parliament and convocation; and perhaps may be content to be diverted now and then by an idle letter from hence. We have an empty town, the queen being settled at Windsor, and the ministers often there. We are so weary with expecting further removals, that we begin to drop the discourse; neither am I sure whether those in power may not differ a little in opinion as to the matter. However, it seems generally agreed that there will

[1] Harley was to be created earl of Oxford, and Sir Simon Harcourt baron Harcourt.

be many changes before next session, and that it is necessary there should be some. My lord Peterborough has been some time returned, and I have had a good deal of talk with him, or rather he has talked a good deal to me. He is mightily discontented with what I writ to him, and which he finds to be true, that there seems a general disposition among us towards a peace. He thinks his successful negotiations with the emperor and the duke of Savoy have put us in a better condition than ever to continue the war, and will engage to convince me that Spain is yet to be had if we take proper measures. Your grace knows he is a person of great talents, but dashed with something restless and capricious in his nature. He told me he came over without being recalled, and without one servant, having scattered them in several parts of Germany. I doubt he will not have credit enough with the ministry to make them follow his plans; and he is such a sort of person as may give good advice which wise men may reasonably refuse to follow. It seems to me that the ministry lie under a grievous dilemma, from the difficulty of continuing the war and the danger of an ill peace; which I doubt whether all their credit with the queen and country would support them under; but my lord-treasurer is a stranger to fear, and has all that courage which innocence and good sense can give a man, and the most free from avarice of any one living, both which are absolutely necessary for his station in this juncture. He was saying a thing to me some days ago, which I believe is the great maxim he proceeds by, that wisdom in public affairs was not, what is commonly believed, the forming of schemes with remote views, but the making use of such incidents as happen. It was thought my lord Mar would have succeeded as secretary upon the duke of Queensberry's death; but the court seems now disposed to have no third secretary, which was a useless charge. The queen has been extremely ill, so as for four-and-twenty hours people were in great pain; but she has been since much better, and voided abundance of gravel, &c.

Our expedition under Mr. Hill [brother to Mrs. Masham] is said to be towards the South Seas; but nothing is known: I told a great man, who is deepest in the project of it, that I had no good opinion of these expeditions, which hitherto never succeeded with us. He said he would venture ten to one upon the success of it, provided no ill accident happened by storms; and that it was concerted with three or four great princes abroad.

As to the first-fruits, I must inform your grace that the whole affair lies exactly as it did for some months past. The duke and his people never thought, or at least never meddled in it, until some days before they went, and then they were told it was already done; and my lord-treasurer directed that it should be an instruction to the lord-lieutenant to mention in his speech to parliament that the queen had done it, &c. But they took no sort of care to finish the matter, and carry the instrument over with them, which they might have done had they begun timely and applied themselves; and, as the bishops superseded me, I did not presume to meddle further in it; but I think this may be a lesson, that in all such cases as these it is necessary to have some good solicitor, and not leave things wholly to great men; nay, so little did the duke engage in this matter, that my lord-treasurer told me yesterday (although that is a secret) that the very draught they had made upon my application was someway or other mislaid between the queen and himself, and could not be found; but, however, that another should soon be drawn: and his lordship commanded me to inform your grace, and my lords the bishops, that, with the first convenience, the instrument should be prepared and sent over, which your grace will please to let them know. I was of opinion with my lord-treasurer that it should be done by a deed from the queen, without an act of parliament, and that the bishops should be made a corporation for the management of it. Your grace sees I write with much freedom, because I am sure I can do it safely.

I have been engaging my lord-treasurer, and the other great men, in a project of my own, which they tell me they will embrace, especially his lordship. He is to erect some kind of society, or academy, under the patronage of the ministers and protection of the queen, for correcting, enlarging, polishing, and fixing our language. The methods must be left to the society; only I am writing a letter to my lord-treasurer, by way of proposals, and some general hints, which I design to publish, and he expects from me. All this may come to nothing, although I find the ingenious and learned men of all my acquaintance fall readily in with it; and so I hope will your grace, if the design can be well executed I would desire, at leisure, some of your grace's thoughts on this matter.

I hope your grace will take advantage of the times, and see whether your violent house of commons will fall in with some good

law for the benefit of the church, as their much betters have done it here: and I think the convocation could not be better employed than in considering what good law is wanting for the church, and endeavor to have it passed, rather than in brangling upon trifles. The church has so few happy occasions, that we ought to let none of them slip. I take up too much of your grace's time; and, therefore, begging your prayers and blessings, I remain, with the greatest respect, your grace's most dutiful humble servant.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, August 15, 1711.

My Lord,—I have been at Windsor a fortnight, from whence I returned two days ago, and met a letter at my lodgings from your grace, dated July 25. I was told it was sent to Mr. Manly's house, (your postmaster's son,) and by him to me: so that I suppose your grace did not direct to Mr. Lewis as formerly, otherwise I should have had it at Windsor. The ministers go usually down to Windsor on Saturday, and return on Monday or Tuesday following. I had little opportunity of talking with my lord-treasurer, seeing him only at court, or at supper at third places, or in much company at his own lodgings. Yesterday I went to visit him after dinner, but did not stay above an hour, because business called him out. I read to him that part of your grace's letter which expresses your grace's respects to him, and he received them perfectly well. He told me "he had lately received a letter from the bishops of Ireland, subscribed (as I remember) by seventeen, acknowledging his favor about the first-fruits." I told his lordship "that some people in Ireland doubted whether the queen had granted them before the duke of Ormond was declared lieutenant."—"Yes," he said, "sure I remembered it was immediately upon my application." I said, "I heard the duke himself took no merit on that account." He answered, "No, he was sure he did not; he was the honestest gentleman alive; but," said he, "it is the queen that did it, and she alone shall have the merit."

And I must be so free as to tell your grace that the grudging, ungrateful manner of some people, which upon several occasions I could not but give him hints of for my justification, has not been prudent. I am sure it has hindered me from any thoughts of pursuing another affair of yet greater consequence, which I had good hopes of compassing. What can be the matter with those people?

do I ask either money or thanks of them? have I done any hurt to the business? My lord-treasurer told me he had sent the letter over about the first-fruits. I never inquired into the particulars: he says he will very soon answer the bishops' letter to himself, and will show me both letter and answer: but I shall not put him in mind unless he remembers it of his own accord. Nor, with great submission to your grace, can I prevail on my own pride to desire he would make any mention of me in his answer. Your grace is convinced that unless I write a heap of lies, the queen had granted that affair before my lord duke was named. I desire to convince nobody else; and, since the thing is done, it is not of any consequence who were instrumental in it. I could not forbear yesterday reminding my lord-treasurer of what I said to Mr. Southwell before his lordship, when he came to take his leave before he went to Ireland; which was, that I hoped Mr. Southwell would let the bishops and clergy of Ireland know that my lord-treasurer had long since (before the duke was governor) prevailed on the queen to remit the first-fruits, &c., and that it was his lordship's work, as the grant of the same favor in England had formerly been. My lord-treasurer did then acknowledge it before Mr. Southwell, and I think Mr. Southwell should have acted accordingly; but there is a great deal of ignorance as well as ill will in all this matter. The duke of Ormond himself, had he engaged in it, could only act as a solicitor. Everybody knows that the lord-treasurer, in such cases, must be applied to (and only he) by the greatest persons. I should think the people of Ireland might rather be pleased to see one of their own country able to find some credit at court, and in a capacity to serve them, especially one who does it without any other prospect than that of serving them. I know not any of the bishops from whom I can expect any favor, and there are not many upon whom a man of any figure could have such designs: but I will be revenged; for whenever it lies in my power I will serve the church and kingdom, although they should use me much worse. I shall dine tomorrow with the lord-treasurer, and perhaps I may then see the answer he is to write. I thought to have sent this letter away tonight, but I have been interrupted by business. I go to Windsor again on Saturday for a day or two, but I will leave this behind to be sent to the post.

August 21. I had wrote thus far, and was forced to leave off, being hurried away to Windsor by my lord-treasurer, from whence

I returned but last night. His lordship gave me a paper, which he said he had promised me. I put it in my pocket, thinking it was about something else we had been talking over; and I never looked into it until just now, when I find it to be my lord-primate's letter to his lordship, with an enclosed one from the bishops. With submission, I take it to be dry enough, although I shall not tell his lordship so. They say, "they are informed his lordship had a great part in," &c. I think they should either have told who it was informed them so, since it was a person commissioned by themselves, or at least have said they were assured. And as for those words, a great part, I know nobody else had any except the queen herself. I cannot tell whether my lord has writ an answer, having said nothing to him of it since he gave me the letters; nor shall I desire to see it.

As to the convocation, I remember both my lord-treasurer and Mr. St. John spoke to me about the matter, and were of the same opinion with your grace, that it was wholly in the queen's choice. I excused giving my opinion, being wholly uninformed: and I have heard nothing of it since.

My lord-keeper gave me yesterday a bundle of Irish votes at Windsor, and we talked a good deal about the quarrels between the lords and commons: I say the fault lay in not dissolving the parliament; which I had mentioned to the duke of Ormond, and often to some of those who were thought to have most credit with him. But they seemed to believe, as I did, that any Irish parliament would yield to anything that any chief governor pleased, and so it would be a needless trouble.

We reckon for certain that Mr. Hill with his fleet is gone to Quebec.

Mrs. Masham is every minute expecting to lie in. Pray God preserve her life, which is of great importance. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

The queen has got a light fit of the gout. The privy-seal is not yet disposed of.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

August 26, 1711.

My Lord, — Perhaps you will be content to know some circumstances of affairs here. The duke of Somerset usually leaves Windsor on Saturday, when the ministers go down thither, and returns

not till they are gone. On Saturday sevennight, contrary to custom, he was at Windsor, and a cabinet-council was to be held at night; but after waiting a long time, word was brought out that there would be no cabinet. Next day it was held, and then the duke went to a horse-race about three miles off. This began to be whispered; and at my return to town they had got it in the city; but not the reason; which was, that Mr. secretary St. John refused to sit if the duke was there. Last Sunday the duke was there again, but did not offer to come to the cabinet, which was held without him. I hear the duke was advised by his friends of the other party to take this step. The secretary said to some of his acquaintance that he would not sit with a man who had so often betrayed them, &c. You know the duchess of Somerset is a great favorite, and has got the duchess of Marlborough's key. She is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue: and will, I believe, do what ill offices she can to the secretary. They would have hindered her coming in; but the queen said, "If it were so that she could not have what servants she liked, she did not find how her condition was mended. I take the safety of the present ministry to consist in the agreement of three great men, lord-keeper, lord-treasurer, and Mr. Secretary; and so I have often told them together, between jest and earnest, and two of them separately with more seriousness. And I think they entirely love one another, as their differences are not of weight to break their union. They vary a little about the notions of a certain general. I will not say more at this distance. I do not see well how they can be without the secretary, who has very great abilities both for the cabinet and parliament. The Tories in the city are a little discontented that no further changes are made in employments, of which I cannot learn the secret, although I have heard several, and from such who might tell the true one if they would: one is, that lord-treasurer professes he is at a loss to find persons qualified for several places: another, (which is less believed,) that the queen interposes: a third, that it is a trimming disposition. I am apt to think that he finds the call for employments greater than he can answer if there were five times as many to dispose of; and I know particularly that he dislikes very much the notion of people, that every one is to be turned out. The treasurer is much the greatest minister I ever knew; regular in life, with a true sense of religion, an excellent scholar, and a good divine, of a very mild and affable disposition, intrepid in his notions

and indefatigable in business, an utter despiser of money for himself, yet frugal (perhaps to an extremity) for the public. In private company he is wholly disengaged and very facetious, like one who has no business at all. He never wants a reserve upon any emergency which would appear desperate to others; and makes little use of those thousand projectors and schematists who are daily plying him with their visions, but to be thoroughly convinced, by the comparison, that his own notions are the best. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect, your grace's most obedient, &c.

TO DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

[DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH.]

September 1, 1711.

SIR,—I congratulate with the college, the university, and the kingdom, and condole with myself upon your new dignity.[1] The virtue I would affect by putting my own interests out of the case has failed me in this juncture. I only consider that I shall want your conversation, your friendship, your protection, and your good offices when I can least spare them.[2] I would have come among the crowd of those who make you compliments on this occasion, if I could have brought a cheerful countenance with me. I am full of envy. It is too much in so bad an age for a person so inclined, and so able to do good, to have so great a scene of showing his inclination and abilities.

If great ministers take up this exploded custom of rewarding merit, I must retire to Ireland and wait for better times. The college and you ought to pray for another change at court, otherwise I can easily foretell that their joy and your quiet will be short. Let me advise you to place your books in movable cases: lay in no great stock of wine, nor make any great alterations in your lodgings at Christ Church, unless you are sure they are such as your successor will approve and pay for. I am afraid the poor college little thinks of this,

"Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ."

I am going to Windsor with Mr. Secretary, and hope to wait on you either at Bridewell or Chelsea. I am, with great respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant.

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[1] The deanery of Christ Church.

[2] As the intimacy between these two great men had not then been of long standing, it may be amusing to trace its rise and progress, for which see *Journal to Stella*, April 26, 1711 — February 24, 1712.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Windsor Castle, October 1, 1711.

My Lord,—I had the honor of a long letter from your grace about a month ago, which I forebore acknowledging sooner, because I have been ever since perpetually tossed between this and London, and partly because there had nothing happened that might make a letter worthy the perusal. It is the opinion of some great persons here that the words which the house of commons took amiss in your address might very well bear an application that concerned only my lord Wharton. I find they are against my opinion that a new parliament should have been called; but all agree it must now be dissolved: but, in short, we are so extremely busy here that nothing of Ireland is talked on above a day or two; that of the city election I have oftenest heard of; and the proceeding of your court in it, it is thought, might have been wiser. I find your grace seems to be of my opinion, and so I told my lord-treasurer. I think your Kilmainham project of an address was a very foolish one, and that for the reason of those who were against it. I hope Ireland will soon be equally convinced with us here that, if the pretender be in anybody's thoughts, it is of those they least dream, and who now are in no condition of doing mischief to any but themselves. As for your convocation, I believe everything there will terminate in good wishes. You can do nothing now, and will not meet again these two years; and then, I suppose, only to give money, and away. There should, methinks, in the interval, be some proposals considered and agreed upon by the bishops and principal men of the clergy to have all ready against the next meeting; and even that I despair of, for a thousand reasons too tedious to mention.

My admiring at the odd proceedings of those among the bishops and clergy who are angry with me for getting their first-fruits was but a form of speech. I cannot sincerely wonder at any proceedings in numbers of men, and especially (I must venture to say so) in Ireland. Meantime, it is a good jest to hear my lord-treasurer saying, often before a deal of company, "that it was I that got the clergy of Ireland their first-fruits;" and generally with this addition, "that it was before the duke of Ormond was declared lord-lieutenant." His lordship has long designed an answer to the letter he received from the bishops; he has told me ten times "he would do it to-morrow." He goes to London this day, but I continue here for a week. I shall refresh his memory, and engage my lord Harley his son to do so too.

I suppose your grace cannot but hear in general of some steps that are making toward a peace. There came out some time ago an account of Mr. Prior's journey to France, pretended to be a translation: it is a pure invention from the beginning to the end. I will let your grace into the secret of it. The clamors of a party against any peace without Spain, and railing at the ministry as if they designed to ruin us, occasioned that production, out of indignity and contempt, by way of furnishing fools something to talk of; and it has had a very great effect. Meantime, your grace may count that a peace is going forward very fast. Mr. Prior was actually in France; and there are now two ministers [Mons. Menager and the abbé du Bois] from that court in London, which you may be pretty sure of, if you believe what I tell you, that I supped with them myself in the house where I am now writing, Saturday last; neither do I find it to be a very great secret; for there were two gentlemen more with us beside the inviter. However, I desire your grace to say nothing of it, because it may look like lightness in me to tell it: Mr. Prior was with us too, but what their names are I cannot tell; for I believe those they passed by when I was there are not their real ones. All matters are agreed between France and us, and very much to the advantage and honor of England; but I believe no further steps will be taken without giving notice to the allies. I do not tell your grace one syllable as coming from any great minister; and therefore I do not betray them. But there are other ways of picking out things in a court; however, I must desire you will not discover any of these little particulars, nor cite me upon any account at all; for great men may think I tell things from them, although I have them from other hands; in which last case only, I venture to repeat them to one I can confide in, and one at so great a distance as your grace.

I humbly thank your grace for the good opinion you are pleased to have of me; and for your advice, which seems to be wholly grounded on it. As to the first, which relates to my fortune, I shall never be able to make myself believed how indifferent I am about it. I sometimes have the pleasure of making that of others; and I fear it is too great a pleasure to be a virtue, at least in me. Perhaps in Ireland I may not be able to prevent contempt any other way than by making my fortune; but then it is my comfort that contempt in Ireland will be no sort of mortification to me. When I was last in Ireland I was above half the time retired to one scurvy

acre of ground, and I always left it with regret. I am as well received and known at court as perhaps any man ever was of my level; I have formerly been the like. I left it then, and will perhaps leave it now (when they please to let me), without any concern but what a few months will remove. It is my maxim to leave great ministers to do as they please; and if I cannot distinguish myself enough by being useful in such a way as becomes a man of conscience and honor, I can do no more; for I never will solicit for myself, although I often do for others.

The other part of your grace's advice, to be some way useful to the church and the public by any talent you are pleased to think I possess, is the only thing for which I should desire some settlement that would make me full master of my time. I have often thought of some subjects, wherein I believe I might succeed; but, my lord, to ask a man floating at sea what he designed to do when he goes on shore is too hasty a question; let him get there first, and rest and dry himself, and then look about him. I have been pretty well known to several great men in my life; and it was their duty, if they thought I might have been of use, to put me into a capacity for it; but I never yet knew one great man in my life who was not every day swayed by other motives in distributing his favors, whatever resolutions he had pretended to make to the contrary. I was saying a thing the other day to my lord-keeper, which he approved of, and which I believe may be the reason of this: it was, "that persons of transcendent merit forced their way in spite of all obstacles; but those whose merit was of a second, third, or fourth rate, were seldom able to do anything because the knaves and dunces of the world had all the impudence, assiduity, flattery, and servile compliance divided among them, which kept them perpetually in the way, and engaged everybody to be their solicitors." I was asking a great minister, a month ago, "how he could possibly happen to pick out a certain person to employ in a commission of discovering abuses, who was the most notorious for the constant practice of the greatest abuses in that very kind, and was very well known not to be at all reformed?" He said, "he knew all this; but what would I have him to do?" I answered, "Send any one of your footmen, and command him to choose out the first likely genteel fellow he sees in the streets; for such a one might possibly be honest, but he was sure the other was not, and yet they have employed him."

I promise your grace that this shall be the last sally I shall ever

make to a court, and that I will return as soon as I can have leave. I have no great pleasure in my present manner of living, often involved in things that perplex me very much, and which try my patience to the utmost; teazed every day by solictors, who have so little sense as to think I have either credit or inclination to be theirs, although they see I am able to get nothing for myself. But I find I am grown very tedious, and therefore conclude, with the greatest respect, my lord, &c.

TO MR. ——, AT LYNN,

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. LONG.

London, December 26, 1711.

SIR,—That you may not be surprised with a letter utterly unknown to you, I will tell you the occasion of it. The lady who lived near two years in your neighborhood, and whom you was so kind to visit under the name of Mrs. Smyth, was Mrs. Anne Long, sister to sir James Long, and niece of colonel Strangeways: she was of as good a private family as most in England, and had every valuable quality of body and mind that could make a lady loved and esteemed. Accordingly she was always valued here above most of her sex, and by most distinguished persons. But, by the unkindness of her friends, and the generosity of her own nature, and depending upon the death of a very old grandmother, which did not happen till it was too late, contracted some debts that made her uneasy here, and in order to clear them was content to retire unknown to your town, where I fear her death has been hastened by melancholy, and perhaps the want of such assistance as she might have found here. I thought fit to signify this to you, partly to let you know how valuable a person you have lost, but chiefly to desire that you will please to bury her in some part of your church near a wall where a plain marble stone may be fixed, as a poor monument for one who deserved so well, and which, if God sends me life, I hope one day to place there, if no other of her friends will think fit to do it. I had the honor of an intimate acquaintance with her, and was never so sensibly touched with any one's death as with hers. Neither did I ever know a person of either sex with more virtues or fewer infirmities: the only one she had, which was the neglect of her own affairs, arising wholly from the goodness of her temper. I write not this to you at all as a secret, but am content your town should know what an excellent person they have had

among them. If you visited her any short time before her death, or knew any particulars about it, or of the state of her mind or the nature of her disease, I beg you will be so obliging to inform me; for the letter we have seen from her poor maid is so imperfect, by her grief for the death of so good a lady, that it only tells the time of her death; and your letter may, if you please, be directed to Dr. Swift, and put under a cover, which cover may be directed to Erasmus Lewis, esq., at the earl of Dartmouth's office at Whitehall. I hope you will forgive this trouble for the occasion of it, and give some allowances to so great a loss, not only to me, but to all who have any regard for every perfection that human nature can possess; and if any way I can serve or oblige you, I shall be glad of an opportunity of obeying your commands. I am, &c.

TO DR. STERNE.

London, December 29, 1711.

SIR,—The reason I have not troubled you this long time with my letters was, because I would not disturb the quiet you live in, and which the greatest and wisest men here would envy if they knew; and which it is one part of your happiness that they do not. I have often sent the archbishop political letters, of which I suppose you have had part. I have some weeks ago received a letter from his grace, which I design to acknowledge in a short time, (as I desire you will please to tell him,) when things here come to some issue; and so we expect they will do in a little time. You know what an unexpected thing fell out the first day of this session in the house of lords, by the caprice, discontent, or some worse motive, of the earl of Nottingham.

In above twenty years that I have known something of courts, I never observed so many odd, dark, unaccountable circumstances in any public affair. A majority against the court, carried by five or six depending lords, who owed the best of their bread to pensions from the court, and who were told by the public enemy that what they did would be pleasing to the queen, though it was openly levelled against the first minister's head: again, those whose purse-strings and heart-strings were the same, all on a sudden scattering their money to bribe votes; a lord, [earl of Nottingham,] who had been so far always a Tory as often to be thought in the pretender's interest, giving his vote for the ruin of all his old friends, caressed by those Whigs who hated and abhorred him; the Whigs all chiming

in with a bill against occasional conformity; and the very dissenting ministers agreeing to it for reasons that nobody alive can tell; a resolution of breaking the treaty of peace, without any possible scheme for continuing the war; and all this owing to a doubtfulness or inconstancy in one certain quarter, which, at this distance, I dare not describe. Neither do I find any one person, though deepest in affairs, who can tell what steps to take. On January the 2nd the house of lords is to meet, and it is expected they will go on in their votes and addresses against a peace.

On the other side, we are endeavoring to get a majority, and have called up two earls' sons to the house of peers: and I thought six more would have been called, and perhaps they may before Wednesday. We expect the duke of Somerset and lord Cholmondeley will lose their places; but it is not yet done, and we wish for one more change at court, which you must guess. To know upon what small circumstances, and by what degress, this change has been brought about, would require a great deal more than I can or dare write.

There is not one which I did not give warning of, to those chiefly concerned, many months ago; and so did some others, for they were visible enough. This must infallibly end either in an entire change of measures and ministry, or in a firm establishment of our side. Delay and tenderness to an inveterate party have been very instrumental to this ill state of affairs. They tell me you in Ireland are furious against a peace; and it is a great jest to see people in Ireland furious for or against anything.

I hope to see you in spring, when travelling weather comes on. But I have a mind to see the issue of this session. I reckon your hands are now out of mortar, and that your garden is finished: and I suppose you have now one or two 50*l.* ready for books, which I will lay out for you if you will give me directions.

I have increased my own library very considerably; I mean as far as one 50*l.*, which is very considerable for me. I have just had a letter from the St. Mary ladies, &c. [Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.] I thought they were both dead; but find they sometimes drink your claret still, and win your money. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

P. S. I had sealed my letter, but have broke it open, to tell you, and all that love the church and crown, that all things are now well. The queen has turned out the duke of Somerset, and has

created twelve new lords, of which three are peers' eldest sons, the rest new created; so that a majority is past dispute. We are all in the greatest joy imaginable to find her majesty declare herself so seasonably.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, January 8, 1712.

My Lord, — I cannot in conscience take up your grace's time with an empty letter; and it is not every day one can furnish what will be worth your reading. I had all your grace's packets; and I humbly thank your grace for your good instructions to me, which I shall observe as soon as ever it shall please God to put me into a way of life where I can have leisure for such speculations.

In above twenty years that I have known something of courts and ministers I never saw so strange and odd a complicated disposition of affairs as what we have had for six weeks past. The facts your grace may have met with in every common newspaper; but the springs of them are hardly discoverable, even by those who had most opportunity of observing. Neither do I find those who should know best agree upon the matter. There is a perpetual trial of skill between those who are out and those who are in; and the former are generally most industrious at watching opportunities. Last September, at Windsor, the duke of Somerset,[1] who had not been at cabinet-council for many months, was advised by his friends of the late ministry to appear there, but the rest refused to sit with him; and the council was put off until next day, when the duke went to a horse-race. This was declaring open war; and ever since both he and his duchess (who is in great favor) have been using all sorts of means to break the present ministry. Mrs. Masham was absent two months from Windsor, with lying-in at Kensington, and my lord-treasurer six weeks by indisposition. Some time before the session the duke above mentioned went to all those lords who, by the narrowness of their fortunes, have depended on the court, and engaged them to vote against the ministry by assuring them it was the queen's pleasure. He is said to have added other powerful motives. Baron Bothmar's memorial was published just at that juncture, as Hoffman, the emperor's resident, had some time before printed the French king's propositions. It is confidently affirmed, by those who should know, that money was plentifully

[1] This happened August 12, 1711.

scattered. By these and some other accidents, the vote was carried against the ministry; and everybody of either party understood the thing as intended directly against my lord-treasurer's [illegible] house of lords made a very short adjournment, and were preparing some resolutions and addresses of the most dangerous importance. We had a very melancholy Christmas, and the most fearless persons were shaken: for our great danger lay where I cannot tell your grace at this distance. The thing wished for was, the removal of the Somerset family; but that could not be done, nor yet is. After some time the queen declared herself as you have heard, and twelve new lords were created.

My lord Nottingham's game in this affair has been most talked of, and several hard things said of him are affirmed to be true. The dissenting ministers in this town were consulted about the occasional bill, and agreed to it, for what reasons I cannot learn; that which is offered not satisfying me that they were afraid of worse. I believe they expected an entire change of ministry and measures, and a new parliament, by which it might be repealed, and have instead some law to their advantage. The duke of Marlborough's removal has passed very silently; the particular reasons for it I must tell your grace some other time: but how it will pass abroad I cannot answer. People on both sides conclude from it that the peace is certain; but the conclusion is ill drawn: the thing would have been done although we had been sure of continuing the war. We are terribly afraid of prince Eugene's coming, and therefore it was put off until the resolutions were taken. Before he came out of his yacht, he asked how many lords were made? He was a quarter of an hour with the queen on Sunday about seven at night. The great men resolve to entertain him in their turns; and we suppose it will all end in a journey of pleasure. We are so confidently told of the duke of Somerset's being out, that I writ so to the dean of St. Patrick's. A man of quality told me he had it from my lord-keeper, whom I asked next day, and found it a mistake; but it is impossible to fence against all lies; however, it is still expected that the duke will be out, and that many other removes will be made. Lord Ranelagh[1] died on Sunday morning: he was very poor and needy, and could hardly support himself for want of a pension which used to be paid him, and which his friends solicited

[1] Richard Jones, baron Jones of Navan, and viscount Ranelagh, created earl of Ranelagh, December 11, 1677.

as a thing of perfect charity. He died hard, as the term of art [illegible] ss the woful state of men who discover no religion [illegible] eath.

The town talk is, that the duke of Ormond will go no more to Ireland, but be succeeded by the duke of Shrewsbury, who is a very great and excellent person; and I will hold a wager that your grace will be an admirer of his duchess: if they go, I will certainly order her to make all advances to you: but this is only a general report, of which they know nothing at court, although I think it not altogether improbable.

We have yet heard nothing of my lord-privy-seal. Buys, the Dutch envoy, went to Holland, I think, at the same time. Buys is a great pretender to politics, and always leaves the company with great expressions of satisfaction that he has convinced them all: he took much pains to persuade me out of some opinions; and, although all he said did but fix me deeper, he told the ministry how successful he had been. I have got poor Dr. King, who was some time in Ireland, to be gazetteer, which will be worth 250*l.* per annum to him if he be diligent and sober, for which I am engaged. I mention this because I think he was under your grace's protection when he was in Ireland.

By what I gather from Mr. Southwell, I believe your grace stands very well with the duke of Ormond; and it is one great addition to my esteem for Mr. Southwell that he is entirely your grace's friend and humble servant, delighting to do you justice upon all occasions. I am, with the greatest respect, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, March 29, 1712.

My Lord,—I cannot ask pardon for not sooner acknowledging your grace's letter, because that would look as if I thought mine were of consequence. Either I grow weary of politics, or am out of the way of them, or there is less stirring than usual; and, indeed, we are all in suspense at present; but I am told that in ten or twelve days' time we shall know what the issue will be at Utrecht. I can only tell your grace that there are some unlucky circumstances, not proper to be trusted to a letter, which have hitherto retarded this great work; *Mihi ludibria rerum mortalium cunctis in negotiis observantur.* Meantime, we are with great difficulty raising funds

upon which to borrow 5,000,000*l.* One of those f[illegible] upon paper, and I think 30 per cent. upon imported books, [illegible] a nature as I could not yesterday forbear saying to my lord-treasurer and the chancellor of the exchequer that, instead of preventing small papers and libels, it will leave nothing else for the press. I have not talked to the duke of Argyll upon the affairs of Spain since his return; but am told he affirms it impossible for us to carry on the war there by our former methods. The duke of Ormond is expected to go in two or three days for Flanders; and what I writ to your grace, some months ago, of the duke of Shrewsbury succeeding to govern Ireland, will, I suppose, be soon declared. I was the other day to see the duchess, and reported your grace's compliments, which she took very well; and I told her I was resolved your grace and she should be very good acquaintance. I believe the spirit of your houghers has got into our mohawks, who are still very troublesome, and every night cut somebody or other over the face, and commit a hundred insolent barbarities.

There was never the least design of any impeachment against the duke of Marlborough; and it was his own great weakness, or the folly of his friends, that the thing went so far as it did.

I know not whether it is that people have talked themselves hoarse; but, for some weeks past, we have heard less of the pretender than formerly. I suppose it is, like a fashion, got into Ireland when it is out here: but in my conscience I do not think any one person in the court or ministry here designs any more to bring in the pretender than the great Turk. I hope Mr. Harley, who is now on his journey to Hanover, will give that court a truer opinion of persons and things than they have hitherto conceived. And, if your grace knew the instrument through which these false opinions have been infused, you would allow it another instance of the *Ludibrium rerum mortalium.* And your grace cannot but agree that it is something singular for the prince in possession to make perpetual advances, and the presumptive heir to be standing off and suspicious.

I know not whether your grace has considered the position that my lord-treasurer is visibly in. The late ministry and their adherents confess themselves fully resolved to have his head whenever it is in their power; and were prepared, upon the beginning of the sessions, when the vote was carried against any peace without Spain, to move that he should be sent to the Tower: at the same

time his friends, and the Tories in general, are discontented at his [illegible] the changing of commissions and employments, to which [illegible] weakness of the court interest in the house of lords is wholly imputed: neither do I find that those in the greatest stations, or most in the confidence of my lord-treasurer, are able to account for this proceeding, or seem satisfied with it. I have endeavored to solve this difficulty another way; and I fancy I am in the right, from words I have heard let fall: but, whatever be the cause, the consequences may be dangerous.

The queen is in very good health, but does not use so much exercise as she ought. Pray God preserve her many years!

A projector has lately applied to me to recommend him to the ministry about an invention for finding out the longitude. He has given in a petition to the queen by Mr. secretary St. John. I understand nothing of the mathematics; but I am told it is a thing as improbable as the philosopher's stone or perpetual motion.

I lately writ a letter of about thirty pages to lord-treasurer, by way of proposal for an academy, to correct, enlarge, and ascertain the English language. And he and I have named above twenty persons of both parties to be members. I will shortly print the letter, and I hope something will come of it. Your grace sees I am a projector too. I am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, May 20, 1712.

My Lord,—When I had the honor of your grace's letter of March 27, I was lying ill of a cruel disorder, which still pursues me, although not with so much violence; and I hope your grace will pardon me, if you find my letter to be that of one who writes in pain. You see, my lord, how things are altered. The talk of a new governor for Ireland is dropped. The secret is, that the duke of Ormond had a promise of a pension, in case he lost his government; but my lord-treasurer is so excessively thrifty, that to save charges he lets the duke keep it; and, besides, there are some other circumstances, not proper for a letter, which have great weight in this matter. I count upon it, that whatever governor goes over under this ministry, a new parliament will be called. Yet I was told that the duke of Shrewsbury was pitched on, as a sort of medium between, &c. He is a person of admirable qualities; and if

he were somewhat more active and less timorous in business, no man would be thought comparable to him.

The moderate of the other party seem now content to have a peace, and all our talk and expectations are full of it: but I protest to your grace I know not what to write upon this subject, neither could I tell what to say if I had the honor to be with you. Upon lord Strafford's coming over, the stocks are fallen; although I expected, and, I thought, with reason, that they would rise. There is a trade between some here and some in Holland of secrets and lies; and there are some among us whose posts let them into an imperfect knowledge of things which they cannot conceal. This mixture makes up the town talk, governs the price of stocks, and has often a great deal of truth in it: besides, public affairs have often so many sudden turns and incidents, that even those behind the curtain can hardly pronounce for a week. I am sensible that I have often deceived your grace with my wise innuendos. Yet I verily think that my intelligence was very right at the moment I sent it. If I had writ to your grace six days ago, I would have ventured to have given you hopes that a peace would soon appear, and upon conditions wholly surprising and unexpected. I say this to you wholly in confidence; and I know nothing yet to change my opinion, except the desponding talk of the town; for I see nothing yet in the countenances of the ministers. It seems generally agreed that the present dauphin cannot live, and upon that depend many measures to be taken. This afternoon the bill for appointing commissioners to inquire into the grants, &c., was thrown out of the house of lords, the voices being equal, which is a great disappointment to the court, and matter of triumph to the other party. But it may possibly be of the worst consequence to the grants next session, when it is probable the ministry will be better settled, and able to procure a majority. I am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

TO MRS. HILL.[1]

July, 1712.

MADAM,—I was commanded some days ago to do what I had long a mind to, but avoided, because I would not offend your prudence or strain your eyes. But my lord Masham assures me there is no danger of either; and that you have courage enough to read

[1] The wife of General Hill, and sister-in-law to the reigning favorite, Mrs. Masham.

a letter, though it comes from a man, provided it be one of no consequence, which his lordship would insinuate to be my case; but I hope you will not affront me so highly as to understand it so. There is not a grain of news in this town, or five miles about it, worth sending you; and what we receive from Windsor is full as insignificant, except the accounts of the queen's health and your housekeeping. We are assured that you keep a constant table, and that your guests leave you with full stomachs and full pockets; that Dr. Arbuthnot sometimes leaves his beloved green cloth to come and receive your chidings and pick up your money. We intend shortly to represent your case to my lord-treasurer, as what deserves commiseration: but we hope the matter is already settled between his lordship and you, and that you are instructed to be thus magnificent in order to carry on the cause. We reckon his lordship's life is now secure, since a combination of bandboxes and inkhorns, the engines of late times, were employed in vain to destroy him. He will do me the justice to tell you that I never fail of toasting you under the name of "the Governess of Dunkirk," and that you have the honor to be very particularly in my good graces. My lady Masham still continues in a doubtful state of neither up nor down; and one of her servants told mine, "that they did not expect she would cry out this fortnight." I saw yesterday our brother Hill,[1] who promises to be more thrifty of his health, and seems to have a pretty good stock of it. I hope you receive no visits from the headache and the spleen; and one who knows your constitution very well advises you by all means against sitting in the dusk at your window, or on the ground, leaning on your hand, or at seesaw in your chair. I am, madam, &c.

TO GENERAL HILL.[2]

Windsor Castle, August 12, 1712.

SIR,—With great difficulty I recovered your present of the finest box in France[3] out of the hands of Mrs. Hill: she allowed her own to be the prettiest, but that mine was the handsomest; and in short, she would part with neither. I pleaded my brotherhood, and got my lord and lady Masham to intercede; and at last she threw it me with a heavy sigh; but now it is in my possession, I wish you had

[1] An elder brother of the general.

[2] This gentleman was brother to lady Masham.

[3] This snuff-box, Swift informed Stella was allowed to be the finest in England, though it cost only 20*l.* The duchess of Hamilton made him a pocket to wear it in.

sent a paper of directions how I shall keep it. You that sit at your ease, and have nothing to do but keep Dunkirk, never consider the difficulties you have brought upon me: twenty ladies have threatened to seize or surprise my box; and what are twenty thousand French or Dutch in comparison of those? Mrs. Hill says it was a very idle thing in you to send such a present to a man who can neither punish nor reward you, since Grub-street is no more; for the parliament has killed all the muses of Grub-street, who, yet, in their last moments cried out nothing but Dunkirk. My lord-treasurer, who is the most malicious person in the world, says you ordered a goose to be drawn at the bottom of my box, as a reflection upon the clergy; and that I ought to resent it. But I am not angry at all, and his lordship observes by halves; for the goose is there drawn pecking at a snail, just as I do at him, to make him mend his pace in relation to the public, although it be hitherto in vain. And besides, Dr. Arbuthnot, who is a scholar, says "you meant it as a compliment for us both: that I am the goose who saved the Capitol by my cackling; and that his lordship is represented by the snail, because he preserves his country by delays." But my lord Masham is not to be endured: he observed, that in the picture of the inside, which represents a great company dancing, there stands a fool with the cap and bells; and he would needs understand that figure as applied to me. And the worst of it was, that I happened last night to be at my lady duchess of Shrewsbury's ball: where looking a little singular among so many fine ladies and gentlemen, his lordship came and whispered me to look at my box; which I resented so highly, that I went away in a rage without staying for supper. However, considering of it better after a night's sleep, I find all this is nothing but envy, and a design to make a quarrel between you and me: but it shall not do so; for I hope your intentions were good, however malice may represent them. And though I am used ill by all the family, who win my money and laugh at me; yet to vex them more I will forgive them for your sake; and as soon as I can break loose will come to Dunkirk for a fortnight, to get a little ease from my many persecutions by the Harleys, the Mashams, and the Hills: only I intend to change my habit, for fear colonel Kiligrew should mistake me for a chimney-sweeper. In the meantime, I wish you all success in your government, loyal French subjects, virtuous ladies, little champagne, and much health: and am, with

the truest respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient, humble servant and brother.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Kensington, September 30, 1712.

My Lord,—I have two or three times begun letters to your grace, and have torn what I writ, hoping I might send you something decisive about the peace. But all still continues to lie very loose, and I continue to be very desponding, although the people in affairs laugh at me for it. I have one plain maxim in dealing with those who have more cunning and less honesty than myself, which is, what we call keeping the staff in my own hand, and contriving that they shall trust me rather than I them. A man may reason until he is weary upon this proceeding of the Dutch. The soldiers tell me that the duke of Ormond could not possibly take possession of Dunkirk, since the foreign troops have refused to march, and that the States will not suffer us to go through their towns. But I had a whisper from one who should know best, "that Dunkirk might now have been ours if right methods had been taken." And another great man said to a friend of mine, about a fortnight ago, "that the least wrong step on that side the water might have very ill consequences at this juncture." Meantime the discontented party seems full of hopes, and many of the court side, beside myself, desponding enough. The necessity of laying the proposals before the parliament drew us into all this: for now we are in a manner pinned down, and cannot go back an inch with any good grace: so that, if the French play us foul, I dread the effects, which are too visible to doubt. And on the other side, if the peace goes smoothly on, I cannot but think that some severe inquiries will be made, and, I believe, upon very manifest grounds. If there be any secret in this matter of Dunkirk, it must be in very few hands; and those who most converse with men at the helm are, I am confident, very much in the dark. Some people go so far as to think that the Dutch will hinder even the English forces, under the duke of Ormond, from going by the French country to Dunkirk; but I cannot be of that opinion. We suppose a few days will decide this matter; and I believe your grace will agree that there was never a more nice conjuncture of affairs; however, the court appears to be very resolute: several changes have been made, and more are daily expected. The Dutch

are grown so unpopular, that I believe the queen might have addresses to stand by her against them with lives and fortunes.

I had your grace's letter of May 29, written in the time of your visiting; from which I hope you are returned with health and satisfaction.

The difficulties in the peace, by the accidents in the Bourbon family, are, as your grace observes, very great, and what indeed our ministers chiefly apprehended. But we think Philip's renouncing to be an effectual expedient; not out of any regard he would have for it, but because it will be the interest of every prince of the blood in France to keep him out, and because the Spaniards will never assist him to unite the two kingdoms.

I am in hopes yet that your grace may pay your treat: for it is yet four weeks to November, at least I believe we shall be happy or ruined before that time.

It is certain that there is something in what people say . . . . . But the court is so luckily constituted at present, that every man thinks the chief trust cannot be anywhere else so well placed; neither do I know above one man that would take it, and it is a great deal too soon for him to have such thoughts.

I humbly thank your grace for your concern about my health: I have still the remainder of some pains, which has partly occasioned my removing hither about three weeks ago. I was recommended to country air, and chose this because I could pass my time more agreeably near my friends at court. We think the queen will go to Windsor in three weeks; and I believe I shall be there most of the time I stay in England, which I intend until toward the end of summer.

My lord-treasurer has often promised he will advance my design of an academy; so have my lord-keeper and all the ministers; but they are now too busy to think of anything beside what they have upon the anvil. My lord-treasurer and I have already pitched upon twenty members of both parties; but perhaps it may all come to nothing.

If things continue as they are another session, perhaps your grace may see the bill of resuming the grants[1] carried on with a great deal more rigor than it lately was. It was only desired that the grantees should pay six years' purchase, and settle the remainder on them by act of parliament, and those grants are now

[1] This bill was thrown out of the house of parliament.

worse than other lands by more years' purchase than six; so that, in effect, they would have lost nothing. I am, with the greatest respect, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, October 21, 1712.

My Lord,—Since I had the honor of your grace's letter of July 29, which found me at Windsor, I have been extremely out of order with a giddiness in my head, which pursued me until very lately; but by an uneasy course of physic, I hope I have in some sort overcome it.

We are now in very near expectation of a peace; and your grace I hope will believe it as good a one as the circumstances of things would allow. I confess I agree with your grace that the great difficulty was about the danger of France and Spain being united under one king. To my knowledge all possible means have been taken to secure that matter: and yet, after all, the weakest side will be there. Renunciations by France have very justly so little credit, that I do not wonder so little weight is laid on them. But Spain, we are sure, will for their own sakes enter into all securities to prevent that union; and all the allies must be guarantees. If you still object that some danger still remains, what is to be done? Your grace is altogether misinformed if you think that this is at all the difficulty which so long made the Dutch untractable. It was nothing less: neither have they once mentioned, during all the negotiation at Utrecht, one syllable of getting Spain out of the Bourbon family, or into that of Austria, as the chief men have assured me not three days ago. Buys offered last winter to ease us immediately of the trouble we were in by lord Nottingham's vote, if we would consent to let them share with us in the advantages we had stipulated with France; which advantages, however, did by no means clash with Holland, and were only conditional, if peace should ensue. But, my lord, we know further, that the Dutch made offers to treat with France before we received any from thence; and were refused upon the ill-usage they gave Mr. Torcy at the Hague, and the abbé de Polignac afterward at Gertruydenberg: and we know that Torcy would have been forced to apply to them again, if, after several refusals, we had not hearkened to their overtures. What I tell your grace is infallibly true; and care shall be taken very soon to satisfy the world in this and many other particulars at large which ought

to be known; for the kingdom is very much in the dark, after all the pains hitherto taken to inform it. Your grace's conjectures are very right, that a general peace would not be for our interest, if we had made ours with France. And I remember a certain great man used to say two months ago, "Fight on, fight on, my merry men all." I believe likewise that such a peace would have happened if the Dutch had not lately been more compliant: upon which our ministers told those of France that, since the states were disposed to submit to the queen, her majesty must enter into their interests; and I believe they have as good conditions as we ever intended they should. Tournay, I hope, will be yielded to them; and Lisle we never designed they should have. The emperor will be used as he deserves; and having paid nothing for the war, shall get nothing by the peace. We are most concerned (next to our regard to Holland) for Savoy, and France for Bavaria. I believe we shall make them both kings, by the help of Sardinia and Sicily. But I know not how plans may alter every day. The queen's whole design, as your grace conjectures, is to act the part of a mediator; and our advantages, too many to insert here, must be owned very great.

As for an academy to correct and settle our language, lord-treasurer talks of it often very warmly; but I doubt is yet too busy until the peace be over. He goes down to Windsor on Friday, to be chosen of the garter, with five more lords.

I know nothing of promises of anything intended for myself; but, I thank God, I am not very warm in my expectations, and know courts too well to be surprised at disappointments; which, however, I shall have no great reason to fear if I give my thoughts any trouble that way, which, without affectation, I do not; although I cannot expect to be believed when I say so. I am, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

November 21, 1712.

MADAM,—When, upon parting with your ladyship, you were pleased to tell me I should find your present at home, natural justice prompted me to resolve that the first use I made of it should be in paying acknowledgments to my benefactor. But, when I opened the writing-table, which I must now call mine, I found you had neither sent pens, ink, nor paper, sufficient for such an undertaking. But I ought to tell your ladyship in order that I first got there a much more valuable thing: and I cannot do greater honor

to my scrutoire than to assure your ladyship that your letter is the first thing I have put in it, and shall be the last thing I will ever take out. I must tell your ladyship that I am at this moment under a very great concern. I was fully convinced that I should write with a new spirit by the influence of the materials you sent me; but it is quite otherwise; I have not a grain of invention, whether out of the confusion which attends us when we strive too much to acquit ourselves, or whether your pens and ink are sullen, and think themselves disgraced since they have changed their owner. I heartily thank your ladyship for making me a present that looks like a sort of establishment. I plainly see, by the contrivance, that if you were first minister, it would have been a cathedral. As it is, you have more contributed toward fixing me than all the ministry together: for it is difficult to travel with this equipage, and it will be impossible to travel or live without it. You have an undoubted title to whatever papers this table shall ever contain, (except your letter,) and I desire you will please to have another key made for it; that, when the court shall think fit to give me a room worth putting it into, your ladyship may come and search it whenever you please.

I beg your ladyship to join in laughing with me at my unreasonable vanity, when I wished that the motto written about the wax was a description of yourself. But, if I am disappointed in that, your ladyship will be so in all the rest; even this ink will never be able to convey your ladyship's note as it ought. The paper will contain no wonders but when it mentions you; neither is the seal any otherwise an emblem of my life than by the deep impression your ladyship has made, which nothing but my death can wear out. By the inscription about the pens, I fear there is some mistake; and that your ladyship did not design them for me. However, I will keep them until you can find the person you intended should have them, and who will be able to dispose of them according to your predictions. I cannot find that the workman you employed and directed has made the least mistake: but there are four implements wanting. The two first I shall not name, because an odd superstition forbids us to accept them from our friends; the third is a sponge, which the people long have given so ill a reputation to, that I vow it shall be no gift of your ladyship: the last is a flat ivory instrument, used in folding up letters, which I insist you must provide.

See, madam, the first-fruits this unlucky present of yours has produced. It is but giving a fiddle to a scraper, or a pestle and mortar to an apothecary, or a Tory pamphlet to Mrs. Ramsay. Nothing is so great a discouragement to generous persons as the fear of being worried by acknowledgments. Besides, your ladyship is an unsufferable kind of giver, making every present fifty times the value by the circumstances and manner. And I know people in the world who would not oblige me so much at the cost of a thousand pounds as you have done at that of twenty pounds; which, I must needs tell you, is an unconscionable way of dealing, and whereof I believe nobody alive is so guilty as yourself. In short, you deceive my eyes and corrupt my judgment: nor am I now sure of anything but that of being, &c.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

December 20, 1712.

MADAM,—Any other person of less refinement and prudence than myself would be at a loss how to thank your grace upon the surprise of coming home last night and finding two pictures[1] where only one was demanded. But I understand your grace's malice, and do here affirm you to be the greatest prude upon earth. You will not so much as let your picture be alone in a room with a man, no not with a clergyman, and a clergyman of five-and-forty; and therefore resolved my lord duke should accompany it, and keep me in awe, that I might not presume to look too often upon it. For my own part, I begin already to repent that I ever begged your grace's picture; and could almost find in my heart to send it you back; for, although it be the most beautiful sight I ever beheld, except the original, yet the veneration and respect it fills me with will always make me think I am in your grace's presence; will hinder me from saying and writing twenty idle things that used to divert me; will set me laboring upon majestic, sublime ideas, at which I have no manner of talent; and will make those who come to visit me think I am grown on the sudden wonderful stately and reserved. But in life we must take the evil with the good; and it is one comfort that I know how to be revenged. For the sight of your grace's resemblance will perpetually remind me of paying my

[1] "The duchess of Ormond promised me her picture; and coming home to-night, I found hers and the duke's both in my chamber."—*Journal to Stella.* December 18, 1712.

duty to your person; which will give your grace the torment, and me the felicity, of a more frequent attendance.

But, after all, to deal plainly with your grace, your picture (and I must say the same of my lord duke's) will be of very little use, further than to let others see the honor you are pleased to do me: for all the accomplishments of your mind and person are so deeply printed in the heart, and represent you so lively to my imagination, that I should take it for a high affront if you believed it in the power of colors to refresh my memory; almost as high a one as if your grace should deny me the justice of being, with the most profound respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, January 3, 1713.

My Lord,—Since I had the honor of your grace's letter, we have had a dead time of news and politics; and I make a conscience of writing to you without something that will recompense the trouble of reading. I cannot but grant that your grace, who are at a distance, and argue from your own wisdom and general observations and reading, is likely to be more impartial than I, who, in spite of my resolutions and opinion to the contrary, am forced to converse only with one side of the world, which fastens prejudices to me, notwithstanding all I can do to avoid them. Your grace has certainly hit upon the weak side of our peace: but I do not find you have prescribed any remedies. For that of limiting France to a certain number of ships and troops was, I doubt, not to be compassed. While that mighty kingdom remains under one monarch, it will be always in some degree formidable to its neighbors. But we flatter ourselves it is likely to be less so than ever, by the concurrence of many circumstances too long to trouble you with. But, my lord, what is to be done? I will go so far with your grace as to tell you, that some of our friends are of opinion with the other party, that, if this last campaign had gone on with the conjunction of the British troops, France might have been in danger of being driven to great extremes. Yet I confess to you, at the same time, that if I had been first minister I should have advised the queen to pursue her measures toward a peace.

Some accidents and occasions have put it in my way to know every step of this treaty better, I think, than any man in England. And I do assert to your grace, that, if France had been closely

pushed this campaign, they would, upon our refusal, have made offers to Holland which the republic would certainly have accepted; and in that case the interests of England would have been wholly laid aside, as we saw it three years ago at the Hague and Gertruydenbergh. The marshal d'Uxelles and Mesnager, two of the French plenipotentiaries, were wholly inclined to have begun by the Dutch; but the third, abbé de Polignac, who has most credit with Monsieur Torcy, was for beginning by England.

There was a great faction in France by this proceeding; and it was a mere personal resentment in the French king and Monsieur Torcy against the States which hindered them from sending the first overture there. And I believe your grace will be convinced, by considering that the demands of Holland might be much more easily satiefied than those of Britain. The States were very indifferent about the article of Spain being in the Bourbon family, as Monsieur Buys publicly owned when he was here, and among others to myself. They valued not the demolition of Dunkirk, the frontier of Portugal, nor the security of Savoy. They abhorred the thoughts of our having Gibraltar and Minorca, nor cared what became of our dominions in North America. All they had at heart was the sovereignty of Flanders, under the name of a barrier, and to stipulate what they could for the emperor, to make him easy under their encroachments. I can further assure your grace, before any proposals were sent here from France, and ever since, until within these few months, the Dutch have been endeavoring constantly, by private intrigues with that court, to undermine us, and put themselves at the head of a treaty of peace; which is a truth that perhaps the world may soon be informed in, with several others that are little known. Besides, my lord, I doubt whether you have sufficiently reflected on the condition of this kingdom, and the possibility of pursuing the war at that ruinous rate. This argument is not the weaker for being often urged. Besides, France is likely to have a long minority; or, if not, perhaps to be engaged in a civil war. And I do not find that in public affairs human wisdom is able to make provisions for futurity which are not liable to a thousand accidents. We have done all we can; and for the rest, *curent posteri.*

"Sir William Temple's Memoirs," which you mentioned, is his first part, and was published twenty years ago; it is chiefly the

treaty of Nimeguen, and was so well known that I could hardly think your grace has not seen it.

I am in some doubt whether a fall from a horse be suitable to the dignity of an archbishop. It is one of the chief advantages in a great station that one is exempt from common accidents of that kind. The late king[1] indeed got a fall; but his majesty was a fox-hunter. I question whether you can plead any precedent to excuse you; and therefore I hope you will commit no more such errors; and in the meantime I heartily congratulate with your grace that I can rally you upon this accident.

I am in some fear that our peace will hardly be concluded in several weeks, by reason of a certain incident that could not be foreseen: neither can I tell whether the parliament will sit before the conclusion of the peace; because some persons differ in their politics about the matter. If others were no wiser than I, your session should not be deferred upon that account. I am, with the greatest respect, your grace's most dutiful and humble servant.

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

January 20, 1713.

My Lord,—I would myself have delivered the answer I sent yesterday to your grace at court by Dr. Arbuthnot, if I had not thought the right of complaining to be on my side; for I think it was my due that you should have immediately told me whatever you had heard amiss of my conduct to your grace. When I had the honor to be first known to those in the ministry, I made it an express condition, "that whoever did me ill offices, they should inform me of what was said, and hear my vindication; that I might not be mortified with countenances estranged of the sudden, and be at a loss for the cause." And I think there is no person alive whose favor or protection I would purchase at that expense. I could not speak to the disadvantage of your grace without being ungrateful, (which is an ill word,) since you were pleased voluntarily to make so many professions of favor to me for some years past; and your being a duke and a general would have swayed me not at all in my respect for your person, if I had not thought you to abound in qualities, which I wish were easier to be found in those of your rank. I have, indeed, sometimes heard what your grace was told I reported; but as I am a stranger to coffee-houses,

[1] King William III. was killed by a fall from his horse.

so it is a great deal below me to spread coffee-house reports. This accusation is a little the harder upon me, because I have always appeared fond of your grace's character; and have, with great industry, related several of your generous actions, on purpose to remove the imputation of the only real fault (for I say nothing of common frailties) which I ever heard laid to your charge. I confess I have often thought that Homer's description of Achilles bore some resemblance to your grace, but I do not remember that ever I said so. At the same time, I think few men were ever born with nobler qualities to fill and adorn every office of a subject, a friend, and a protector, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, March 28, 1713.

My Lord,—Although your humor of delaying, which is a good deal in fashion, might serve me for authority and example in not sooner acknowledging your grace's letter, I shall not make that use of it; but naturally tell you that the public delay has been the cause of mine. We have lived almost these two months past by the week, expecting that parliament would meet, and the queen tell them that the peace was signed. But unforeseen difficulties have arisen, partly by some mistakes in our plenipotentiaries, as well as of those of France, too long to trouble your grace with, since we now reckon all will be at an end; and the queen has sent new powers to Utrecht, which her ministers there must obey, I think, or be left without excuse. The peace will be signed with France, Holland, the emperor, Savoy, Portugal, and England: but Spain has yet no minister at Utrecht, the Dutch making difficulties about the duke d'Ossune's passports; but the marquis de Montellion will soon begin his journey; at least he tells me so. However, it is of no great moment whether Spain comes in now or a month hence; and the parliament will be satisfied with the rest. People here have grumbled at those prorogations until they are weary: but they are not very convenient, considering how many funds are out, and how late it is in the year. They think of taking off 2*s.* in 1*l.* from the land-tax; which I always argued earnestly against; but the court has a mind to humor the country gentlemen, and the thing is popular enough; but then we must borrow upon new funds, which it will be of the last difficulty to invent or raise. The other party are employed in spreading a report most industriously, that the

lord-treasurer intends, after the peace, to declare for the Whigs. They have spread it in Scotland, to prepare people for the next election; and Mr. Annesley told me the other day at my lord-steward's that he had heard I writ the same to my friends in Ireland; which, as it is wholly without ground, so the fact is what I never had the least belief of, although your lordship is somewhat of his grace's mind, in not refusing to converse with his greatest enemies: and therefore he is censured, as you say you are, upon the same account. And to those who charge him with it, (as some are free enough to do it,) he only says his friends ought to trust him; and I have some reason to believe that after a peace the direct contrary will appear. For my own part, I entirely agree with your grace, that a free man ought not to confine his converse to any one party; neither would I do so if I were free; but I am not, and perhaps much less is a great minister in such a juncture as this. Among the many qualities I have observed in the treasurer there is one which is something singular, that he will be under an imputation, how wrong soever, without the pains of clearing himself to his nearest friends, which is owing to great integrity, great courage, or great contempt of censure. I know he has abundance of the two last, and I believe he has the first.

Your grace's observations on the French dexterity in negotiations, as well as their ill faith, are certainly right; but let both be as great as possible, we must treat with them one time or other; and if ministers will not be upon their guard against such notorious managers, they are altogether inexcusable. But I do assure your grace that, as it has fallen in my way to know more of the steps of this whole treaty than perhaps any one man beside, I cannot see that anything in the power of human prudence, under many difficult conjectures, has been omitted. We have been forced to conceal the best side, which I agree has been unfortunate and unpopular; but you will be pleased to consider that this way of every subject interposing their sentiments upon the management of foreign negotiations is a very new thing among us: and the suffering it has been thought, in the opinion of wise men, too great a strain upon the prerogative; especially giving a detail of particulars, which in the variety of events, cannot be ascertained during the course of a treaty.—I could easily answer the objection of your grace's friends in relation to the Dutch, and why they made those difficulties at the Hague and Gertruydenburgh. And when the whole story of

these two last intriguing years comes to be published, the world will have other notions of our proceedings. This perhaps will not be long untold, and might already have been, if other people had been no wiser than I. After all, my lord, I grant that, from a distant view of things, abundance of objections may be raised against many parts of our conduct. But the difficulties which gave room to these objections are not seen, and perhaps some of them will never appear; neither may it be convenient they should. If in the end it appears that we have made a good bargain for you, we hope you will take it without entering too nicely into the circumstances. I will not undertake to defend our proceedings against any man who will not allow this postulatum, that it was impossible to carry on the war any longer; which whoever denies, either has not examined the state of the nation with respect to its debts, or denies it from the spirit of party. When a friend of mine objected this to lord Nottingham, he freely confessed it was a thing he had never considered. But, however, he would be against any peace without Spain; and why? because he was not privy-seal. But then, why does he vote with the Whigs in everything else, although peace has no concern? because he was not privy-seal. I hope, my lord, we shall in time unriddle you many a dark problem, and let you see that faction, rage, rebellion, and revenge, and ambition, were deeply rooted in the hearts of those who have been the great obstructors of the queen's measures and of the kingdom's happiness; and if I am not mistaken, such a scene may open as will leave the present age and posterity little room to doubt who are the real friends and real enemies of their country. At the same time I know nothing is so rash as predicting upon the events of public councils; and I see many accidents very possible to happen which may soon defeat all my wise conjectures. I am, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble obedient servant.

TO THE REV. MR. WILLIAM DRAPER.

DEAN, NEAR BASINGSTOKE, HAMPSHIRE.

London, April 13, 1713.

SIR,—I am ashamed to tell you how ill a philosopher I am, and that a very ill situation of my affairs for three weeks past, made me utterly incapable of answering your obliging letter, and thanking you for your most agreeable copy of verses. The prints will tell you that I am condemned again to live in Ireland; and all that

the court and ministry did for me was to let me choose my situation in the country where I am banished. I could not forbear showing both your letter and verses to our great men, as well as to the men of wit of my acquaintance; and they were highly approved of by all. I am altogether a stranger to your friend Oppian; and am a little angry when those who have a genius lay it out in translations. I question whether "Res angusta domi" be not one of your motives. Perhaps you want such a bridle as a translation, for your genius is too fruitful, as appears by the frequency of your similes; and this employment may teach you to write like a modest man, as Shakspeare expresses it.

I have been minding my lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Harcourt, and sir William Windham, to solicit my lord-chancellor to give you a living, as a business which belongs to our society, who assume the title of rewarders of merit. They are all very well disposed, and I shall not fail to negotiate for you while I stay in England, which will not be above six weeks; but I hope to return in October, and if you are not then provided for, I will move heaven and earth that something may be done for you. Our society has not met of late, else I would have moved to have two of us sent in form to request a living for you from my lord-chancellor: and, if you have any way to employ my services, I desire you will let me know it, and believe me to be, very sincerely, sir, your most faithful humble servant.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, April 30, 1713.

My Lord,—I had the honor of your grace's letter of the 14th, which at present I cannot answer particularly: I send this to welcome your grace to the Bath, where we conclude you are now arrived; and I hope the design of your journey is more for prevention than cure. I suppose your grace has heard that the queen has made Dr. Sterne bishop of Dromore, and that I am to succeed him in his deanery. Dr. Parnell, who is now in town, writ last post to your grace, to desire the favor of you that he may have my small prebend:[1] he thinks it will be some advantage to come into the chapter, where it may possibly be in my power to serve him in a way agreeable to him, although in no degree equal to his merits; by which he has distinguished himself so much, that he is in great

[1] Of Dunlaven.

esteem with the ministry and others of the most valuable persons in this town. He has been many years under your grace's direction, and has a very good title to your favor; so that I believe it will be unnecessary to add how much I should be obliged to your grace's compliance in this matter: and I flatter myself that his being agreeable to me will be no disadvantage to him in your grace's opinion. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

TO LORD-CHANCELLOR HARCOURT.

May, 1713.

My Lord,—I wonder your lordship would presume to go out of town and leave me in fear that I should not see you before I go to Ireland, which will be in a week. It is a strange thing you should prefer your own health, and ease, and convenience, before my satisfaction. I want your lordship for my solicitor. I want your letter to your younger brother of Ireland,[1] to put him under my government: I want an opportunity of giving your lordship my humblest thanks for a hundred favors you have done me: I wanted the sight of your lordship this day in York-buildings.[2] Pray, my lord, come to town before I leave it, and supply all my wants. My lord-treasurer uses me barbarously: appoints to carry me to Kensington, and makes me walk four miles at midnight. He laughs when I mention a thousand pounds which he gives me; though a thousand pounds is a very serious thing, &c.

TO MR. ADDISON.

May 13, 1713.

Sir, — I was told yesterday by several persons that Mr. Steele had reflected upon me in his "Guardian;" which I could hardly believe, until, sending for the paper of the day, I found he had, in several parts of it, insinuated with the utmost malice that I was author of the "Examiner," and abused me in the grossest manner he could possibly invent, and set his name to what he had written. Now, sir, if I am not author of the "Examiner," how will Mr. Steele be able to defend himself from the imputation of the highest degree of baseness, ingratitude, and injustice? Is he so ignorant of my temper and of my style? Has he never heard that the author of the "Examiner" (to whom I am altogether a stranger)

[1] Chancellor of that kingdom. [2] Lord-treasurer Oxford then lived there.

did, a month or two ago, vindicate me from having any concern in it? Should not Mr. Steele have first expostulated with me as a friend? Have I deserved this usage from Mr. Steele, who knows very well that my lord-treasurer has kept him in his employment upon my entreaty and intercession? My lord-chancellor and lord Bolingbroke will be witnesses how I was reproached by my lord-treasurer, upon the ill returns Mr. Steele made to his lordship's indulgence, &c.

TO MR. STEELE.

SIR,— . . . . . .[1] I may probably know better when they are disposed . . . . . The case was thus: I did, with the utmost application, and desiring to lay all my credit upon it, desire Mr. Harley (as he was then called) to show you mercy. He said "He would, and wholly upon my account: that he would appoint you a day to see him: that he would not expect you should quit any friend or principle." Some days after he told me "He had appointed you a day, and you had not kept it:" upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could answer, and advised me to more caution another time. I told him, and desired my lord-chancellor and lord Bolingbroke to be witnesses, that I would never speak for or against you as long as I lived: only I would add that it was still my opinion you should have mercy till you gave further provocations. This is the history of what you think fit to call, in the spirit of insulting, "their laughing at me:" and you may do it securely; for, by the most inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a Christian, to do you the least ill office. Next I desire to know whether the greatest services ever done by one man to another may not have the same turn as properly applied to them? And, once more, suppose they did laugh at me, I ask whether my inclinations to serve you merit to be rewarded by the vilest treatment, whether they succeeded or not? If your interpretation were true, I was laughed at only for your sake; which, I think, is going pretty far to serve a friend. As to the letter I complain of, I appeal to your most partial friends whether you ought not either to have asked or written to me, or desired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were any

[1] It has happened that two or three lines have been torn from the beginning of this letter; and, by the same accident, two or three lines are missing toward the latter part, which were written on the back part of the paper which was torn off.

way concerned in writing the "Examiner?" And if I had shuffled, or answered indirectly, or affirmed it, or said I would not give you satisfaction, you might then have wreaked your revenge with some color of justice. I have several times assured Mr. Addison, and fifty others, "That I had not the least hand in writing any of those papers; and that I had never exchanged one syllable with the supposed author in my life, that I can remember, nor ever seen him above twice, and that in mixed company, in a place where he came to pay his attendance." One thing more I must observe to you, that a year or two ago, when some printers used to bring me their papers in manuscript, I absolutely forbid them to give any hints against Mr. Addison and you, and some others; and have frequently struck out reflections upon you in particular, and should (I believe) have done it still, if I had not wholly left off troubling myself about these kind of things.

I protest I never saw anything more liable to exception than every part is of the letter you were pleased to write me. You plead, "That I do not in mine to Mr. Addison, in direct terms, say I am not concerned in the 'Examiner.'" And is that an excuse for the most savage injuries in the world a week before? How far you can prevail with the "Guardian" I shall not trouble myself to inquire; and am more concerned how you will clear your own honor and conscience than my reputation. I shall hardly lose one friend by what you[1] . . I know not any . . . laugh at me for any . . . absurdity of yours. There are solecisms in morals as well as in languages; and to which of the virtues you will reconcile your conduct to me is past my imagination. Be pleased to put these questions to yourself: "If Dr. Swift be entirely innocent of what I accuse him, how shall I be able to make him satisfaction? And how do I know but he may be entirely innocent? If he was laughed at only because he solicited for me, is that a sufficient reason for me to say the vilest things of him in print under my hand, without any provocation? And how do I know but he may be in the right, when he says I was kept in my employment at his interposition? If he never once reflected on me the least in any paper, and has hindered many others from doing it, how can I justify myself for endeavoring in mine to ruin his credit as a Christian and a clergyman?" I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

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[1] Here the manuscript is torn.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, May 23, 1713.

My Lord,—I had the honor of a letter from your grace, the 18th instant, from Chester. I was confidently told, about three weeks ago, that your grace was expected every day at the Bath; and you will find a letter there, as old as that, with a requisition in favor of Dr. Parnell, who, by his own merit, is in the esteem of the chief ministers here. I am very sensible that the loss your grace has suffered in the removal of Dr. Sterne will never be made up by me, upon a great many accounts: however, I shall not yield to him in respect and veneration for your grace's character and person; and I return you my most grateful acknowledgments for the offer you make me of your favor and protection. I think to set out for Ireland on Monday sevennight, to be there before the term ends; for so they advise me, because the long vacation follows, in which I cannot take the oaths, unless at a quarter-sessions; and I had better have two chances than one. This will hinder me from paying my respects to your grace at the Bath; and indeed my own health would be better, I believe, if I could pass a few weeks there; but my remedy shall be riding, and a sea-voyage. I have been inquiring, and am told your grace's cause will hardly come on this session; but indeed I have been so much out of order for these ten days past that I have been able to do nothing.

As to the spire to be erected on St. Patrick's steeple, I am apt to think it will cost more than is imagined; and I am confident that no bricks made in that part of Ireland will bear being exposed so much to the air: however, I shall inquire among some architects here.

I hope your grace will find a return of your health in the place where you are. I humbly beg your blessing; and remain, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

TO MR. STEELE.

May 27, 1713.

Sir,—The reason I give you the trouble of this reply to your letter is because I am going in a very few days to Ireland; and although I intended to return toward winter, yet it may happen, from the common accidents of life, that I may never see you again.

In your yesterday's letter you are pleased to take the complaining

side, and think it hard I should write to Mr. Addison as I do, and, for an allusion. This allusion was only calling a clergyman of some little distinction an infidel: a clergyman who was your friend, who always loved you, who had endeavored at least to serve you; and who, whenever he did write anything, made it sacred to himself never to fling out the least hint against you.

One thing you are pleased to fix on me, as what you are sure of: that the "Examiner" had talked after me, when he said, "Mr. Addison had bridled you in point of party." I do not read one in six of those papers, nor ever knew he had such a passage; and I am so ignorant of this, that I cannot tell what it means: whether that Mr. Addison kept you close to a party, or that he hindered you from writing about party. I never talked or writ to that author in my life; so that he could not have learned it from me. And in short, I solemnly affirm that, with relation to every friend I have, I am as innocent as it is possible for a human creature to be. And whether you believe me or not, I think, with submission, you ought to act as if you believed me till you have demonstration to the contrary. I have all the ministry to be my witnesses that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them: for I think principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons. In these last you and I differ; but in the other, I think, we agree: for I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly call a Whig.

As to the great man[1] whose defence you undertake, though I do not think so well of him as you do, yet I have been the cause of preventing five hundred hard things being said against him.

I am sensible I have talked too much when myself is the subject: therefore I conclude with sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and am, sir, yours, &c.

You cannot but remember that, in the only thing I ever published with my name, I took care to celebrate you as much as I could, and in as handsome a manner, though it was in a letter to the present lord-treasurer.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Trim, July 16, 1713.

My Lord, — I have been about five weeks in this kingdom, but so extremely ill with the return of an old disorder in my head, that

[1] The duke of Marlborough.

write to your grace. I have been the greatest [illegible]ne at my country parish, riding every day for my [illegible] tell your grace nothing from Dublin, having spent [illegible]s there between business and physic, and paid no visits, [illegible] any but one day; and I reckon it no great loss, for I [illegible]re all party mad; and it is one felicity of being among [illegible] that one is not troubled with faction. I hope you have as little of it at the Bath; for I cannot fancy it does well with the waters. If your grace goes to London from the Bath, I believe I may have the honor of waiting on you; although I shall do all in my power to save the trouble of such a journey; which neither my fortune nor my health will very well bear. I hope you feel the good effects of the place you are in; and I pray God continue your life, for the good of his church.

The other day Mr. Thacker, prebendary of Sagard, and vicar of Rathcool, died; and it would be a great mark of goodness in your grace, as well as a personal favor to me, if you would please to dispose of his livings in favor of Mr. Thomas Warburton, who has been many years my assistant in the cure of Laracor, has behaved himself altogether unblamably, and is a gentleman of very good learning and sense. If I knew any one more deserving, I would not recommend him; neither would I do it, however, because I know your grace has a great many dependents, but that it will be a great use to me to have a vicar in one of my rectories, and upon my deanery, in whom I can confide. I am told the livings amount to 120*l.* a-year at most; and it may probably happen in my way to be able to oblige some friend of yours in a greater matter, which I shall very readily do. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, and most humble servant

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TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

The Country in Ireland, August 3, 1713.

My Lord,—It is with the greatest pleasure I heard of your lordship's promotion: I mean that particular promotion, which I believe is agreeable to you, though it does not mend your fortune. There is but one other change I could wish you, because I have heard that you prefer it before all the rest; and that likewise is now ready, unless it be thought too soon, and that you are made to wait till another person has used it for a step to cross the water. Though I am here in a way of sinking into utter oblivion; for

"Hæ latebræ nec dulces, nec, si mihi credis, amœnæ:"

yet I shall challenge the continuance of your lordship's favor; and, whenever I come to London, shall, with great assurance, cross the Park to your lordship's house in Westminster, as if it were no more than crossing the street at Chelsea. I talked at this threatening rate so often to you about two years past, that you are not now to forget it.

Pray, my lord, do not let your being made a bishop hinder you from cultivating the politer studies which your heart was set upon when you went to govern Christ Church. Providence has made you successor to a person who, though of a much inferior genius, turned all his thoughts that way; and I have been told, with great success, by his countenance to those who deserved. I envy Dr. Friend that he has you for his inspector; and I envy you for having such a person in your district, and whom you love so well. Shall not I have liberty to be sometimes a third among you, though I am an Irish dean.

"Verveeum in patriâ, crassoque sub aëre natus."

A very disordered head hindered me from writing early to your lordship when I first heard of your preferment; and I have reproached myself of ingratitude when I remembered your kindness in sending me a letter upon the deanery they thought fit to throw me into; to which I am yet a stranger, being forced into the country, in one of my old parishes, to ride about for a little health. I hope to have the honor of asking your lordship's blessing some time in October. Meanwhile I desire your lordship to believe me to be, with very great respect and truth, my lord, your lordship's most dutiful and most humble servant.

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS.

Windsor Castle, October 1, 1713.

I HAD just now a letter from you, wherein you mention the design of making me prolocutor. I will confess to you there are two reasons why I should comply with it; one is, that I am heartily weary of courts and ministers, and politics, for several reasons impossible to tell you; and I have a mind to be at home, since the queen has been pleased that Ireland should be my home: the other reason is, that I think somebody educated in Dublin college should be prolocutor; and I hear there are designs of turning it another way. But, if you find it will not do, I hope you will quit the design in proper season. I condole with you for the loss of your

companions this winter; and I was always of opinion they should be in town, unless they find their health better at Trim.

I am a little disappointed at Parvisol's return. I hoped it would have amounted to near 500*l.* in the tithes; I doubt not the cause, and beg you will have no sort of tenderness for him further than it regards my interest; as to the land-rents, they are 174*l.* a-year in the country, besides some small things in town; and I am in no pain about them, because they are sure; nor do I desire him to concern himself about them.

I hoped and was told my license would be under 6*l.*, though all was paid; and I heard, if lord-chancellor had taken his fees, it would have been 8*l.* Tell Mr. Fetherston I have spoken to baron Scroup about his affair, who promises to despatch it with the first opportunity. I am now with some ministers and lords, and other company, and withdrawn to a table, and hardly know what I write, they are so loud. My humble service to your Dorothy, and alderman Stoyte, his wife, and Cellarius; and duty to the bishop of Dromore. Yours.

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS.

London, October 13, 1713.

I HAVE two letters of yours to acknowledge.—No, I mistake, it is but one, for I answered the former, of September 22d, some time ago; your other is of the 1st instant, with an account of your mayor squabble,[1] which we regard as much here as if you sent us an account of your little son playing at cherry-stones. I told your lord-chancellor that the best thing the government there could do would be never to trouble us with your affairs, but do the best you can, for we will neither support nor regard you. I have received the lords-justices' representation, just now sent to the queen. I have said more upon it than anybody else would; and I hope my lord-lieutenant [duke of Shrewsbury] will put a good end to the dispute. I am heartily sorry for poor Hawley, and doubt such a shake at his age will not be well recovered. Of your four candidates to succeed him I dislike all but the first, which is Bolton. As to the chair of prolocutor, I said to you in my former all I thought necessary. I dislike the thing for myself; but I would keep a wrong man out, and would be glad of an honest excuse to leave courts and public thoughts; but it would vex me to be proposed and not succeed.

[1] Concerning sir Samuel Cooke.

As for Williams, I am an old courtier, and will think of it; but, if we want a singer, and I can get a better, that better one shall be preferred, although my father were competitor.

I have spoken to baron Scroup about Mr. Fetherston's affair, and I hope to get him a good account of it.

You very artificially bring in your friend Mrs. South: I have spoke to her, and heard from her; and spoke to the duke of Ormond: I will do her what service I can.

My service to gossip Doll, and God bless my god-daughter.

I think you need not inquire about the land-rents of the deanery, they are secure enough; and I believe I shall not trouble Mr. Parvisol about them.

There is one farm set for 120*l.* a-year, another for 54*l.* Rents adjoining to the deanery about 2*l.* 10*s.*, and duties about 8*l.*, or something under; and a small lease of tithes, about 4*l.* or 5*l.*: which last I would be glad you would ask Parvisol whether it be included among the tithes he has set. You see all the rents together are under 200*l.* I forgot 5*l.* a-year for the verger's house. Service to Stoyte and Manley, and duty to bishop of Dromore.

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS.

London, October 20, 1713.

SIR,—I wrote to you immediately upon receiving your former, as I do now upon your last of the 10th instant. As to the business of being prolocutor, I will tell you the short of my story. Although I have done more service to Ireland, and particularly to the church, than any man of my level, I have never been able to get a good word; and I incurred the displeasure of the bishops by being the instrument, *sine quâ non*, of procuring the first-fruits: neither had I credit to be a convocation-man in the meanest diocese of the kingdom, till poor dean Synge, who happened to think well of me, got me to be chosen for St. Patrick's: so that I think there will be a great change if I am chosen prolocutor. And yet, at the same time, I am so very nice that I will not think of moving toward Ireland till I am actually chosen: you will say, "What then must the clergy do for a prolocutor?" Why, I suppose they may appoint a vice-prolocutor until my coming over, which may be in ten days. But this perhaps is not feasible: if not, you may be sure I shall not so openly declare my ambition to that post, when I am not sure to carry it; and if I fail, the comfort of *mecum certâsse*

feretur, will not perhaps fall to my share. But I go on too fast; for I find in your next lines that the archbishop says there will be an indispensable necessity that I should be there at the election. Why, if the bishops will all fix it so as to give a man time to come over, with all my heart; but, if it must be struggled for at the election, I will have nothing to do with it. As for the bishops, I have not the least interest with above three in the kingdom; and unless the thought strikes the clergy in general that I must be their man, nothing can come of it: we always settle a speaker here as soon as the writs are issued out for a parliament: if you do so for a prolocutor, a man might have warning in time: but I should make the foolishest figure in nature to come over hawking for an employment I nowise seek or desire, and then fail of it. Pray communicate the sense of what I say to the archbishop, to whom I will write by this post. As to my private affairs, I am sure they are in good hands; but I beg you will not have the least regard or tenderness to Parvisol further than you shall find he deserves. I am my gossip's very humble servant; and the like to Mr. Stoyte, his lady, and Catherine, and Mr. Manley, and his lady and daughter. I am, your obedient humble servant.

I wrote lately to Dr. Synge, twice in all.

I think you should force the St. Mary ladies to town toward Christmas.

My duty to the bishop of Dromore.

Dr. Synge wrote me word a month ago that Rosingrave, our organist, was at the point of death. Is he dead or alive?

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, October 20, 1713.

My Lord,—The opportunity I had of a ship was so sudden that I had not time to receive your grace's last commands, or pay my respects, which it was my duty and inclination to do; and as for writing, I have always told your grace that I could not set about it with a good conscience until I were provided with matter enough for your trouble of reading. We are outwardly pretty quiet during this interval of parliament; but I will not answer what seeds are sowing to make the next spring produce bitter fruit. There are several reasons, impossible for me to tell at this distance, why I shall not be so good a correspondent as I have formerly been, but may probably serve to entertain you a year or two hence: for the

fashion of this world passes away; and there is nothing of so little consequence as the greatest court secrets when once the scene is changed. I said to somebody, when I was last in Ireland, who talked to me of the advantage and felicity I had in the familiarity of great ministers, that it was well enough while it continued a vanity; but as soon as it ceased to be a vanity it began to be a vexation of spirit. I have some thought of passing this winter at the Bath, because my health requires it, and because I shall then be a pretty equal distance from the factions on both sides the water; for it is not impossible your grace may have a warm winter.

I have had some letters, particularly from Dr. Synge and Mr. Archdeacon Walls, about my being prolocutor. I have this post writ my thoughts upon that subject to Mr. Walls; and, to save you the trouble, have desired him to communicate them to your grace. Our elections for the city still continue; I was this afternoon at Guildhall. I find three of the old members; and Withers, who is lowest, tells me he does not despair of carrying it for himself. There is abundance of artifice (to give it the softest word) used on both sides.

I came yesterday from Windsor, where I saw the queen in very good health, which she finds there more than anywhere else, and I believe will hardly remove until December. I believe my lord-lieutenant [duke of Shrewsbury] will be landed before this letter comes to your hands: he is the finest gentleman we have, and of an excellent understanding and capacity for business: if I were with your grace I would say more; but leave it to your own sagacity.

I will only venture to say one thing relating to Ireland, because I believe it will be of use that your grace should know it. If your house of commons should run into any violence disagreeable to us here, it will be of the worst consequences imaginable to that kingdom: for I know no maxim more strongly maintained at present in our court than that her majesty ought to exert her power to the utmost upon any uneasiness given on your side to herself or her servants; neither can I answer that even the legislative power here may not take cognizance of anything that may pass among you, in opposition to the persons and principles that are now favored by the queen. Perhaps I am gone too far; and therefore shall end without any ceremony. Your grace's, &c.

Direct to me under cover to Erasmus Lewis, esq., at Mr. Secretary Bromley's office at Whitehall.

TO LORD-TREASURER OXFORD.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER, THE MARCHIONESS OF CAERMARTHEN.

November 21, 1713.

My Lord,—Your lordship is the person in the world to whom everybody ought to be silent upon such an occasion as this, which is only to be supported by the greatest wisdom and strength of mind: wherein, God knows, the wisest and best of us, who would presume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind and disturb the understanding. This, indeed, might be some pretence to us to administer our consolations, if we had been wholly strangers to the person gone. But, my lord, whoever had the honor to know her, wants a comforter as much as your lordship: because, though their loss is not so great, yet they have not the same firmness and prudence to support the want of a friend, a patroness, a benefactor, as you have to support that of a daughter. My lord, both religion and reason forbid me to have the least concern for that lady's death upon her own account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect stranger to her virtues, who would not wish himself, with all submission to God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your lordship, who has lost such a daughter, and we, who have lost such a friend, and the world, which has lost such an example, have, in our several degrees, greater cause to lament than perhaps was ever given by any private person before: for, my lord, I have sat down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the composition of a lady, and could not single out one which she did not possess in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of. But as to your lordship's own particular, as it is an inconceivable misfortune to have lost such a daughter, so it is a possession which few can boast of to have had such a daughter. I have often said to your lordship "That I never knew any one by so many degrees; from whence it is very obvious that your lordship should reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have lost.

To say the truth, my lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is usual with the dispensations of Providence long to continue. You had been the great instrument of preserving your country from foreign and domestic ruin: you have had the felicity of establishing your family in the greatest lustre, without any obligation to the bounty of your prince, or any industry of your own: you have triumphed over the violence and treachery

of your enemies by your courage and abilities: and, by the steadiness of your temper, over the inconstancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your lordship has felt too much complacency within yourself upon this universal success: and God Almighty, who would not disappoint your endeavors for the public, thought fit to punish you with a domestic loss, where he knew your heart was most exposed; and, at the same time, has fulfilled his own wise purposes, by rewarding in a better life that excellent creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am sure it is not from any compliance with form: it is not from thinking that I can give your lordship any ease. I think it was an impulse upon me that I should say something: and whether I shall send you what I have written I am yet in doubt, &c.

TO BISHOP STERNE.

London, December 19, 1713.

My Lord,—I have two letters from you to acknowledge, one of the 5th, and another of the 11th instant. I am very glad it lies in my way to do any service to Mr. Worral, and that his merits and my inclinations agree so well. I write this post to Dr. Synge, to admit him. I am glad your lordship thinks of removing your palace to the old, or some better place. I wish I were near enough to give my approbation; and if you do not choose till summer, I shall, God willing, attend you. Your second letter is about Dr. Marsh, who is one I always loved, and have shown it lately, by doing everything he could desire from a brother. I should be glad for some reasons that he would get a recommendation from the lord-lieutenant, or at least that he be named. I cannot say more at this distance, but assure you that all due care is taken of him. I have had an old scheme, as your lordship may remember, of dividing the bishoprics of Kilmore and Ardagh. I advised it many months ago, and repeated it lately; and the queen and ministry, I suppose, are fallen into it. I did likewise lay very earnestly before proper persons the justice, and indeed necessity, of choosing to promote those of the kingdom; which advice has been hearkened to, and I hope will be followed. I would likewise say something in relation to a friend of your lordship's; but I can only venture thus much, that it was not to be done, and you may easily guess the reasons.

I know not who are named among you for the preferments; and, my lord, this is a very nice point to talk of at the distance I am. I know a person there better qualified, perhaps, than any that will succeed. But, my lord, our thoughts here are that your kingdom leans too much one way; and believe me, it cannot do so long while the queen and administration here act upon so very different a foot. This is more than I care to say. I should be thought a very vile man if I presumed to recommend to——— my own brother if he were the least disinclined to the present measures of her majesty and ministry here. Whoever is thought to do so must shake off that character, or wait for other junctures. This, my lord, I believe you will find to be true; and I will for once venture a step further than perhaps discretion should let me; that I never saw so great a firmness in the court as there now is to pursue those measures upon which this ministry began, whatever some people may pretend to think to the contrary: and were certain objections made against some persons we both know, I believe I might have been instrumental to the service of some whom I much esteem. Pick what you can out of all this, and believe me to be ever, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, December 31, 1713.

My Lord,—Your grace's letter, which I received but last post, is of an earlier date than what have since arrived. We have received the addresses for removing the chancellor, and the counter-addresses from the lords and convocation; and you will know, before this reaches you, our sentiments of them here. I am at a loss what to say in this whole affair. When I writ to you before, I dropped a word on purpose for you to take notice of; that our court seemed resolved to be very firm in their resolutions about Ireland. I think it impossible for the two kingdoms to proceed long upon a different scheme of politics. The controversy with the city I am not master of: it took its rise before I ever concerned myself in the affairs of Ireland, further than to be an instrument of doing some services to the kingdom, for which I have been ill requited. But, my lord, the question with us here is, whether there was a necessity that the other party should be a majority? There was put into my hands a list of your house of commons by some who know the kingdom well: I desired they would (as they often do here) set a mark on the names of those who would be for the ministry, who I found

amounted to one hundred and forty-three, which I think comes within an equality: twenty names besides they could not determine upon; so that, suppose eight to be of the same side, there would be a majority by one; but, besides, we reckon that the first number, one hundred and forty-three, would easily rise to a great majority by the influence of the government, if that had been thought fit. This is demonstration to us; for the government there has more influence than the court here: and yet our court carried it for many years against a natural majority and a much greater one. I shall not examine the reasons among you for proceeding otherwise; but your grace will find that we are determined upon the conclusion, which is, that Ireland must proceed on the same foot with England. I am of opinion, my lord, that nothing could do more hurt to the Whig party in both kingdoms than their manner of proceeding in your house of commons. It will confirm the crown and ministry that there can be no safety while those people are able to give disturbance; and indeed the effects it has already produced here are hardly to be believed: neither do we here think it worth our while to be opposed, and encourage our enemies, only for 70,000*l.* a-year: to supply which it may not be hard to find other expedients; and when there shall be occasion for a parliament, we are confident a new one may be called, with a majority of men in the interest of the queen and church; for, when the present majority pretends to regard either, we look upon such professions to signify no more than if they were penned by my lord Wharton or Mr. Molesworth. I have suffered very much for my tenderness to some persons of that party, which I still preserve; but I believe it will not be long in my power to serve those who may want it. It would be endless to recount to your grace the reproaches that have been made me on account of your neighbor.

It is true, my lord, we do not care to be troubled with the affairs of Ireland; but, there being no war or meeting of parliament, we have leisure at present: besides, we look upon ourselves as touched in the tenderest part. We know the Whig party are preparing to attack us next session, and their prevailing in Ireland would, we think, be a great strength and encouragement to them here: besides our remissness would dishearten our friends, and make them think we acted a trimming game. There are some things which we much wonder at, as they are represented: the address for removing the chancellor is grounded upon two facts, in the former of which

he was only concerned with several others. The criminal was poor and penitent; and a *noli prosequi* was no illegal thing. As to Moore's business, the chancellor's speech on that occasion has been transmitted hither, and seems to clear him from the imputation of prejudging. Another thing we wonder at is, to find the commons in their votes approve the sending for the guards, by whom a man was killed. Such a thing would, they say, look monstrous in England.

Your grace seems to think they will not break on money matters; but we are taught another opinion, that they will not pass the great bill until they have satisfaction about the chancellor; and what the consequence of that will be, I suppose you may guess from what you know by this time.

My lord, we can judge no otherwise here than by the representations made to us. I sincerely look upon your grace to be master of as much wisdom and sagacity as any person I have known; and from my particular respect to you and your abilities, shall never presume to censure your proceedings until I am fully apprised of the matter. Your grace is looked upon here as altogether in the other party, which I do not allow when it is said to me. I conceive you to follow the dictates of your reason and conscience: and whoever does that will, in public management, often differ as well from one side as another.

As to myself, I take Ireland to be the worst place to be in while the parliament sits, and probably I may think the same of England in a month or two. I have few obligations (further than personal friendship and civilities) to any party: I have nothing to ask for but a little money to pay my debts, which I doubt they never will give me; and wanting wisdom to judge better, I follow those who I think are most for preserving the church and state, without examining whether they do so from a principle of virtue or of interest.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

London, May 18, 1714.

My Lord,—I had done myself the honor of writing to your excellency about a month before yours of March the 5th came to my hands. The Saturday's dinners have not been resumed since the queen's return from Windsor; and I am not sorry, since it became so mingled an assembly, and of so little use either to business or conversation: so that I was content to read your queries to our

two great friends. The treasurer stuck at them all; but the secretary acquitted himself of the first, by assuring me he had often written to your excellency.

I was told the other day of an answer you made to somebody abroad who inquired of you the state and dispositions of our court: "That you could not tell, for you had been out of England a fortnight." In your letter you mention the world of the moon, and apply it to England; but the moon changes but once in four weeks. By both these instances it appears you have a better opinion of our steadiness than we deserve; for I do not remember, since you left us, that we have continued above four days in the same view, or four minutes with any manner of concert. I assure you, my lord, for the concern I have for the common cause, with relation to affairs both at home and abroad, and from the personal love I bear to our friends in power, I never led a life so thoroughly uneasy as I do at present. Our situation is so bad, that our enemies could not, without abundance of invention and ability, have placed us so ill, if we had left it entirely to their management. For my own part, my head turns round; and, after every conversation, I come away just one degree worse informed than I went. I am glad, for the honor of our nation, to find by your excellency's letter that some other courts have a share of frenzy, though not equal nor of the same nature with ours. The height of honest men's wishes at present is, to rub off this session; after which nobody has the impudence to expect that we shall not immediately fall to pieces: nor is anything I write the least secret, even to a Whig footman.

The queen is pretty well at present; but the least disorder she has puts all in alarm; and when it is over we act as if she were immortal. Neither is it possible to persuade people to make any preparations against an evil day. There is a negotiation now in hand, which I hope will not be abortive: the States-General are willing to declare themselves fully satisfied with the peace and the queen's measures, &c., and that is too popular a matter to slight. It is impossible to tell you whether the prince of Hanover intends to come over or not. I should think the latter, by the accounts I have seen; yet our adversaries continue strenuously to assert otherwise, and very industriously give out that the lord-treasurer is at the bottom: which has given some jealousies, not only to his best friends, but to some I shall not name; yet I am confident they do him wrong. This formidable journey is the perpetual subject both of court and coffee-house chat.

Our mysterious and unconcerted ways of proceeding have, as is natural, taught everybody to be refiners, and to reason themselves into a thousand various conjectures. Even I, who converse most with people in power, am not free from this evil: and, particularly, I thought myself twenty times in the right by drawing conclusions very regularly from premises which have proved wholly wrong. I think this, however, to be a plain proof that we act altogether by chance, and that the game, such as it is, plays itself.

By the present enclosed in your excellency's letter, I find the Sicilians to be bad delineators, and worse poets. As sneakingly as the prince looks at the bishop's foot, I could have made him look ten times worse, and have done more right to the piece, by placing your excellency there, representing your mistress the queen, and delivering the crown to the bishop with orders where to place it. I should like your new king very well if he would make Sicily his constant residence, and use Savoy only as a *commendam*. Old books have given me great ideas of that island. I imagine every acre there worth three in England; and that a wise prince, in such a situation, would, after some years, be able to make what figure he pleased in the Mediterranean.

The duke of Shrewsbury, not liking the weather on our side the water, continues in Ireland, although he formally took his leave there six weeks ago. Tom Harley is every hour expected here, and writes me word, "he has succeeded at Hanover to his wishes." Lord Stafford writes the same, and gives himself no little merit upon it.

Barber the printer was, some time ago, in great distress, upon printing a pamphlet, of which evil tongues would needs call me the author: he was brought before your house, which addressed the queen in a body, who kindly published a proclamation with three hundred pounds to discover. The fault was, calling the Scots "a fierce, poor northern people." So well protected are those who scribble for the government! Upon which, I now put one query to your excellency, What has a man without employment to do among ministers, when he can neither serve himself, his friends, nor the public?

In my former letter, which I suppose was sent to Paris to meet you there, I gave you joy of the government of Minorca. One advantage you have of being abroad, that you keep your friends; and I can name almost a dozen great men who thoroughly hate one

another, yet all love your lordship. If you have a mind to preserve their friendship, keep at a distance; or come over, and show your power, by reconciling at least two of them; and remember, at the same time, that this last is an impossibility. If your excellency were here, I would speak to you without any constraint; but the fear of accidents in the conveyance of the letter makes me keep to generals. I am sure you would have prevented a great deal of ill if you had continued among us; but people of my level must be content to have their opinion asked, and to see it not followed; although I have always given it with the utmost freedom and impartiality. I have troubled you too much; and as a long letter from you is the most agreeable thing one can receive, so the most agreeable return would be a short one. I am ever, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord, your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Upper Letcombe, near Wantage, Berks, June 8, 1714.

I HAVE not much news to tell you from hence, nor have I had one line from anybody since I left London, of which I am very glad: but to say the truth, I believe I shall not stay here so long as I intended; I am at a clergyman's house, whom I love very well; but he is such a melancholy, thoughtful man, partly from nature and partly by a solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. Out of ease and complaisance, I desire him not to alter any of his methods for me, so we dine exactly between twelve and one. At eight we have some bread and butter and a glass of ale; and at ten he goes to bed. Wine is a stranger, except a little I sent him; of which, one evening in two, we have a pint between us. His wife has been this month twenty miles off, at her father's, and will not return these ten days. I never saw her; and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes. I read all day, or walk: and do not speak as many words as I have now writ in three days; so that, in short, I have a mind to steal to Ireland, unless I find myself take more to this way of living, so different, in every circumstance, from what I left. This is the first syllable I have writ to anybody since you saw me. I shall be glad to hear from you, not as you are a Londoner, but as a friend; for I care not threepence for news, nor have heard one syllable since I came here. The pretender or duke of Cambridge may both be landed, and I never the wiser: but if

this place were ten times worse, nothing shall make me return to town while things are in the situation I left them. I give a guinea a-week for my board, and can eat anything.

TO THE LORD-TREASURER OXFORD.

July 1, 1714.

My Lord,—When I was with you I have said more than once that I would never allow quality or station made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten, I have changed my mind: you have a thousand people who can pretend they love you with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater, because I always loved you just so much the worse for your station; for in your public capacity you have often angered me to the heart, but, as a private man, never once. So that, if I only look toward myself, I could wish you a private man to-morrow; for I have nothing to ask; at least nothing that you will give, which is the same thing: and then you would see whether I should not with much more willingness attend you in a retirement, whenever you please to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windsor. From these sentiments I will never write to you, if I can help it otherwise, than as to a private person, or allow myself to have been obliged to you in any other capacity.

The memory of one great instance of your candor and justice I will carry to my grave; that, having been in a manner domestic with you for almost four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy to make you think ill of me, though malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, posterity shall know that and more; which, though you, and somebody that shall be nameless, seem to value less than I could wish, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to say how I would desire to stand in your memory? As one who was truly sensible of the honor you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it; as one who was neither assuming, officious, nor teasing; who never wilfully misrepresented persons or facts to you, nor consulted his passions when he gave a character; and lastly, as one whose indiscretions proceeded altogether from a weak head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is the

highest compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have said enough; and, like one at your levee, having made my bow, I shrink back into the crowd. I am, &c.

MEMORIAL TO THE QUEEN. APRIL 15, 1714

THE change of ministry about four years ago, the fall of the duke of Marlborough, and the proceedings since in relation to the peace and treaties, are all capable of being very maliciously represented to posterity, if they should fall under the pen of some writer of the opposite party, as they probably may.

Upon these reasons, it is necessary, for the honor of the queen, and in justice to her servants, that some able hand should be immediately employed to write the history of her majesty's reign; that the truth of things may be transmitted to future ages, and bear down the falsehood of malicious pens.

The dean of St. Patrick's is ready to undertake this work; humbly desiring her majesty will please to appoint him her historiographer, not from any view of the profit, (which is so inconsiderable, that it will hardly serve to pay the expense of searching officers,) but from an earnest desire to serve his queen and country; for which that employment will qualify him, by an opportunity of access to those places where papers and records are kept, which will be necessary to any who undertake such an history.

TO THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

July 17, 1714.

MY LORD,—I never expected that a great man should remember me in absence, because I knew it was unreasonable, and that your grace is too much troubled with persons about you to think of those who are out of the way. But if Dr. Pratt has done me right, I am mistaken; and your grace has almost declared that you expected a letter from me; which you should never have had if the ministry had been like you: for then I should have always been near enough to have carried my own messages. But I was heartily weary of them: and your grace will be my witness that I despaired of any good success, from their manner of proceeding, some months before I left town; where I thought it became me to continue no longer, when I could do no service either to myself, my friends, or the public. By the accounts I have from particular friends, I find the

animosity between the two great men does not at all diminish; though I hear it is given out that your grace's successor has undertaken a general reconcilement. If it be true, this will succeed like the rest of his late undertakings.

I must beg your grace's pardon if I entreat you, for several reasons, to see lady Masham as often as you conveniently can; and I must likewise desire you to exert yourself in the disposal of the bishoprics in Ireland. It is a scandal to the crown, and an injury to the church, that they should be so long delayed. There are some hot-headed people on the other side the water who understand nothing of our court, and would confound everything; always employed to raise themselves upon the ruins of those characters they have blasted. I wish their intermeddling may not occasion a worse choice than your grace approved of last winter. However, I beg you will take care that no injury be done to Dr. Pratt, or Dr. Elwood, who have more merit and candor than a hundred of their detractors. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most obliged humble servant.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

July 25, 1714.

My Lord,—To-morrow sevennight I shall set out from hence to Ireland: my license for absence being so near out that I can stay no longer without taking another. I say this that, if you have any commands, I shall have just time enough to receive them before I go. And if you resign in a few days, as I am told you design to do, you may possibly retire to Herefordshire, where I shall readily attend you if you soon withdraw; or, after a few months' stay in Ireland, I will return at the beginning of winter, if you please to command me. I speak in the dark, because I am altogether so, and what I say may be absurd. You will please to pardon me; for as I am wholly ignorant, so I have none of your composure of mind. I pray God Almighty direct and defend you, &c.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

August 1, 1714.

Who told you I was going to Bath? No such thing. I had fixed to set out to-morrow for Ireland, but poor lord Oxford desires I will go with him to Herefordshire, and only expect his answer whether I shall go there before or meet him hereabouts; or to Wimple (his son's house), and so go with him down; and I expect

to leave this in two or three days one way or other. I will stay with him until the parliament meets again, if he desires it. I am not of your opinion about lord Bolingbroke; perhaps he may get the staff, but I cannot rely on his love to me: he knew I had a mind to be historiographer, though I valued it not but for the public service, yet it is gone to a worthless rogue that nobody knows. I am writ to earnestly by somebody to come to town and join with those people now in power, but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess the person. I told lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out, and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive; he distinguished and chose me above all other men while he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable. When I am fixed anywhere perhaps I may be so gracious to let you know, but I will not promise. Adieu.

TO LADY MASHAM.

August 7, 1714.

MADAM,—I had the honor of a letter from your ladyship a week ago; and the day after came the unfortunate news of the queen's death, which made it altogether unseasonable, as perhaps it may be still, to give your ladyship this kind of trouble. Although my concern be as great as that of any other good subject for the loss of so excellent a princess, yet I can assure you, madam, it is little to what I suffer upon your ladyship's particular account. As you excel in the several duties of a tender mother, a true friend, and a loving wife, so you have been the best and most faithful servant to your mistress that ever any sovereign had. And although you have not been rewarded suitably to your merits, I doubt not but God will make it up to you in another life, and to your children and posterity in this. I cannot go about to comfort your ladyship in your great affliction otherwise than by begging you to make use of your own piety and your own wisdom, of both which you have so great a share. You are no longer a servant; but you are still a wife, a mother, and a friend; and you are bound in conscience to take care of your health in order to acquit yourself of these duties as well as you did of the other, which is now at an end.

I pray God to support your ladyship under so great a share of load in this general calamity; and remain, with the greatest respect and truth, madam, your ladyship's most obedient and most obliged servant.

I most heartily thank your ladyship for the favorable expressions and intentions in your letter, written at a time when you were at the height of favor and power.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

August 7, 1714.

My Lord,—I had yours of the 3d; and our country post is so ordered that I could acknowledge it no sooner. It is true, my lord, the events of five days last week might furnish morals for another volume of Seneca. As to my lord Oxford, I told him freely my opinion before I left the town, that he ought to resign at the end of the session. I said the same thing often to your lordship and my lady Masham, although you seemed to think otherwise, for some reasons; and said so to him one afternoon, when I met you there with my lord-chancellor. But I remember one of the last nights I saw him (it was at lady Masham's lodgings), I said to him "that upon the foot your lordship and he then were it was impossible you could serve together two months;" and I think I was just a week out in my calculation. I am only sorry that it was not a resignation rather than a removal, because the personal kindness and distinction I always received from his lordship and you gave me such a love for you both (if you great men will allow that expression in a little one), that I resolved to preserve it entire, however you differed between yourselves, and in this I did for some time follow your commands and example. I impute it more to the candor of each of you than to my own conduct, that, having been for two years almost the only man who went between you, I never observed the least alteration in either of your countenances towards me. I will swear for no man's sincerity, much less for that of a minister of state; but thus much I have said, wherever it was proper, that your lordship's proposals were always the fairest in the world, and I faithfully delivered them as I was empowered: and although I am no very skilful man at intrigue, yet I durst forfeit my head that, if the case were mine, I could either have agreed with you or put you *dans votre tort.* When I saw all reconciliation impracticable I thought fit to retire, and was resolved for some

reasons (not to be mentioned at this distance) to have nothing to do with whomever was to be last in. For either I should not be needed or not be made use of. And, let the case be what it would, I had rather be out of the way. All I pretended was to speak my thoughts freely, to represent persons and things without any mingle of my interest or passions, and sometimes to make use of an evil instrument, which was likely to cost me dear, even from those for whose service it was employed. I did believe there would be no further occasion for me upon any of those accounts. Besides, I had so ill an opinion of the queen's health that I was confident you had not a quarter of time left for the work you had to do; having let slip the opportunity of cultivating those dispositions she had got after her sickness at Windsor. I never left pressing my lord Oxford with the utmost earnestness (and perhaps more than became me) that we might be put in such a condition as not to lie at mercy on this great event; and I am your lordship's witness that you have nothing to answer for in that matter. I will, for once, talk in my trade, and tell you that I never saw anything more resemble our proceedings than a man of fourscore or in a deep consumption going on in his sins, although his physician assured him he could not live a week. Those wonderful refinements, of keeping men in expectation, and not letting your friends be too strong, might be proper in their season—*Sed nunc non erat his locus.* Besides, you kept your bread and butter till it was too stale for anybody to care for it. Thus your machine of four years' modelling is dashed to pieces in a moment: and as well by the choice of the regents as by their proceedings, I do not find there is any intention of managing you in the least. The whole nineteen consist either of the highest party-men or (which mightily mends the matter) of such who left us upon the subject of the peace and affected jealousies about the succession. It might reasonably be expected that this quiet possession might convince the successor of the good dispositions of the church-party towards him; and I ever thought there was a mighty failure somewhere or other that this could not have been done in the queen's life. But this is too much for what is past; and yet, whoever observed and disliked the causes has some title to quarrel with the effects. As to what is to come, your lordship is in the prime of your years, *plein des esprits qui fournissent les esperances;* and you are now again to act that part (though in another assembly) which you formerly discharged so much to your

own honor and the advantage of your cause. You set out with the wind and tide against you, yet at last arrived at your port, from whence you are now driven back into open sea again. But not to involve myself in an allegory, I doubt whether, after this disappointment, you can go on with the same vigor you did in your more early youth. Experience, which has added to your wisdom, has lessened your resolution. You are now a general, who, after many victories, have lost a battle, and have not the same confidence in yourself or your troops. Your fellow-laborers have either made their fortunes or are past them, or will go over to seek them on the other side.—Yet, after all, and to resume a little courage; to be at the head of the church interest is no mean station; and that, as I take it, is now in your lordship's power. In order to which I could heartily wish for that union you mention, because I need not tell you that some are more dexterous at pulling down their enemies than, &c. We have certainly more heads and hands than our adversaries; but it must be confessed they have stronger shoulders and better hearts. I only doubt my friends, the rabble, are at least grown trimmers; and that setting up the cry of "trade and wool," against "Sacheverell and the church," has cooled their zeal. I take it for granted there will be a new parliament against winter, and if they will retain me on the other side as their counsellor I will engage them a majority. But since it is possible I may not be so far in their good graces, if your lordship thinks my service may be of any use in this new world, I will be ready to attend you by the beginning of winter. For the misfortune is, that I must go to Ireland to take the oaths, which I never reflected on till I had notice from some friends in London; and the sooner I go the better, to prevent accidents, for I would not willingly want a favor at present. I think to set out in a few days, but not before your lordship's commands and instructions may reach me. I cannot conclude without offering my humblest thanks and acknowledgments for your lordship's kind intentions towards me (if this accident had not happened), of which I received some general hints. I pray God direct your lordship: and I desire you will believe me to be what I am, with the utmost truth and respect, your lordship's most obedient, &c.

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS.

Letcombe, August 8, 1714.

If I had but fixed a week sooner for my journey to Ireland I should have avoided twenty inconveniences that have since happened to me, and been with you the time I am now writing. Upon the earl of Oxford's removal he desired I would go with him into Herefordshire, which I consented to, and wrote you word of it, desiring you would renew my license of absence at the end of this month, for I think it then expires. Two days after I had earnest invitation from those in power to go up to town and assist them in their new ministry; which I resolved to excuse; but, before I could write, news came of the queen's death, and all our schemes broke to shatters. I am told I must take the oaths in Ireland in three months; and I think it is better travelling now than later; and although I am earnestly pressed by our broken leaders to come up to town, I shall not do it; but hope to set out on the 16th instant toward Ireland, and if it please God be with you in nine or ten days after this come to your hands. However, let my licence be renewed before it expires. I think I answered yours in my last. I leave all things entirely to you and Mr. Forbes. My service to gossip Doll, Goody Stoyte, and Martha, and Mr. Manley and lady. Mr. Manley is, I believe, now secure in his post, and it will be my turn to solicit favors from him. I have taken up Mr. Fetherston's money to pay some debts in London. I desire you will pay him 50*l.* with the usual exchange at twenty days' sight, or later if it be convenient.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

August 12, 1714.

I had your letter last post, and before you can send me another I shall set out for Ireland. I must go and take the oaths; and the sooner the better. If you are in Ireland when I am there I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through: but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or if not, leave all to fate that seldom comes to humor our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you. These public misfortunes have altered all my measures and broke my

spirits. God Almighty bless you. I shall I hope be on horseback in a day after this comes to your hand. I would not answer your questions for a million; nor can I think of them with any ease of mind. Adieu.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, September 14, 1714.

My Lord,—I hope your lordship, who were always so kind to me while you were a servant, will not forget me now in your greatness. I give you this caution, because I really believe you will be apt to be exalted in your new station of retirement, which was the only honorable post that those who gave it you were capable of conferring. And as, in other employments, the circumstances with which they are given are sometimes said to be equally valuable with the gift itself, so it was in your case. The sealing up your office, and especially without any directions from the king, discovered such sentiments of you in such persons as would make any honest man proud to share them.

I must be so free as to tell you that this new office of retirement will be harder for you to keep than that of secretary: and you lie under one great disadvantage, besides your being too young; that, whereas none but knaves and fools desire to deprive you of your former post, all the honest men in England will be for putting you out of this.

I go on in writing though I know not how to send you my letter. If I were sure it would be opened by the sealers of your office, I would fill it with some terms of art that they would better deserve than relish.

It is a point of wisdom too hard for me not to look back with vexation upon past management. Divines tell us often from their pulpits "that half the pains which some men take to be damned would have compassed their salvation:" this, I am sure, was extremely our case. I know not what motions your lordship intends, but if I see the old Whig measures taken in the next elections, and that the court, the bank, East India, and South Sea, act strenuously, and procure a majority, I shall lie down and beg of Jupiter to heave the cart out of the dirt.

I would give all I am worth, for the sake of my country, that you had left your mantle with somebody in the house of commons, or that a dozen honest men among them had only so many shreds

of it. — And so, having despatched all our friends in England, off flies a splinter, and knocks two governors of Ireland dead. I remember we never had leisure to think of that kingdom. The poor dead queen is used like the giant Longaron in Rabelais. Pantagruel took Longaron by the heels, and made him his weapon to kill twenty other giants; then flung him over a river into the town and killed two ducks and an old cat. I could talk very wisely to you, but you would regard me not. I could bid you *non desperare de republicâ;* and say that *res nolunt diu malè administrari.* But I will cut all short, and assure you that if you do not save us I will not be at the pains of racking my invention to guess how we shall be saved; and yet I have read Polybius.

They tell me you have a very good crop of wheat, but the barley is bad. Hay will certainly be dear unless we have an open winter. I hope you found your hounds in good condition, and that Bright has not made a stirrup-leather of your jockey-belt.

I imagine you now smoking with your humdrum squire (I forget his name), who can go home at midnight and open a dozen gates when he is drunk.

I beg your lordship not to ask me to lend you any money. If you will come and live at the deanery, and furnish up an apartment, I will find you in victuals and drink, which is more than ever you got by the court: and, as proud as you are, I hope to see you accept a part of this offer before you die.

The —— take this country; it has in three weeks spoiled two as good sixpenny pamphlets as ever a proclamation was issued against. And since we talk of that, there will not be . . . .[1] I shall be cured of loving England as the fellow was of his ague, by getting himself whipped through the town.

I would retire too if I could; but my country-seat, where I have an acre of ground, is gone to ruin. The wall of my own apartment is fallen down, and I want mud to rebuild it, and straw to thatch it. Besides, a spiteful neighbor has seized on six feet of ground, carried off my trees, and spoiled my grove. All this is literally true, and I have not fortitude enough to go and see those devastations.

But in return, I live a country life in town, see nobody, and go every day once to prayers, and hope in a few months to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require.

Well, after all, parsons are not such bad company, especially

[1] Here are two or three words in the manuscript totally erased and illegible.

when they are under subjection; and I let none but such come near me.

However, pray God forgive them by whose indolence, neglect, or want of friendship, I am reduced to live with twenty leagues of salt water between your lordship and me, &c.

TO MONSIEUR GIRALDI,

[SECRETARY TO THE DUKE OF TUSCANY].

De Dublin, en Irelande, Février 25, 1714-15.

MONSIEUR,—Je prends la liberté de vous présenter le porteur de celui-ci, Monsieur Howard, gentilhomme savant et de condition de ce pays-ci; qui prétend de faire le tour d'Italie; et qui, étant chanoine en mon doyenné et professeur de college ici, veut en voyageant parmi les catholiques s'opiniatrer le plus dans son hérésie. Et après tout, monsieur, il n'est que juste, puisque vous avez dérobé notre franchise Angloise pour l'ajouter à votre politesse Italienne, que quelques-uns de nous-autres tramontanes devoient en voyageant chez vous faire des représailles. Vous me souffriez aussi de vous prier de présenter mes très humbles devoirs à son altesse royale le grand duc.

Pour mon particulier, monsieur, je prends la liberté de vous dire que, deux mois devant la mort de la reine, voyant, qu'il étoit tout-à-fait impossible de raccommoder mes amis du ministère, je me retirai à la campagne en Berkshire, d'où après ce triste événement je venois en Irelande, où je demeure en mon doyenné, et attends avec la résignation d'un bon chrétien la ruine de notre cause et de mes amis, menacés tous le jours par la faction dominante. Car ces messieurs sont tout-à-fait résolu de trancher une demi-douzaine de têtes des meilleures d'Angleterre, et que vous avez fort bien connues et estimées. Dieu sait quel en sera l'événement. Pour mois, j'ai quitté pour jamais la politique, et avec la permission des bonnes gens qui sont maintenant en vogue, je demeurerai la reste de ma vie en mon hermitage pour songer à mon salut.

Adieu, monsieur, et me faites la justice de croire que je suis, avec beaucoup de respect, monsieur, votre, &c.

TO MR. GIRALDI.

Dublin, February 25, 1714-15.

SIR,—I take the liberty to recommend to you the bearer, Mr. Howard, a learned gentleman of good family in this country, who

intends to make the tour of Italy, and being a canon in my deanery, and professor of a college in this university, would fain be confirmed in his heresy by travelling among catholics. And after all, sir, it is but just that, since you have borrowed our English frankness and sincerity to ingraft on your Italian politeness, some of us tramontanes should make reprisals on you by travelling. You will also permit me to beg you will be so kind as to present my most humble duty to his royal highness the grand duke.

With regard to myself, I will be so free as to tell you that two months before the queen's decease, finding that it was impossible to reconcile my friends of the ministry, I retired to a country-house in Berkshire; from whence after the melancholy event I came over to Ireland, where I now reside upon my deanery, and with christian resignation wait for the destruction of our cause and of my friends, which the reigning faction are daily contriving. For these gentlemen are absolutely determined to strike off half a dozen heads of the best men in England, whom you intimately knew and esteemed. God knows what will be the consequence. For my part I have bid adieu to politics, and with the good leave of the honest men who are now in power, I shall spend the remainder of my days in my hermitage, and attend entirely to my own private affairs. Adieu, sir, and do me the justice to believe that I am, with great respect, sir, yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 28, 1715.

My lord bishop of Clogher gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent, and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in public events: for if your friends the Whigs continue you may hope for some favor; if the Tories return you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the duke of Ormond is to me: do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavoring to take off their heads? *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.*—Do you imagine I can be easy when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the

very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the eclipse, but it was that eclipse which happened on the 1st of August.

I borrowed your Homer from the bishop (mine is not yet landed), and read it out in two evenings.

If it pleases others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation; yet I am angry at some bad rhymes and triplets; and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes to war and gods. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little too obscure: but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no foul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over, nor do we very much abound in judges, at least I have not the honor to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and essay. You were pretty bold in mentioning lord Bolingbroke in that preface. I saw the "Key to the Lock" but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal to adapt it to the present times.

God be thanked, I have yet no parliamentary business, and if they have none with me I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore if I can get leave to be absent I shall be much inclined to be on that side when there is a parliament on this: but truly I must be a little easy in my mind before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house: my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages; and when I do not dine abroad or make an entertainment (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton-pie and drink half a pint of wine: my amusements are defending my small dominions against the archbishop, and endeavoring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Gay.—I am, and will be always, extremely yours, &c.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dublin, July 19, 1715.

My Lord,—It may look like an idle or officious thing in me to give your lordship any interruption under your present circum-

stances; yet I could never forgive myself if, after being treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction by a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you at this time the humblest offers of my poor service and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you in my own behalf; and if I am refused it will be the first request you ever refused me. I do not think myself obliged to regulate my opinions by the proceedings of a house of lords or commons; and therefore, however they may acquit themselves in your lordship's case, I shall take the liberty of thinking and calling your lordship the ablest and faithfullest minister and truest lover of your country that this age has produced; and I have already taken care that you shall be so represented to posterity, in spite of all the rage and malice of your enemies. And this I know will not be wholly indifferent to your lordship, who, next to a good conscience, always esteemed reputation your best possession. Your intrepid behavior under this prosecution astonishes every one but me, who know you so well, and how little it is in the power of human actions or events to discompose you. I have seen your lordship laboring under great difficulties and exposed to great dangers, and overcoming both by the providence of God and your own wisdom and courage. Your life has been already attempted by private malice; it is now pursued by public resentment. Nothing else remained. You were destined to both trials; and the same power which delivered you out of the paws of the lion and the bear will I trust deliver you out of the hands of the uncircumcised.

I can write no more. You suffer for a good cause; for having preserved your country, and for having been the great instrument under God of his present majesty's peaceable accession to the throne. This I know, and this your enemies know; and this I will take care that all the world shall know, and future ages be convinced of. God Almighty protect you, and continue to you that fortitude and magnanimity he has endowed you with!—Farewell.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

Dublin, March 24, 1716.

My Lord,—As much of your lordship's thoughts and time are employed at present, you must give me leave to interrupt them, and —which is worse—for a trifle; though, by the accidents of time and party, of some consequence and great vexation to me. I am here at the head of three-and-twenty dignitaries and prebendaries,

whereof the major part, differing from me in principles, have taken a fancy to oppose me upon all occasions in the chapter-house; and a ringleader among them has presumed to debate my power of proposing, or my negative; though it is what the deans of this cathedral have possessed for time immemorial, and what has never been once disputed. Our constitution was taken from that of Sarum; and the knowledge of what is practised there in the like case would be of great use to me. I have written this post to Dr. Younger, to desire he would inform me in this matter; but having only a slender acquaintance with him, I would beg your lordship to second my request that the dean would please to let me know the practice of his cathedral and his power in this point. I would likewise desire your lordship to let me know how it is at Westminster and the two other cathedrals, with whose customs you may be acquainted.

Pray, my lord, pardon this idle request from one that loves and esteems you, as you know I do. I once thought it would never be my misfortune to entertain you at so scurvy a rate, at least not at so great a distance, or with so much constraint:

> "Sis felix, nostrumque leves [I do not like *quicunque*[1]] laborem:
> Et quo sub cœlo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
> Jactemur, doceas."[2]

The greatest felicity I now have is that I am utterly ignorant of the most public events that happen in the world:

> "Multa gemens ignominiam plagasque," &c.

I am with the greatest respect and truth, my lord, your lordship's most dutiful and most humble servant.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

April 18, 1716.

My Lord,—I am extremely obliged to your lordship for the trouble you have given yourself in answering at length a very insignificant letter. I shall entirely follow your lordship's advice to the best of my skill. Your conjectures from whence my difficulties take their rise are perfectly true. It is all party. But the right is certainly on my side, if there be anything in constant immemorial custom. Besides, though the first scheme of this cathedral was brought from Sarum, yet by several subsequent grants from

[1] The *quæcunque* of Virgil was more favorable to the zealous admirers of the memory of queen Anne.

[2] "But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
What earth we tread, or who commands the coast."
Dryden, Æn. i. 457.

popes, kings, archbishops, and acts of parliament, the dean has great prerogatives. He visits the chapter as ordinary, and the archbishop only visits by the dean. The dean can suspend and sequester any member, and punishes all crimes except heresy, and one or two more reserved for the archbishop. No lease can be let without him. He holds a court-leet in his district, and is exempt from the lord-mayor, &c. No chapter can be called but by him, and he dissolves them at pleasure. He disposes absolutely of the petty canons and vicars-choral places. All the dignitaries, &c., swear canonical obedience to him. These circumstances put together I presume may alter the case in your lordship's judgment. However, I shall, as your lordship directs me, do my utmost to divert this controversy as much as I can. I must add one thing, that no dignitary can preside without a power from the dean, who in his absence makes a sub-dean, and limits him as he pleases. And so much for deaneries, which I hope I shall never trouble your lordship with again.

I send this enclosed and without superscription, to be sent or delivered to you by a famous friend of mine, and devoted servant of your lordship's.

I congratulate with England for joining with us here in the fellowship of slavery. It is not so terrible a thing as you imagine: we have long lived under it; and whenever you are disposed to know how you ought to behave yourself in your new condition, you need go no further than me for a director. But because we are resolved to go beyond you, we have transmitted a bill to England, to be returned here, giving the government and six of the council power for three years to imprison whom they please for three months, without any trial or examination; and I expect to be among the first of those upon whom this law will be executed. We have also outdone you in the business of Ben Hoadly, and have recommended to a bishopric one whom you would not allow a curate in the smallest of your parishes. Does your lordship know that, as much as I have been used to lies in England, I am under a thousand uneasinesses about some reports relating to a person that you and I love very well? I have writ to a lady [lady Bolingbroke] upon that subject, and am impatient for an answer. I am gathering up 1000*l.*, and intend to finish my life upon the interest of it in Wales.

God Almighty preserve your lordship *miseris succurrere rebus*, whether you understand or relish Latin or no. But it is a great deal your fault if you suffer us all to be undone; for God never gave

such talents without expecting they should be used to preserve a nation. There is a doctor [Dr. R. Friend] in your neighborhood to whom I am a very humble servant. I am, with great respect, your lordship's most dutiful, &c.

Some persons go this summer for England; and if Dr. Younger be talked with, I hope you will so order it that it may not be to my disadvantage.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Gaulstown, June 17, 1716.

My Lord,—I have an account by this post that your grace intends in two or three days to go for England. I heartily wish you a good voyage and a speedy return, with a perfect recovery of your health, and success in all your undertakings for the service of the church. I lately applied myself to some persons who I thought had credit with your grace, that they would prevail on you to consent that Mr. Dopping should have St. Nicholas, and that Mr. Chamberlain, upon surrendering a sinecure (fallen by the late promotion) to Mr. Wall, might succeed to St. Luke's; and having heard your grace was not disinclined to this scheme, I thought you had authority enough to make it go down with Mr. Chamberlain, who would be a gainer by the exchange, and, having already a plentiful fortune, would have as good an opportunity of showing his abilities in one parish as in the other I should add my humble entreaties to your grace to consent to this proposal, if I had not so many reasons to apprehend that it would succeed just so much the worse for my solicitation. I confess every friend I have discovered long before myself that I had wholly lost your grace's favor, and this to a degree that all whom I was disposed to serve were sure to thrive the worse for my friendship to them: particularly, I have been assured that Mr. Wall would not have failed of the prebend of Malahiddart if he had not been thought too much attached to me; for it is alleged that, according to your grace's own scheme of uniting the prebends to the vicarages, it would almost have fallen to him of course; and I remember the poor gentleman had always a remote hope of that prebend whenever Dr. Moor should quit it. Mr. Wall came lately down to me to Trim upon that disappointment, and I was so free as to ask him whether he thought my friendship had done him hurt; but he was either so meek or so fearful of offending that he would by no means impute his misfortune to anything beside his want of

merit and some misrepresentations; which latter I must confess to have found with grief to have more than once influenced you against some who by their conduct to your grace have deserved a quite different treatment. With respect to myself, I can assure your grace that those who are most in your confidence make it no manner of secret that several clergymen have lost your grace's favor by their civilities to me. I do not say anything of this by way of complaint, which I look upon to be an office too mean for any man of spirit and integrity, but merely to know whether it be possible for me to be upon any better terms with your grace, without which I shall be able to do very little good in the small station I am placed. The friendship I had with the late ministry, and the trust they were pleased to repose in me, were chiefly applied to do all the service to the church that I was able. I had no ill designs, nor ever knew any in them. I was the continual advocate for all men of merit without regard of party; for which it is known enough that I was sufficiently censured by some warm men, and in a more particular manner for vindicating your grace in an affair where I thought you were misrepresented, and you seemed desirous to wish to be set right. And upon the whole, this I can faithfully assure your grace, that I was looked upon as a trimmer and one that was providing against a change, for no other reason but defending your grace's principles in church and state; which I think might pass for some kind of merit in one who never either had or expected any mark of your favor. And I cannot but think it hard that I must upon all occasions be made uneasy in my station, have dormant prebends revived on purpose to oppose me, and this openly acknowledged by those who say they act under your grace's direction. That, instead of being able to do a good office to a deserving friend, as all my predecessors have been, it is thought a matter of accusation for any one to cultivate my acquaintance. This I must think to be hard treatment, and though I regard not the consequences as far as they are intended to affect myself, yet your grace may live to lament those which from thence may happen to the church.

When I was first made dean your grace was pleased, in a very condescending manner, to write to me that you desired my friendship: I was then in the service of the ministry, and the peace was made; and if I had any share in their ill designs, I was then guilty, but I do not know that I have ever done anything since to forfeit your good opinion: I confess I lost many friends by the queen's death, but I will never imagine your grace to be of the number.

I have given your grace too long a trouble. I humbly beg your blessing, and shall remain ever, with the greatest truth and respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful, and most humble servant.

TO MR. POPE.

August 30, 1716.

I HAD the favor of yours by Mr. Ford, of whom, before any other question relating to your health or fortune, or success as a poet, I inquired your principles in the common form — "Is he a Whig or a Tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that possession of any sort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the court of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or power confers virtue as naturally as five of your popish sacraments do grace. — You sleep less and drink more. — But your master Horace was *vini somnique benignus;* and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to wine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in temples for those who would consult the oracles, "Who dictates to me slumbering," &c.

You are an ill catholic, or a worse geographer; for I can assure you Ireland is not paradise, and I appeal even to any Spanish divine whether addresses were ever made to a friend in hell or in purgatory. And who are all those enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curll, Gildon, 'squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others, whose fame I have forgot: tools, in my opinion, as necessary for a good writer as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every draper does not show you three or four damned pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant that one thorough bookselling rogue is better qualified to vex an author than all his contemporary scribblers in critic or satire, not only by stolen copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other men's dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the ears of that Curll when I was in credit; but the

rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the historian pretends to have been an eye-witness; but I beg pardon, sack might do it, although ratsbane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolics of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends until Curll and his resemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under Langallerie to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own religion and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore, pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks by telling them you were forced to leave your native home because we would oblige you to be a christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious quaker in this town who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a set of quaker pastorals might succeed if our friend Gay could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says. I believe further the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, footman, or chairman's pastoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral among the whores and thieves there?

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort, whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipped by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem, yours, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, November 13, 1716.

My Lord,—The reason I never gave your grace the trouble of a letter was, because it could only be a trouble without either en-

tertainment or use; for I am so much out even of this little world that I know not the commonest occurrences in it; neither do I now write to your grace upon any sort of business, for I have nothing to ask but your blessing and favorable thoughts: only I conceived it ought not to be said that your grace was several months absent in England without one letter from the dean to pay his respects. My schemes are all circumscribed by the cathedral and the liberties about it; where nothing of moment happened since your grace left it, except the election of Mr. Chamberlain to St. Nicholas, which passed quietly while I was absent in the country. I am purchasing a glebe by the help of the trustees for the vicarage of Laracor; and I have vanity enough to desire it might be expressed by a clause in the deeds, as one consideration, that I had been instrumental in procuring the first-fruits; which was accordingly inserted, but hints were given it would not pass. Then the bishops of Ossory and Killaloe had as I am told a sum of money for their labor in that affair; who, upon my arrival at London to negotiate it, were one of them gone to Bath and the other to Ireland: but it seems more reasonable to give bishops money for doing nothing than a private gentleman thanks for succeeding where bishops have failed. I am only sorry I was not a bishop that I might at least have got money. The Tory clergy here seem ready for conversion, provoked by a parcel of obscure zealots in London, who as we hear are setting up a new church of England by themselves. By our intelligence it seems to be a complication of as much folly, madness, hypocrisy, and mistake as ever was offered to the world. If it be understood so on your side, I cannot but think there would be a great opportunity of regaining the body of the clergy to the interest of the court; who, if they were persuaded by a few good words to throw off their fears, could never think of the pretender without horror; under whom it is obvious that those refiners would have the greatest credit, and consequently everything be null since the time of the revolution, and more havoc made in a few months than the most desponding among the Tories can justly apprehend from the present management in as many years. These at least are as I am told the thoughts and reasonings of the high-church people among us; but whether a court in the midst of strength and security will conceive it worth their while to cultivate the dispositions of people in the dust, is out of my reach.

The bishop of Dromore has never been in town since he went to

his diocese, nor does he say anything of coming up. He is in good health.

I was told a week or two ago a confused story of the anatomy lecturer at the college turned out by the provost, and another put in his place. I know not the particulars, but am assured he is blamed for it both by the prince and your grace. I take the provost to be a very honest gentleman, perfectly good-natured, and the least inclined to speak ill of others of almost any person I have known. He has very good intentions; but the defect seems to be that his views are short, various, and sudden; and I have reason to think he hardly ever makes use of any other counsellor than himself. I talked to him of this matter since it was done, and I think his answers satisfied me; but I am an ill retainer of facts wherein I have no concern: my humble opinion is that it would be much to his own ease and of theirs who dislike him if he were put into another station; and if you will not afford him a bishopric, that you will let him succeed some rich country dean. I dare be confident that the provost had no other end in changing that lecturer than a design of improving anatomy as far as he could; for he would never have made such a step as choosing the prince chancellor but from a resolution of keeping as fair as he possibly could with the present powers, in regard both to his ease and his interest; and in hopes of changing a post wherein, to say the truth, he has been used by judges and governors like any dog, and has suffered more by it in his health and honor than I, with his patrimonial estate, would think it were worth. Here has been one Whittingham in an ordination sermon calling the clergy a thousand dumb dogs, and treating episcopacy as bad as Boyse; yet no notice at all shall be taken of this, unless to his advantage upon the next vacant bishopric; and wagers are laid already whether he or one Monk will be the man. But I forget myself; and therefore shall only add that I am, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant, &c.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Trim, December 16, 1716.

My Lord,—I should be sorry to see my lord Bolingbroke following the trade of an informer, because he is a person for whom I always had, and still continue, a very great love and esteem. For I think, as the rest of mankind do, that informers are a detestable

race of people, although they may be sometimes necessary. Besides, I do not see whom his lordship can inform against except himself: he was three or four days at the court of France while he was secretary, and it is barely possible he might then have entered into some deep negotiation with the pretender, although I would not believe him if he should swear it, because he protested to me that he never saw him but once, and that was at a great distance, in public, at an opera. As to any other of the ministry at that time, I am confident he cannot accuse them, and that they will appear as innocent with relation to the pretender as any who are now at the helm. And as to myself, if I were of any importance, I should be very easy under such an accusation; much easier than I am to think your grace imagines me in any danger, or that lord Bolingbroke should have an ill story to tell of me. He knows, and loves, and thinks too well of me, to be capable of such an action. But I am surprised to think your grace could talk, or act, or correspond with me for some years past, while you must needs believe me a most false and vile man, declaring to you on all occasions my abhorrence of the pretender, and yet privately engaged with a ministry to bring him in; and therefore warning me to look to myself, and prepare my defence against a false brother coming over to discover such secrets as would hang me. Had there been ever the least overture or intent of bringing in the pretender during my acquaintance with the ministry, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some discoveries or suspicions. And although I am not sure I should have turned informer, yet I am certain I should have dropped some general cautions, and immediately have retired. When people say things were not ripe at the queen's death, they say they know not what. Things were rotten; and had the ministers any such thoughts, they should have begun three years before; and they who say otherwise understand nothing of the state of the kingdom at that time.

But whether I am mistaken or not in other men, I beg your grace to believe that I am not mistaken in myself. I always professed to be against the pretender; and am so still. And this is not to make my court (which I know is vain), for I own myself full of doubts, fears, and dissatisfactions, which I think on as seldom as I can: yet if I were of any value, the public may safely rely on my loyalty, because I look upon the coming of the pretender as a greater evil than any we are likely to suffer under the worst Whig ministry that can be found.

I have not spoke or thought so much of party these two years, nor could anything have tempted me to it but the grief I have in standing so ill in your grace's opinion. I beg your grace's blessing, and am, &c.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Trim, December 22, 1716.

My Lord, — I have been here some days to finish the purchase of a glebe for my country parish. I prevailed on a gentleman to alienate twenty acres for 200*l.* to be had from the trustees of the first-fruits. He then sets me twenty-three acres more for 999 years. Upon these last twenty-three acres I am, by agreement, to lay out the said 200*l.* in building, and to give the gentleman immediately 55*l.* out of my own pocket, and to pay him 14*l.* per annum for ever, which is near the value of the whole forty acres; these last twenty-three acres, after I have built and improved, I design to leave my successor,[1] who will then have forty-three acres of good glebe, with house, gardens, &c., for 14*l.* per annum. I reckon to lay out of my own money above 250*l.*, and so to be an humble imitator of your grace, *longo intervallo.* This expedient was a project of Dr. Raymond, minister of this town, to deal with a Jew, who would not lessen his rent-roll to save all the churches in Christendom. Dr. Coghill and everybody else approves the thing, since it is a good bargain to the church, a better to the gentleman, and only a bad one to myself; and I hope your grace will have the same thoughts.

Since I came down here I received the honor of a large, and therefore an agreeable letter from your grace, of November 22. I have reason to think myself hardly dealt with by those of the side in power, who will not think I deserve any place in your good thoughts; when they cannot but know that while I was near the late ministry I was a common advocate for those they called the Whigs, to a degree that a certain great minister told me I had always a Whig in my sleeve; neither did I ever fail to interpose in any case of merit or compassion; by which means several persons in England and some in this kingdom kept their employments, for I cannot remember my lord Oxford ever refused me a request of that kind. And for the rest, your grace may very well remember that I had the honor of corresponding with you during the whole period with some degree of confidence; because I know your grace had

[1] See the dean's will.

wished the same things, but differed only in opinion about the hands that should effect them. It was on account of this conduct that certain warm creatures of this kingdom, then in London, and not unknown to your grace, had the assurance to give me broad hints that I was providing against a change; and I observe those very men are now the most careful of all others to creep as far as they can out of harm's way.

The system of new zealots, which your grace extracted, must be very suitable to my principles, who was always a Whig in politics. I have been told that, upon the death of the last nonjuring bishop, Dodwell and his followers thought the schism at an end. My notion was, that these people began to set up again, upon despair of their cause by the rebellion being brought to an end; else their politics are, if possible, worse than their divinity. Upon the whole, it is clear that the game is entirely in the hands of the king and his ministers; and I am extremely glad of your grace's opinion that it will be played as it ought; or if we must suffer for a name, however, I had rather be devoured by a lion than a rat.

That maxim of the injuring person never forgiving the person injured is I believe true in particulars, but not of communities. I cannot but suppose that the clergy thought there were some hardships and grounds for fears, otherwise they must be very wicked or very mad; to say more would be to enter into a dispute upon a party subject; a dog or a horse knows when he is kindly treated; and besides, a wise administration will endeavor to remove the vain as well as the real fears of those they govern.

I saw the provost yesterday in this neighborhood, and had some little talk with him upon the occasion of the bishop of Killaloe's death: I believe he would accept of the deanery of Derry if Dr. Bolton, the dean, should be promoted; but I said nothing of it to him. I believe he has written to Mr. Molyneux. I find, since he cannot be trusted with a bishopric, that he desires to leave his station with as good a grace as he can, and that it may not be thought that what he shall get is only to get rid of him. I said in general that such a circumstance, as things stood, was hardly worth the quiet of a man's whole life; and so we parted, only with telling him I intended to write to your grace in answer to a letter I had from you.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, March 9, 1717.

My Lord,—I had yesterday the honor of a letter from your grace, wherein you first mention Mr. Duncan's accident, who, as it falls out, is quite recovered, and, they say, is since better of his asthma: I believe, whenever he dies, I shall be in some difficulties, though I am wholly indifferent who may succeed him, provided he may be a deserving person, unless I might say that my inclinations are a little turned to oblige Mr. Dopping, on account of his brother, for whom I have always had a very great esteem. It will be impossible for me to carry any point against that great majority of the chapter who are sure to oppose me whenever party interferes; and in those cases I shall be very ready to change my nomination, only choosing those I least dislike among such as they will consent to; wherein I hope I shall have your grace's approbation.

About a week ago I wrote to your grace in relation to the provost. My lord bishop of Dromore, Dr. Coghill, and I, were yesterday using our rhetoric to no purpose. The topic he perpetually adheres to is, that the court offers him a deanery because they look upon him as a man they cannot trust, which, he says, affects his reputation; that he professes to be as true to the present king as any person in employment; that he has always shown himself so; that he was sacrificed by the Tories in the late reign, on account of the dispute in the college, and other matters; that he publicly argues and appears against the same party now upon all occasions, and expects as little favor from them, if ever they should come into power, as any man now in employment. As to any hints dropped to him of any danger or uneasiness from parliament or visitation, he declares himself perfectly safe and easy; and if it might not affect the society he should be glad of such inquiries in order to vindicate himself; that he should like the deanery of Down full as well and perhaps better than the bishopric of Dromore, provided the deanery was given him in such a manner, and with some mark of favor and approbation, that the world would not think he was driven into it as a man whom the king could not trust; and if any such method could be thought on he would readily accept it; that he is very sensible he should be much happier in the other station, and much richer, and, which weighs with him more, that it would be much for the present interest of the college to be under another head; but that the sense of his own loss of credit prevails with him above all consideration;

and that he hopes in some time to convince the world, and the court too, that he has been altogether misrepresented.

This is the sum of his reasoning, by all I could gather after several conversations with him, both alone and with some of his best friends, who all differ from him, as, he allows, most of his acquaintance do. I am no judge of what consequence his removal may be to the service of the college, or of any favors to be shown it. But I believe it would be no difficult matter to find a temper in this affair; for instance (I speak purely my own thoughts), if the prince would graciously please to send a favorable message by his secretary, to offer him the deanery in such a manner as might answer the provost's difficulty. I cannot but think your grace might bring such a thing about: but that I humbly leave to your grace.

My lord bishop of Dromore received letters yesterday from your grace and the bishop of Derry, with an account of his succeeding to Clogher, of which I am sure all parties will be exceeding glad.

I wish your grace a good journey to the Bath, and a firm establishment of your health there. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

Not knowing but your grace might be gone to the Bath, I have mentioned something of the provost's affair in a letter this post to my lord bishop of Derry.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, March 22, 1717.

My Lord,— Your grace's letter was a long time before it reached me; for I was several weeks in the country despatching the affair of the glebe, which, however, is not yet quite finished. Your grace does rightly conceive the nature of my purchase, and that I am likely to be 200*l.* poorer for it: only I shall endeavor to lose by degrees, which is all I have for it. I shall endeavor as much as I can to prevent the evil you foresee of my successors neglecting my improvements and letting them all go to ruin. I shall take the best advice I can, and leave them to be fools as well as knaves if they do so; for I shall make so many plantations and hedges, that the land will let for double the value, and after all I must leave something to fortune.

As to what your grace mentions of a practice in the late reign of engaging people to come into the queen's measures, I have a great deal to say on that subject not worth troubling you with at present,

further than that I am confident those who pretend to say most of it are conscious their accusation is wrong: but I never love myself so little as when I differ from your grace; nor do I believe I ever shall do it but where I am master of the fact, and your grace has it only by report.

I have been speaking much to the provost about the deanery of Derry, or whatever other employment, under a bishopric, may be designed him upon these promotions. I find Dr. Coghill has been upon the subject with him, but he is absolutely positive to take nothing less at present; and his argument is, that, whatever shall be given him now, beneath the station his predecessors were called to, will be a mark of his lying under the displeasure of the court, and that he is not to be trusted; whereas he looks upon himself to have acted with principles as loyal to the present government as any the king employs. He does not seem to dislike either of the deaneries of Derry or Down, but is persuaded it will reflect upon his reputation; and unless it could be contrived that he might have some mark of favor and approbation along with such a preferment, I believe your grace may be assured he will not accept it. I only repeat what he says to me and what I believe he will adhere to.

For my own part, who am not so refined, I gave my opinion that he should take what was given him; but his other friends differ from me, and, for aught I know, they may be in the right; and if the court thinks it of consequence that the present provost should be removed, I am not sure but a way may be found out of saving his credit, which is all he seems to require; although I am confident that if he were a bishop the government might be very secure of him, since he seems wholly fallen out with the Tories and the Tories with him; and I do not know any man who, in common conversation, talks with more zeal for the present establishment and against all opposers of it than he. The only thing he desires at present in his discourse with me is, that no proposal of a deanery should be at all made to him, but that he may go on as he is, until further judgment shall be made of him by his future conduct.

I thought it proper to say thus much to your grace, because I did not know whether you and he perfectly understood each other.

I hear your grace intends this spring for the Bath. I shall pray, for the good of the church, that you may then establish your health. I am, with the greatest respect, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

Among other things, the provost argued that Dr. Foster was promoted to a bishopric from being a fellow; and therefore he must conclude that offering him a less preferment is a mark of displeasure, with which circumstance he is determined not to leave his present station.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Magherlyn, May 23, 1717.

My Lord,—Your grace's letter of March 23d was brought to me at Trim, where I went a month ago to finish my lease and purchase for my country parish. In some days after I met my lord bishop of Clogher at Drogheda, by appointment: we went together to Clogher, where he was enthroned, and after three days came to this place, where his lordship is settling everything against the coming of the new bishop, who is expected here next week. My great business at Clogher was to seduce his lordship to lay out 2000*l.* in a new house, and for that end we rode about to find a situation. I know not whether I shall prevail, for he has a hankering after making additions to the old one, which I never will consent to, and would rather he should leave all to the generosity of a successor. My notion is, that when a bishop with good dispositions happens to arise, it should be every man's business to cultivate them. It is no ill age that produces two such, and therefore, if I had credit with your grace and his lordship, it should be all employed in pushing you both upon works of public good without the least mercy to your pains or your purses. An expert tradesman makes a few of his best customers answer, not only for those whom he gets little or nothing by, but for all who die in his debt.

I will suppose your grace has heard of Mr. Duncan's death. I am sure I have heard enough of it, by a great increase of disinterested correspondents ever since. It is well I am at free cost for board and lodging, else postage would have undone me. I have returned no answer to any, and shall be glad to proceed with your grace's approbation, which is a less compliment, because I believe my chapter are of opinion I can hardly proceed without it. I only desire two things; first, that those who call themselves my friends may have no reason to reproach me; and the second, that in the course of this matter I may have something to dispose of to some one I wish well to.

Some weeks before Mr. Duncan's death, his brother-in-law, Mr.

Lawson, minister of Galtrim, went for England, by Mr. Duncan's consent, to apply for an adjoining living, called Kilmore, in Mr. Duncan's possession, and now in the crown by his death. I know not his success; but heartily wish, if it be intended for him, that the matter might take another turn: that Mr. Warren, who is landlord of Galtrim, might have that living and Kilmore adjoining, both not 150*l.*, and Mr. Lawson to go down to Mr. Warren's living in Clogher diocese, worth above 200*l.* But this is all at random, because I know not whether Kilmore may not be already disposed of, for I hear it is in your grace's turn.

I heard lately from the provost, who talked of being in the north in a month; but our Dublin account is, that they know not when the deanery is to be given him. I do not find any great joy in either party on account of the person who it is supposed will succeed him. The wrong custom of making that post the next step to a bishopric has been, as your grace says, of ill consequence; and although, as you add, it gives them no rank, yet they think fit to take it and make no scruple of preceding, on all occasions, the best private clergyman in the kingdom; which is a trifle of great consequence when a man's head is possessed with it.

I pray God preserve your grace, for the good of the church and the learned world; and for the happiness of those whom you are pleased to honor with your friendship, favor, or protection. I beg your grace's blessing; and remain, with the greatest truth and respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant

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TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

Dublin, July 9, 1717.

SIR,—I received the favor of your letter before I came to town: for I stayed three weeks at Trim after I left you, out of perfect hatred to this place, where at length business dragged me against my will. The archdeacon, who delivers you this, will let you know I am but an ill solicitor for him. The thing is indeed a little difficult and perplexed, yet a willing mind would make it easy; but that is wanted, and I cannot work it up. However, it shall not be my fault if something be not made of it one time or other; but some people give their best friends reason to complain. I have at a venture put you down among poor Mr. Prior's benefactors; and I wonder what exemption you pretend to, as appears by your letter to Mr. Stewart. It seems you took the 1000*l.* a year in a literal

sense, and even at that rate, I hope you would not be excused. I hope your sheep-shearing in the county of Louth hath established your health; and that Dr. Tisdall, your brother of the spleen, comes sometimes and makes you laugh at a pun or a blunder. I made a good many advances to your friend Bolton since I came to town, and talked of you, but all signified nothing, for he has taken every opportunity of opposing me in the most unkind and unnecessary manner, and I have done with him. I could with great satisfaction pass a month or two among you if things would permit. The archdeacon carries you all the news, and I need say nothing. We grow mightily sanguine, but my temper has not fire enough in it. They assure me that lord Bolingbroke will be included in the act of grace; which, if it be true, is a mystery to me.

You must learn to winter in town, or you will turn a monk, and Mrs. Cope a nun; I am extremely her humble servant.

I have ventured to subscribe a guinea for Mr. Brownlowe, because I would think it a shame not to have his name in the list. Pray tell him so.

I doubt whether Mrs. Cope will be pleased with the taste of snuff I have sent her.

Present my humble service to your mother and brother; and believe me to be, with great truth and esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

Dublin, July 18, 1717.

My Lord,—Some persons of distinction, lately come from England, and not unknown to your lordship, have made me extremely pleased and proud, by telling me that your lordship was so generous as to defend me against an idle story that passed in relation to a letter of mine to the archbishop of Dublin. I have corresponded for many years with his grace, though we generally differed in politics, and therefore our letters had often a good mixture of controversy. I confess likewise that I have been his grace's advocate where he had not many others. About nine months ago I wrote a letter to him in London (for in my little station it is convenient there should be some commerce between us), and in a short time after I had notice from several friends that a passage in my letter was shown to several persons, and a consequence drawn from thence that I was wholly gone over to other principles more in fashion,

and wherein I might better find my account. I neglected this report, as thinking it might soon die; but found it gathered strength, and spread to Oxford and this kingdom; and some gentlemen who lately arrived here assured me they had met it a hundred miles with all the circumstances of disadvantage that are usually tacked to such stories by the great candor of mankind. It should seem as if I were somebody of importance; and if so I should think the wishes not only of my friends, but of my party, might dispose them rather to believe me innocent than condemn me unheard. Upon the first intelligence I had of this affair, I made a shift to recollect the only passage in that letter which could be any way liable to misinterpretation.

I told the archbishop "we had an account of a set of people in London who were erecting a new church, upon the maxim that everything was void, since the revolution, in the church as well as the state — that all priests must be re-ordained, bishops again consecrated, and in like manner of the rest — that I knew not what there was in it of truth — that it was impossible such a scheme should ever pass — and that I believed, if the court, upon this occasion, would show some good will to the church, discourage those who ill-treated the clergy, &c., it would be the most popular thing they could think of."

I keep no copies of letters; but this I am confident was the substance of what I wrote; and that every other line in the letter which mentioned public affairs would have atoned for this, if it had been a crime, as I think it was not in that juncture, whatever may be my opinion at present: for I confess my thoughts change every week, like those of a man in an incurable consumption, who daily finds himself more and more decay.

The trouble I now give your lordship is an ill return to your goodness in defending me; but it is the usual reward of goodness, and therefore you must be content. In the mean time, I am in a hopeful situation, torn to pieces by pamphleteers and libellers on that side the water, and by the whole body of the ruling party on this; against which all the obscurity I live in will not defend me. Since I came first to this kingdom it has been the constant advice of all my church friends that I should be more cautious. To oppose me in everything relating to my station is made a merit in my chapter; and I shall probably live to make some bishops as poor as Luther made many rich.

I profess to your lordship that what I have been writing is only with regard to the good opinion of your lordship, and of a very few others with whom you will think it of any consequence to an honest man that he should be set right. I am sorry that those who call themselves churchmen should be industrious to have it thought that their number is lessened, even by so inconsiderable a one as myself. But I am sufficiently recompensed that your lordship knows me best, to whom I am so ambitious to be best known. God be thanked, I have but a few to satisfy. The bulk of my censurers are strangers, or ill judges, or worse than either; and if they will not obey your orders to correct their sentiments of me, they will meet their punishment in your lordship's disapprobation; which I would not incur for all their good words put together and printed in twelve volumes folio. I am, with great respect, my lord, your lordship's most dutiful and most humble servant.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

May 1, 1719.

My Lord,—I forget whether I formerly mentioned to you what I have observed in Cicero: that in some of his letters, while he was in exile, there is a sort of melancholy pleasure, which is wonderfully affecting. I believe the reason must be, that in those circumstances of life there is more leisure for friendship to operate, without any mixture of envy, interest, or ambition. But, I am afraid, this was chiefly when Cicero writ to his brethren in exile, or they to him; because common distress is a great promoter both of friendship and speculation; for I doubt prosperity and adversity are too much at variance ever to suffer a near alliance between their owners.

Friendship, we say, is created by a resemblance of humors. You allow that adversity both taught you to think and reason much otherwise than you did; whereas I can assure you that those who contrived to stay at home and keep what they had are not changed at all; and if they sometimes drink an absent friend's health, they have fully discharged their duty. I have been for some time nursing up an observation, which perhaps may be a just one; that no men are used so ill upon a change of times as those who acted upon a public view without regard to themselves. I do not mean from the circumstance of saving more or less money, but because I take it that the same grain of caution which disposes a man to fill

his coffers will teach him how to preserve them upon all events. And I dare hold a wager that the duke of Marlborough, in all his campaigns, was never known to lose his baggage. I am heartily glad to hear of that unconditional offer you mention; because I have been taught to believe there is little good nature to be had from that quarter; and if the offer were sincere I know not why it has not succeeded, since everything is granted that can be asked for, unless there be an exception only for generous and good-natured actions. When I think of you with a relation to sir Roger [the earl of Oxford], I imagine a youth of sixteen marrying a woman of thirty for love; she decays every year, while he grows up to his prime; and when it is too late he wonders how he could think of so unequal a match, or what is become of the beauty he was so fond of.—I am told he outdoes himself in every quality for which we used to quarrel with him. I do not think that leisure of life and tranquillity of mind, which fortune and your own wisdom has given you, could be better employed than in drawing up very exact memoirs of those affairs wherein to my knowledge you had the most difficult and weighty part: and I have often thought, in comparing periods of time, there never was a more important one in England than that which made up the four last years of the late queen. Neither do I think anything could be more entertaining or useful than the story of it fully and exactly told, with such observations, in such a spirit, style, and method, as you alone are capable of performing it. One reason why we have so few memoirs written by principal actors is, because much familiarity with great affairs makes men value them too little: yet such persons will read Tacitus and Comines with a wonderful delight. Therefore I must beg two things: first, that you will not omit any passage because you think it of little moment; and secondly, that you will write to an ignorant world, and not suppose your reader to be only of the present age, or to live within ten miles of London. There is nothing more vexes me in old historians than when they leave me in the dark in some passages which they suppose every one to know. It is this laziness, pride, or incapacity of great men, that has given way to the impertinents of the nation where you are, to pester us with memoirs full of trifling and romance. Let a Frenchman talk twice with a minister of state, he desires no more to furnish out a volume; and I, who am no Frenchman, despairing ever to see anything of what you tell me, have been some time pro-

viding materials for such a work, only upon the strength of having been always among you, and used with more kindness and confidence than it often happens to men of my trade and level. But I am heartily glad of so good a reason to think no farther that way, although I could say many things which you would never allow yourself to write. I have already drawn your character at length in one tract, and a sketch of it in another. But I am sensible that when Cæsar describes one of his own battles we conceive a greater idea of him from thence than from all the praises any other writer can give him.

I read your paraphrase [of Horace] with great pleasure; and the goodness of the poetry convinces me of the truth of your philosophy. I agree that a great part of our wants is imaginary, yet there is a different proportion, even in real want, between one man and another. A king deprived of his kingdom would be allowed to live in real want, although he had ten thousand a year: and the case is parallel in every degree of life. When I reason thus on the case of some absent friends, it frequently takes away all the quiet of my mind. I think it indecent to be merry, or to take satisfaction in anything, while those who presided in councils and armies, and by whom I had the honor to be beloved, are either in humble solitude, or attending, like Hannibal, in foreign courts, *donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranna.* My health (a thing of no moment) is somewhat mended; but, at best, I have an ill head and an aching heart. Pray God send you soon back to your country in peace and honor, that I may once more see him *cum quo morantem sæpe diem fregi*, &c.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

May 12, 1719.

Je vous fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Françoise. Il faut vous connoître long temps avant de connoître toutes vos perfections; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroît des nouvelles, qui étoient auparavant cachées; il est honteux pour moi de ne savoir que le Gascon et le patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien a redire dans l'ortographie, la propriété, l'élégance, le douceur, et l'esprit. Et que je suis sot moi de vous repondre en même langage, vous qui êtes incapable d'aucune sottise, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plaît d'avoir pour moi; car il n'y a point de mérite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon goût, de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donné un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertu,

le bon sens, l'esprit, la douceur, l'agrément, et la fermeté d'ame; mais en vous cachant, comme vous faites, le monde ne vous connoît pas, et vous perdez l'éloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'ai l'honneur de vous connoître, j'ai toujours remarqué que, ni en conversation particulière ni générale, aucun mot a échappè de votre bouche qui pouvoit être mieux exprimé. Et je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus sévére critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun défaut en vos actions ni en vos paroles: la coquetterie, l'affectation, la pruderie sont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez pas vous qu'il est possible de ne pas vous estimer au dessus du reste du genre humain? Quelles bêtes en jupes sont les plus excellentes de celles que je vois semées dans le monde, au prix de vous: en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent fois le jour, ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces misérables. Quelle calamité à faire mépriser autant de gens, qui, sans songer de vous, seroient assez supportables: mais il est temps de vous délasser, et de vous dire Adieu: avec tout le respect, la sincérité, et l'estime du monde, je suis, et serai toujours.

TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH.

May 22, 1719.

I HAD an express sent to me yesterday by some friends, to let me know that you refused to accept my proxy, which I think was in a legal form, and with all the circumstances it ought to have. I was likewise informed of some other particulars relating to your displeasure for my not appearing. You may remember, if you please, that I promised last year never to appear again at your visitations; and I will most certainly keep my word if the law will permit me; not from any contempt of your lordship's jurisdictions, but that I would not put you under the temptation of giving me injurious treatment, which no wise man, if he can avoid it, will receive above once from the same person.

I had the less apprehension of any hard dealing from your lordship, because I had been more than ordinary officious in my respects to you from your first coming over. I waited on you as soon as I knew of your landing; I attended on you in your first journey to Trim; I lent you a useful book relating to your diocese, and repeated my visits till I saw you never intended to return them. And I could have no design to serve myself, having nothing to hope or fear from you. I cannot help it if I am called of a different party

from your lordship; but that circumstance is of no consequence with me, who respect good men of all parties alike.

I have already nominated a person to be my curate, and did humbly recommend him to your lordship to be ordained, which must be done by some other bishop, since you were pleased, as I am told, to refuse it: and I am apt to think you will be of opinion that, when I have a lawful curate, I shall not be under the necessity of a personal appearance, from which I hold myself excused by another station. If I shall prove to be mistaken, I declare my appearance will be extremely against my inclinations. However, I hope that in such a case your lordship will please to remember in the midst of your resentments that you are to speak to a clergyman and not to a footman. I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

December 19, 1719.

My Lord,—I first congratulate with you upon growing rich; for I hope our friend's information is true, *omne solum diti patria.* Euripides makes the queen Jocasta ask her exiled son how he got his victuals: but who ever expected to see you a trader or dealer in stocks? I thought to have seen you where you are, or perhaps nearer; but *diis aliter visum.* It may be with one's country as with a lady: if she be cruel and ill-natured, and will not receive us, we ought to consider that we are better without her. But in this case we may add, she has neither virtue, honor, nor justice. I have gotten a mezzotinto (for want of a better) of Aristippus, in my drawing-room: the motto at the top is *Omnis Aristippum, &c.,* and at the bottom, *Tantâ fœdus cum gente ferire, commissum juveni.* But since what I heard of Mississippi, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that Plato followed merchandise three years, to show he knew how to grow rich as well as to be a philosopher: and I guess Plato was then about forty, the period which the Italians prescribe for being wise, in order to be rich at fifty.—*Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* I have known something of courts and ministers longer than you, who know them so many thousand times better: but I do not remember to have ever heard of or seen one great genius who had long success in the ministry: and recollecting a great many in my memory and acquaintance, those who had the smoothest time were at best men of middling

degree in understanding. But if I were to frame a romance of a great minister's life, he should begin it as Aristippus has done; then be sent into exile, and employ his leisure in writing the memoirs of his own administration; then be recalled, invited to resume his share of power, act as far as was decent; at last retire to the country, and be a pattern of hospitality, politeness, wisdom, and virtue. Have you not observed that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity, which seldom fails of raising men to the highest stations, in the court, the church, and the law? It must be so: for Providence, which designed the world should be governed by many heads, made it a business within the reach of common understandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? whereas, if he had used a razor or a penknife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory implement to those talents that thrive best at court. Think upon lord Bacon, Williams, Strafford, Laud, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, the last duke of Buckingham; and of my own acquaintance, the earl of Oxford and yourself; all great geniuses in their several ways; and, if they had not been so great, would have been less unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was lord Somers, whose timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer and the consciousness of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman or gentleman-usher. But of late years I have been refining upon this thought: for I plainly see that fellows of low intellectuals, when they are gotten at the head of affairs, can sally into the highest exorbitancies with much more safety than a man of great talents can make the least step out of the way. Perhaps it is for the same reason that men are more afraid of attacking a vicious than a mettlesome horse: but I rather think it owing to that incessant envy wherewith the common rate of mankind pursues all superior natures to their own. And I conceive, if it were left to the choice of an ass, he would rather be kicked by one of his own species than a better. If you will recollect that I am toward six years older than when I saw you last, and twenty years duller, you will not wonder to find me abound in empty speculations: I can now express in a hundred words what would have formerly cost me ten. I can write epigrams of fifty distichs, which might be squeezed into one. I have gone

the round of all my stories three or four times with the younger people, and begin them again. I give hints how significant a person I have been, and nobody believes me: I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to desire I would show them some things I have written, but cannot succeed and wreak my spite in condemning the taste of the people and company where I am. But it is with place as it is with time. If I boast of having been valued three hundred miles off, it is of no more use than if I told how handsome I was when I was young. The worst of it is, that lying is of no use; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true. If I can prevail on any one to personate a hearer and admirer, you would wonder what a favorite he grows. He is sure to have the first glass out of the bottle, and the best bit I can carve. Nothing has convinced me so much that I am of a little subaltern spirit, *inopis, atque pusilli animi*, as to reflect how I am forced into the most trifling amusements to divert the vexation of former thoughts and present objects. Why cannot you lend me a shred of your mantle, or why did not you leave a shred of it with me when you were snatched from me? you see I speak in my trade, although it is growing fast a trade to be ashamed of.

I cannot but wish that you would make it possible for me to see a copy of the papers you are about; and I do protest it necessary that such a thing should be in some person's hands beside your own, and I scorn to say how safe they would be in mine. Neither would you dislike my censures, as far as they might relate to circumstantials. I tax you with two minutes a-day, until you have read this letter, although I am sensible you have not half so much from business more useful and entertaining.

My letter which miscarried was, I believe, much as edifying as this, only thanking and congratulating with you for the delightful verses you sent me. And I ought to have expressed my vexation at seeing you so much better a philosopher than myself; a trade you were neither born nor bred to: but I think it is observed that gentlemen often dance better than those that live by the art. You may thank fortune that my paper is no longer, &c.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

Dublin, May 26, 1720.

If all the world would not be ready to knock me down for disputing the good nature and generosity of you and Mrs. Cope, I

should swear you invited me out of malice; some spiteful people have told you I am grown sickly and splenetic; and, having been formerly so yourself, you want to triumph over me with your health and good humor, and she is your accomplice. You have made so particular a muster of my wants, and humors, and demands and singularities, and they look so formidable that I wonder how you have the courage to be such an undertaker. What if I should add that once in five or six weeks I am deaf for three or four days together; will you and Mrs. Cope undertake to bawl to me, or let me mope in my chamber till I grow better?

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.[1]

HOR. Ep. ii. lib. ii. 55.

I hunted four years for horses, gave 26*l.* for one of three years and a half old, have been eighteen months training him, and when he grew fit to ride, behold, my groom gave him a strain in the shoulder: he is rowelled, and gone to grass. Show me a misfortune greater in its kind. Mr. Charleton has refused Wadman's living—why, God knows—and got the duchess to recommend his brother to it; the most unreasonable thing in the world. The day before I had your letter, I was working with Mr. Nutley and Mr. Whaley to see what could be done for your lad, in case Caulfield should get the living which Mr. Whaley (the primate's chaplain) is to leave for Wadman's. Because, to say the truth, I have no concern at all for Charleton's brother, whom I never saw but once. We know not yet whether Whaley's present living will not be given to Dr. Kearney [treasurer of Armagh]; and I cannot learn the scheme yet, nor have been able to see Dr. Stone. The primate [Dr. Thomas Lindsay] is the hardest to be seen or dealt with in the world. Whaley seems to think the primate will offer Caulfield's living to young Charleton. I know not what will come of it. I called at sir William Fownes's: but he is in the county of Wicklow. If we could have notice of anything in good time, I cannot but think that, mustering up friends, something might be done for Barclay; but really the primate's life is not upon a very good foot, though I see no sudden apprehensions. I could upon any occasion write to him very freely, and I believe my writing would be of some weight, for they say he is not wholly governed by *Crosse* [rector of St. Mary's, Dublin]. All this may be vision; however, you will forgive it. I do not care to put my

[1] ——— The waning years apace
Steal off our thoughts and rifle every grace.—FRANCIS.

name to a letter; you must know my hand. I present my humble service to Mrs. Cope, and wonder she can be so good to remember an absent man, of whom she has no manner of knowledge but what she got by his troubling her. I wish you success in what you hint to me, and that you may have enough of this world's wisdom to manage it. Pray God preserve you and your fireside. Are none of them yet in your lady's opinion ripe for Sheridan? I am still under the discipline of the bark, to prevent relapses. Charles Ford comes this summer to Ireland. Adieu.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.—1720.

If you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel. But since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather choose to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I wonder what Mobkin[1] meant by showing you my letter. I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better. It was the first love-letter I have writ these dozen years; and since I have so ill success, I will write no more. Never was a belle passion so defeated. But the governor, I hear, is jealous; and, upon your word, you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping: do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in love, by dating your letter August 29, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction: prove to me first that it was even possible to answer anything to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out: and I am sure it costs me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yesterday I was half way toward you where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke —— signifies everything that may be said to Cad—— at beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that anything written by Cad—— should be difficult to Skinage.

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[1] Miss Mary Vanhomrigh.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

If you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. You are mistaken: send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read it. But, raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health, and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinder me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beside yourself for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art beside your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same: but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it, for one reason — guess. Adieu.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

I received your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman who does business for me told me she heard I was in love with one — naming you, and twenty particulars; that little master —— and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so: and that was the reason why I said to you long ago that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy if for some time I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

October 15, 1720.

I sit down with the first opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to send this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honor to endure if it were any way avoidable.

Dinners and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid spleen as far as I can; so that, when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor; but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve; because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read and still further improve your mind and the talents that nature has given you. I am in much concern for poor Mobkin; and the more because I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our sakes, and read pleasant things that will make you laugh, and not sit moping with your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do Mobkin more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm clothes be provided: and so it would to you; and if you lose any skin, you know Job says, "skin for skin will a man give for his life." It is either Job or Satan says so, for aught you know. I am getting an ill head in this cursed town, for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Everybody grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetic; which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money.

TO ALLXANDER POPE, Esq.

Dublin, January 10, 1721.

A THOUSAND things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather choose to appeal to you than to my lord chief-justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For I take this cause properly to lie before you: you are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe to those in furs; upon whose decision about the difference of style or sentiments I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind (although you cannot easily forget it) that about ten weeks before the queen's death I left

the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favor of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I wrote a discourse, which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister [Bolingbroke] now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long that the queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns further than the Prayer-Book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal.

I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the queen's reign, with some other informations, which I received as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me; but, as it was at the disposal of a person [duke of Kent] that had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time, for I dare not venture any further, lest the humor of searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself (for they contain nothing of present times or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat or a spaniel in the house), but to preserve them from being lost among messengers and clerks.

I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England: this treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief-justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing, at the same time, that the printer

should be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of law. The chief-justice had so quick an understanding that he resolved if possible to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial, the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry: the chief-justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the chief-justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that that author's design was to bring in the pretender; although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the duke of Grafton, the lord-lieutenant's arrival, his grace, after mature advice and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question; but, when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit and low birth, who has no other endowment than that sort of knowledge which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind.

It is true I have been much concerned for several years past, upon account of the public, as well as for myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which politics, and South Sea, and party, and operas, and masquerades have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some has entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a treatise called "A Dedication upon Dedications," which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read.

But, above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise wherein there are several pages containing a panegyric on king George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I was asked or not; but never affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far outdone by the earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice; and this pedantry arises from a maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavors had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had succeeded, the public interest both of church and state would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant succession endangered.

But whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavoring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party, for many of which I was a constant advocate with the earl of Oxford; and for this I appeal to his lordship. He knows how often I pressed him in favor of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele, although I freely confess that his lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late lord Halifax, who, upon the first change of the ministry, interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve; it was by repeating these two lines of Virgil:—

> "Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
> Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe."

> "Our hearts are not so cold, nor flames the fire
> Of Sol so distant from the race of Tyre."—DRYDEN.

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favor and protection, adding that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the ministers that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve: which I do not say with any view toward making my court: for the new principles fixed to those of that denomination I did then, and do now, from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state of all parties than usually happens to men of my level; and I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of vanity or ambition. The first quickly wears off, (and is the vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain,) and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favor, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named, (except Mr. Steele,) during all my lord Oxford's ministry: and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my lord Somers' or Halifax's, who were leaders of the opposite party.

I would infer from all this that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the queen's last ministers were pleased to have for me: and yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant succession or the liberties and religion of their country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions, *tanquam in equo Trojano.*" But, if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any party virulence or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shown among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favor and preferment.

I ought to let you know that the thing we called a Whig in England is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or not, it has not been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither secretary to the earl of Wharton, then lord-lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here: he told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain minister about that Whiggish or fanatical genius so prevalent among the English of this kingdom: his lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the sourest leaven and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling is at an end: for it is hardly worth contending who shall be an exciseman, a country vicar, a crier in the courts, or an under-clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think that a person so ill treated as I have been must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government; in answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood: neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts; first, as it was established by law; and, secondly, as it has much weight in the opinions of the people. For necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics; and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people, which (under a weak prince and corrupt administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a revolution principle, my opinion was this: that whenever those evils which usually attend and follow a violent change of government were not in probability so pernicious as the grievances we suffer under present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution; and this I took to have been the case in the prince of Orange's expedition: although, in the consequence, it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace; because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery; and because I conceived that a prince who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects. Although I am not ignorant of those artificial necessities which a corrupted ministry can create for keeping up forces to support a faction against the public interest.

As to parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic institution which made them annual, and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were restored among us. For who sees not that, while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty; which traffic would never answer the design nor expense if parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of politics (now about thirty years old) of setting up a moneyed interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, that the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South-Sea projects would never have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depended: neither do I think this practice has made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every rebellion subdued and plot discovered contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince. In the latter case, the knot of conspirators is entirely broken, and they are to begin their work anew under a

thousand disadvantages; so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that maxim which declares it better that ten guilty men should escape than one innocent suffer, but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a custom of choosing a dictator, during whose administration the power of other magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a war near their doors, or some civil dissension; for armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Cæsars and their successors, the most infamous tyrants that have anywhere appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had relating to public affairs while I was in the world; what they are at present is of little importance either to that or myself; neither can I truly say I have any at all, or if I had, I dare not venture to publish them; for, however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before Midsummer. And indeed I have often wished for some time past that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a-year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, and write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor: for, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old Whiggish principles, which it seems had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the spirit of faction has so universally possessed the minds of men that they are not at leisure to attend to anything else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So, in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter is to convince my

friends and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject nor so stupid an author as I have been represented by the virulence of libellers, whose malice has taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid productions which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill-treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words. And if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least discretion enough left not to mistake the measure of my own abilities by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

TO [STELLA] MRS. JOHNSON.[1]

Deanery House, Sunday morning, April 30, 1721.

JACK GRATTAN said nothing to me of it till last night; it is none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourselves may do well enough here; but pray send it soon. I wish you would give a body more early warning; but you must blame yourselves. Delany says he will come in the evening; and, for aught I know, Sheridan may be here at dinner: which of you was it that undertook this frolic? Your letter hardly explained your meaning; but at last I found it. Pray do not serve me these tricks often. You may be sure if there be a good bottle you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and therefore that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more positive in your answer to this.

Margoose and not *Mergoose:* it is spelt with an *a*, simpleton.

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon [Walls] got home safe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could easily have overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose; I told Delany I would.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Dublin, May 18, 1721.

SIR,—I had your letter, and the copy of the bishop's circular enclosed, for which I thank you; and yet I will not pretend to

[1] Indorsed by Mrs. Johnson, "An answer to no letter."

know anything of it, and hope you have not told anybody what you did. I should be glad enough to be at the visitation, not out of any love to the business or the person, but to do my part in preventing any mischief. But in truth my health will not suffer it; and you, who are to be my proxy, may safely give it upon your veracity. I am confident the bishop would not be dissatisfied with wanting my company, and yet he may give himself airs when he finds I am not there. I now employ myself in getting you a companion to cure your spleen. I am your faithful humble servant.

TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH.

July 5, 1721.

My Lord, — I have received an account of your lordship's refusing to admit my proxy at your visitation, with several circumstances of personal reflections on myself, although my proxy attested my want of health; to confirm which, and to lay before you the justice and Christianity of your proceeding, above a hundred persons of quality and distinction can witness that, since Friday the 26th of May, I have been tormented with an ague, in as violent a manner as possible, which still continues, and forces me to make use of another hand in writing to you. At the same time I must be plain to tell you that if this accident had not happened, I should have used all endeavors to avoid your visitation, upon the public promise I made you three years ago, and the motives which occasioned it; because I was unwilling to hear any more very injurious treatment and appellations given to my brethren or myself; and by the grace of God I am still determined to absent myself on the like occasion, as far as I can possibly be dispensed with by any law, while your lordship is in that diocese, and I a member of it: in which resolution I could not conceive but your lordship would be easy; because, although my presence might possibly contribute to your real (at least future) interest, I was sure it could not to your present satisfaction.

If I had had the happiness to have been acquainted with any one clergyman in the diocese of your lordship's principles, I should have desired him to represent me, with hopes of better success: but I wish you would sometimes think it convenient to distinguish men as well as principles; and not to look upon every person who happens to owe you canonical obedience as if ——.

I have the honor to be ordinary over a considerable number of as eminent divines as any in this kingdom, who owe me the same obedience as I owe to your lordship, and are equally bound to attend my visitation; yet neither I, nor any of my predecessors, to my knowledge, did ever refuse a regular proxy.

I am only sorry that you, who are of a country famed for good nature, have found a way to unite the hasty passion of your own countrymen with the long, sedate resentment of a Spaniard: but I have an honorable hope that this proceeding has been more owing to party than complexion. I am, my lord, your lordship's most humble servant.

TO VANESSA.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad, July 5, 1721.

It was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last; though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg you to take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence against it. Cadenus ——— assures me he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life; but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men of all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from everything agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and to converse with fools or impertinents to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking coffee, and be so low as to have no spirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else Cadenus shall know it, and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make us? I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folks' plantations and ditches as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy,

and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have so much honor and good sense, act otherwise to make Cad——— and yourself miserable? Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drunk no coffee since I left you, nor intend it till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

TO MR. WORRAL.

Gaulstown, September 14, 1714.

DEAR JACK,— I answered your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I shall be in town by the beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day in spite of the rain, in spite of a broken shin, or falling into the lakes, and several other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the Lichfield man? Has he mended his voice, or is he content to sit down with his Christ-church preferment? I doubt Mrs. Brent will be at a loss about her industry-book, for want of a new leaf, with a list drawn of the debtors. I know you are such a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey-list, in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve till I come. Present my service to Mrs. Worral. I wonder how you, and she, and your heir have spent the summer, and how often you have been at Dunlcary, and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying in the country as much as ever. Desire Mrs. Brent, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatenings with my head; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray send them enclosed to the post-office. I hear you have let your house to Mrs. Dopping, who will be a good tenant if she lives. I suppose your new house is finished, and, if Mrs. Worral does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better than a boat at Dalky. I hope you have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that their behavior has not

been so bad as usual during my sickness in town; if so, I have but an ill sub-dean. I am, sir, yours, &c.

P. S.—Tell Mrs. Brent that, if Lloyd agrees, I shall be glad one of his hogsheads was left unracked.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Gaulstown, near Kinnegad, September 28, 1721.

My Lord,—I had the honor of your grace's letter of the 1st instant; and, although I thought it my duty to be the last writer in corresponding with your grace, yet I know you are so punctual that, if I should write sooner, it would only be the occasion of giving you a new trouble before it ought in conscience to be put upon you. Besides, I was in some pain that your letter of Sept. 1st was not the first you had writ, because about ten days after a friend sent me word that your grace said you had writ to me six weeks before, and had no answer; whereas, I can assure your grace that I received but one from you; nor had I reason to expect it, having not done myself the honor to write to you before. I will tell you the secret of dating my letter; I was in fear lest the post should be gone, and so left a blank, and wisely huddled it up without thinking of the date; but we country gentlemen are frequently guilty of greater blunders; and in that article I grow more perfect every day.

I believe you seriously that you will take care of your health to prevent a successor; that is to say, I believe you tell truth in jest; for I know it is not the value of life that makes you desire to live, and am afraid the world is much of your mind; for it is out of regard to the public, or some of themselves, more than upon your own account, that they wish your continuance among us.

It seems you are a greater favorite of the lieutenant's than you care to own; for we hear that he killed but two bucks, and sent you a present of one.

I hear you are likely to be the sole opposer of the bank: and you will certainly miscarry, because it would prove a most perfidious thing. Bankrupts are always for setting up banks: how then can you think a bank will fail of a majority in both houses?

You are very perverse in misinterpreting the ladies' favor, as if you must die to obtain it; I assure you it is directly contrary, and, if you die, you will lose their favor for ever: I am commanded to tell you so; and therefore, at the peril of your life, and of their good graces, look to your health.

I hear the bishop of Bangor, despairing of doing any good with you, has taken up with Hereford. I am a plain man, and would be glad at any time to see fifty such bishops hanged, if I could thereby have saved the life of his predecessor, for whom I had a great esteem and friendship. I do not much approve the compliments made you by comparisons drawn from good and bad emperors, because the inference falls short on both sides. If Julian had immediately succeeded Constantine, it would have been more to the purpose. Sir James of the Peak said to Bouchier the gamester, "Sirrah, I shall look better than you when I have been a month in my grave." A great man in England was blaming me for despising somebody or other; I assured him I did not at all despise the man he mentioned: that I was not so liberal of my contempt; nor would bestow it where there was not some degree of merit. Upon this principle, I can see no proper ground of opposition between your grace and that wretch of Bangor. I have read indeed that a dog was once made king of Norway, but I forgot who was his predecessor; and therefore am at a loss for the other part of the comparison.

I am afraid the clatter of ladies' tongues is no very good cure for a giddiness in the head. When your grace (as you say) was young, as I am not, the ladies were better company, or you more easily pleased. I am perpetually reproaching them for their ignorance, affectation, impertinence (but my paper will not hold all), except lady Betty Rochfort, your old acquaintance.

I own my head and your grace's feet would be ill joined; but give me your head and take my feet, and match us in the kingdom if you can.

My lord, I row after health like a waterman, and ride after it like a post-boy, and find some little success; but *subeunt morbi tristisque senectus.* I have a receipt to which you are a stranger; my lord Oxford and Mr. Prior used to join with me in taking it; to whom I often said, when we were two hours diverting ourselves with trifles, *vive la bagatelle.* I am so deep among the workmen at Rochfort's canals and lakes, so dextrous at the oar, such an alderman after the hare ——.

I am just now told, from some newspapers, that one of the king's enemies, and my excellent friend, Mr. Prior, is dead; I pray God deliver me from many such trials. I am neither old nor philosopher enough to be indifferent at so great a loss: and therefore I abruptly conclude, but with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and obedient servant.

TO THE REV. MR. JACKSON, AT GAULSTOWN.

Dublin, October 6, 1721.

I HAD no mind to load you with the secret of my going, because you should bear none of the blame. I fell upon a supposition that Mr. Rochfort had a mind to keep me longer, which I will allow in him and you, but not one of the family besides, who, I confess, had reason enough to be weary of a man who entered into none of their tastes, nor pleasures, nor fancies, nor opinions, nor talk. I baited at Clencurry, and got to Leslip between three and four, saw the curiosities there, and the next morning came to Dublin by eight o'clock, and was at prayers in my cathedral. There's a traveller! I forgot a long treatise, copied by my Irish secretary, which I lent Clem. Barry.—Pray get it from him, and seal it up, and keep it till you get a convenience of sending it. Desire lady Betty to give you the old silver box that I carried the comfits in: it belongs to poor Mrs. Brent, and she asked me for it with a sigh. You may trust it with Arthur. You are now happy, and have nobody to teaze you to the oar or the saddle. You can sit in your nightgown till noon without any reproaches.

I left a note for you with James Doyle, with commissions, which I hope you will fulfil, though you borrow the money; I will certainly be out of your debt in all articles between us when you come to town, or before, if you draw a bill upon me: for now I have money, and value no man. I am told your tribe here is all well, though I have seen none but Jack Jackson.

Farewell; go to cards, and lose your money with great gravity.

My service to all your girls.

I gave James Doyle two crowns, and a strict order to take care of [my/our] gray colt, which I desire you will second.

I had a perfect summer journey, and if I had staid much longer I should have certainly had a winter one, which, with weak horses and bad roads, would have been a very unpleasant thing.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Dublin, November 3, 1721.

SIR,—You stole in and out of town without seeing either the ladies or me; which was very ungratefully done considering the obligations you have to us for lodging and dieting with you so long. Why did you not call in the morning at the deanery? Besides,

we reckoned for certain that you came to stay a month or two, as you told us you intended. I hear you were so kind as to be at Laracor, where I hope you planted something; and I intend to be down after Christmas, when you must continue a week. As for your plan, it is very pretty, too pretty for the use I intend to make of Laracor. All I would desire is what I mention in the paper I left you, except a walk down to the canal. I suppose your project would cost me 10*l.* and a constant gardener. Pray come to town, and stay some time, and repay yourself some of your dinners. I wonder how a mischief you came to miss us. Why did you not set out a Monday, like a true country parson? Besides, you lay a load on us in saying one chief end of your journey was to see us; but I suppose there might be another motive, and you are like the man that died of love and the colic. Let us know whether you are more or less monkish, how long you found yourself better by our company, and how long before you recovered the charges we put you to? The ladies assure you of their hearty services; and I am, with great truth and sincerity, your most faithful humble servant.

TO VANESSA.

Clogher, June 1, 1722.

THE weather has been so constantly bad that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a-week to have met at Kendal, and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tête-à-tête*, drinking coffee again till seven. God send you through your lawsuit and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: and remember the china in the old house, and Rider-street, and the colonel's journey to France, and the London wedding, and the sick lady at Kensington, and the indisposition at Windsor, and the strain by the box of books at London. Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same — *Croyez que je serai toujours tout ce que vous désirez.* Adieu.

TO VANESSA.

Loughgall, County of Armagh, July 13, 1722.

I AM well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behavior of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have made ourselves so is the question; at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days apiece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point; I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country-house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it was to read I know not how many diverting books of history and travel. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours; the worse the better: there is a pleasure in being reverenced; and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be easy without it; while you continue to be splenetic, count upon it I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write; for I believe coffee once a-week is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do; but then I give all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humor I would rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left town, and always drew up the clothes with my left hand; which is a superstition I have learned these ten years. I long to see you in figure and equipage. Pray do not lose that taste. Farewell.

TO VANESSA.

August 7, 1722.

I AM this hour leaving my present residence; and if I fix anywhere shall let you know it.

A long vacation.—Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the groves and fields of

your country-seat, or among your cousins in town; or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you; and then reaping, and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts? The best companion for you is a philosopher, whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. What a foolish thing is time; and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopped as if it passed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing and thinking myself fast into the spleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

Dublin, October 9, 1722

I AM but just come to town, and therefore look upon myself to have just left Loughgall, and that this is the first opportunity I have of writing to you.

Strange revolutions since I left you: a bishop of my old acquaintance in the Tower for treason, and a doctor of my new acquaintance made a bishop. I hope you are returned with success from your Connaught journey, and that you tired yourself more than you expected in taking the compass of your new land; the consequence of which must be that you will continue needy some years longer than you intended. Your new bishop Bolton was born to be my tormentor; he ever opposed me as my subject, and now has left me embroiled for want of him. The government, in consideration of the many favors they have shown me, would fain have me give St. Bride's to some one of their hang-dogs, that Dr. Howard may come into St. Werburgh's. So that I must either disoblige Whig and Tory in my chapter, or be ungrateful to my patrons in power. When you come to town you must be ready, at what time you hear the sound of tabret, harp, &c., to worship the brazen image set up, or else be cast into a cold watery furnace; I have not yet seen it, for it does not lie in my walks, and I want curiosity. The wicked Tories themselves begin now to believe there was something of a plot; and every plot costs Ireland more than any plot can be worth. The court has sent a demand here for more money by three times than is now in the hands of the Treasury and all the collectors of this kingdom put together. I escaped hanging very narrowly a month ago; for a letter from Preston directed to me was opened in

the post-office, and sealed again in a very slovenly manner, when Manley found it only contained a request from a poor curate. This hath determined me against writing treason; however, I am not certain that this letter may not be interpreted as comforting his most excellent majesty's enemies, since you have been a state prisoner. Pray God keep all honest men out of the hands of lions and bears, and uncircumcised Philistines!—I hoped my brother Orrery had loved his land too much to hazard it on revolution principles. I am told that a lady of my acquaintance was the discoverer of this plot, having a lover among the true Whigs, whom she preferred before an old battered husband.

You never saw anything so fine as my new Dublin plantation of elms; I wish you would come and visit them; and I am very strong in wine, though not so liberal of it as you. It is said that Kelly the parson is admitted to Kelly the squire; and that they are cooking up a discovery between them for the improvement of the hempen manufacture. It is reckoned that the best trade in London this winter will be that of an evidence. As much as I hate the Tories I cannot but pity them as fools. Some think likewise that the pretender ought to have his choice of two caps, a red cap or a fool's cap. It is a wonderful thing to see the Tories provoking his present majesty, whose clemency, mercy, and forgiving temper, have been so signal, so extraordinary, so more than humane, during the whole course of his reign; which plainly appears, not only from his own speeches and declarations, but also from a most ingenious pamphlet just come over, relating to the wicked bishop of Rochester. But enough of politics. I have no town news; I have heard nothing. Old Rochfort has got a dead palsy. Lady Betty has been long ill. Dean Percivale has answered the other dean's journal in Grub-street, justly taxing him for avarice and want of hospitality. Madam Percivale absolutely denies all the facts; insists that she never made candles of dripping; that Charley never had the chin-cough, &c.

My most humble service to Mrs. Cope, who entertained that covetous lampooning dean much better than he deserved. Remember me to honest Nanty and boy Barclay. Ever yours, &c.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

October 11, 1722.

My Lord,—I often receive letters franked *Oxford*, but always find them written and subscribed by your lordship's servant *Mynett*.

His meaning is some business of his own, wherein I am his solicitor; but he makes his court by giving me an account of the state of your family; and perpetually adds a clause, "That your lordship soon intends to write to me." I knew you indeed when you were not so great a man as you are now, I mean when you were treasurer; but you are grown so proud since your retirement, that there is no enduring you; and you have reason, for you never acted so difficult a part of life before. In the two great scenes of power and persecution you have excelled mankind; and in this of retirement you have most injuriously forgotten your friends. Poor Prior often sent me his complaints on this occasion; and I have returned him mine. I never courted your acquaintance when you governed Europe, but you courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I use all my insinuations to keep myself in your memory. I am very sensible that, next to receiving thanks and compliments, there is nothing you more hate than writing letters; but, since I never gave you thanks, nor made you compliments, I have so much more merit than any of those thousands whom you have less obliged, by only making their fortunes, without taking them into your friendship, as you did me, whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner to be forgotten either by the world or myself; for which never man was more proud or less vain.

I have now been ten years soliciting for your picture; and if I had solicited you for a thousand pounds (I mean of your money, not the public), I could have prevailed in ten days. You have given me many hundred hours; can you not now give me a couple? have my mortifications been so few, or are you so malicious to add a greater than I ever yet suffered? did you ever refuse me anything I asked you? and will you now begin? In my conscience, I believe, and by the whole conduct of your life I have reason to believe, that you are too poor to bear the expense. I ever told you I was the richer man of the two; and I am now richer by five hundred pounds than I was at the time when I was boasting at your table of my wealth, before Diamond Pitt.

I have hitherto taken up with a scurvy print of you, under which I have placed this lemma:—

> ——— Veteres actus primamque juventam,
> Prosequar? ad sese mentem præsentia ducunt.

And this I will place under your picture, whenever you are rich enough to send it me. I will only promise in return that it shall

never lose you the reputation of poverty; which, to one of your birth, patrimony, and employments, is one of the greatest glories of your life, and so shall be celebrated by me.

I entreat your lordship, if your leisure and your health will permit, to let me know when I can be a month with you at Brampton castle: because I have a great deal of business with you that relates to posterity. Mr. Mynett has, for some time, led me an uncomfortable life, with his ill accounts of your health; but, God be thanked, his style of late is much altered for the better.

My hearty and constant prayers are perpetually offered up for the preservation of you and your excellent family. Pray, my lord, write to me: or you never loved me, or I have done something to deserve your displeasure. My lord and lady Harriot, my brother and sister, pretend to atone by making me fine presents; but I would have his lordship know that I would value two of his lines more than two of his manors, &c.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, January 8, 1723.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.* What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which, however, is better than none? I am towards nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing; yet after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden, for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopped by too many reasons besides years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return, after half a year among you, there would be to me *desiderio nec pudor nec modus.* I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business to which fortune had condemned me,

and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threatened myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to ride and get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic: do you drink bad wine or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always *et tibi quos mihi dempserit apponet annos.* I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to; and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c.; but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great men's favor, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers: the defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt antechambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favorites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your eclogues to lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and besides, am for my ease utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all courts have a sameness in them, (as the parsons phrase it,) things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to parliament-men's friends who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury which would at least take up your seven years' expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be, to get your friend who lodgeth in your house to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your parliament-men are fond enough of when there is

no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a-week at the deanery-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you because they have read you and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or, if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court and the successors; and, by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishopric here. Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side! I am ever, &c.

TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Dublin, January 24, 1723.

My Lord, — I received lately from the dean of Downe a favorable message from your grace relating to a clergyman who married my dear relation, and whose estate is much encumbered by a long suit at law. I return my most humble acknowledgments for your grace's favorable answer. I can assure your grace that, in those times when I was thought to have some credit with persons in power, I never used it for my own interest, and very rarely for that of others, unless where it was for the public advantage; neither shall I ever be a troublesome or common petitioner to your grace. I am sorry the archbishop of Dublin [Dr. William King] should interpose in petty matters, when he has justly so much weight in things of greater moment. How shall we, the humblest of your addressers, make our way to the smallest mark of your favor? I desired your secretary, Mr. Hopkins, (whom I have long known,) to deal plainly with me as with a man forgotten and out of the world, and if he thought my request unreasonable I would drop it. This he failed to do: and therefore I here complain of him to your grace, and will do so to himself, because I have long done with court answers.

I heartily wish your grace full success in all your great and good endeavors for the service of your country, and particularly of this kingdom; and am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Dublin, February 12, 1723.

SIR,—I would have been at Laracor and Athboy before now, if an ugly depending chapter business had not tied me here. There is a long difficulty, that concerns the government, the archbishop, the chapter, the dean, Dr. Howard, and Robin Grattan; and I know not whether it will be determined in a month. All my design is, to do a job for Robert Grattan; but the rest have their different schemes and politics, too deep and too contemptible for me to trouble myself about them. Meantime you grow negligent, and the improvements at Laracor are forgotten. I beg you will stop there for a day or two, and do what is necessary now before the season is too late; and I will come when this affair is over, and bring down wine (which will not be ready till then, for it is but just bottled); and we will be merry at your house and my cottage.

I sent your memorial, drawn up by myself, with my opinion upon it, and a letter to Dr. Kearney, to recommend it to the primate. I likewise desired Mr. Morgan to second it. I have in vain hitherto sought Dr. Kearney, but shall find him soon; and I intend to engage Dr. Worth and Mr. Cross, and probably all may come to nothing—— *Sed quid tentare nocebit?* The ladies are as usually—Mrs. Johnson eats an ounce a week, which frights me from dining with her. My crew has drunk near three hogsheads since I came to town, and we must take up with new when I come down. I suppose you are in the midst of spleen and justice. I have often an ill head, and am so unfortunate as to pick out rainy days to ride in. What is it to you that old Proby the painter is dead? I am ever yours.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Deanery-house, February 22, 1723.

MY LORD,—Mr. Chetwode intends to deliver in a petition to the government to-day, and entreated me to speak to your grace before he delivered it; which not having an opportunity to do, I make bold to enclose this letter, which your grace may please to read, and is the substance of what he desired me to say. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect, your grace's most dutiful, and most humble servant.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

Dublin, May 11, 1723.

I PUT up your letter so very safe, that I was half an hour looking for it. I did not receive it till a few days before I came to town: for I often changed stages, and my last as well as my first was at Wood-park with Mr. Ford. This is the first minute of leisure I have had to answer you, which I did not intend to do till I heard you were come and gone from hence like a sprite. I will tell you that for some years I have intended a southern journey, and this summer is fixed for it, and I hope to set out in ten days. I never was in those parts, nor am acquainted with one christian among them, so that I shall be little more than a passenger; from thence I go to the bishop of Clonfert [Dr. Theophilus Bolton], who expects me, and pretends to be prepared for me. You need not take so much pains to invite me to Loughgall. I am grown so peevish that I can bear no other country-place in this kingdom; I quarrel everywhere else, and sour the people I go to as well as myself. I will put the greatest compliment on you that ever I made; which is, to profess sincerely that I never found anything wrong in your house, and that you alone of all my Irish acquaintance have found out the secret of loving your lady and children with some reserve of love for your friends, and, which is more, without being troublesome; and Mrs. Cope, I think, excels even you, at least you have made me think so, and I beg you will deceive me as long as I live. The worst of it is, that if you grow weary of me (and I wonder why you do not) I have no other retreat. The neighbors you mention may be valuable, but I never want them at your house; and I love the very spleen of you and Mrs. Cope better than the mirth of any others you can help me to; it is indeed one additional good circumstance that Tisdall will be absent. I am sorry to say so of an old acquaintance; I would pity all infirmities that years bring on, except envy and loss of good nature; the loss of the latter I cannot pardon in any one but myself. My most humble service to Mrs. Cope; and pray God bless your fire-side! It will spare Dr. Jinny the trouble of a letter if he knows from you in a few days that I intend in a week from your receiving this to begin my journey; for he promised to be my companion. It is probable I may be at Clonfert by the beginning of July. — It is abominable that you will get me none of Prior's guineas. — If you want news, seek other correspondents. Mr. Ford is heartily weary of us for want

of company. He is a tavern man, and few here go to taverns, except such as will not pass with him; and, what is worse, as much as he has travelled, he cannot ride. He will be undone when I am gone away; yet he does not think it convenient to be in London during these hopeful times. I have been four hours at a commission to hear the passing of accounts, and thought I should not have spirits left to begin a letter; but I find myself refreshed with writing to you. Adieu, and do me the justice to believe that no man loves and esteems you more than yours, &c.

TO ROBERT COPE, Esq.

June 1, 1723.

I WROTE to you three weeks ago: perhaps my letter miscarried: I desired you would let Dr. Jinny know that I intended my journey in ten days after my letter would reach you; and I stayed five or six more, and do now leave this town on Monday, and take a long southern journey, and in five or six weeks hope to get to the bishop of Clonfert's. My letter to you was very long, and full of civilities to you and Mrs. Cope, and it is a pity it should be lost. I go where I was never before, without one companion, and among people where I know no creature; and all this is to get a little exercise, for curing an ill head. Pray reproach Dr. Jinny soundly, if you received my letter, and sent my message; for I know not where to direct to him, but thought you might hear of him once a-week. Your friend Ford keeps still in Ireland, and passes the summer at his country-house with two sober ladies of his and my acquaintance. If there be time after my being at Clonfert, I will call at Loughgall; though I wish you would come to the bishop's if Mrs. Cope will give you leave. It seems they are resolved to find out plots here when the parliament meets, in imitation of England; and the chief-justice and post-master are gone on purpose to bring them over, and they will raise 50,000*l.* on the papists here. The bishop of Meath says, "The bishop of Rochester was always a silly fellow."

I wish you many merry meetings with Tisdall. The graziers will be ruined this year. Praised be God for all things! Bermudas goes low. The walk toward the bishop of Clonfert's is full of grass. The college and I are fallen out about a guinea. We have some hangings, but few weddings. The next packet will bring us word of the king and bishop of Rochester's leaving England; a good journey and speedy return to one and the other is an honest Whig wish. And so I remain ever entirely yours, &c.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Clonfert, August 3, 1723.

No, I cannot possibly be with you so soon, there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between; besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short visits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month; though it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your lousy p————t. Your dream is wrong, for this bishop is not able to lift a cat upon my shoulders; but if you are for a curacy of 25*l.* a-year, and ride five miles every Sunday to preach to six beggars, have at you: and yet this is no ill country, and the bishop has made, in four months, twelve miles of ditches from his house to the Shannon, if you talk of improving. How are you this moment? Do you love or hate Quilca the most of all places? Are you in or out of humor with the world, your friends, your wife, and your school? Are the ladies in town or in the country? If I knew I would write to them; and how are they in health? Quilca (let me see) (you see I can (if I please) make parentheses as well as others) is about a hundred miles from Clonfert; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have ridden. With love and service, and so, adieu. Yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, September 20, 1723.

RETURNING from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shows a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here ——*Non sum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulness of the air and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in your pretenders to retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga sæculi*, unless a poet grows weary

of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit in choosing your favorites so indifferently among either party: this you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me; I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have met with them, which, however, I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome, as that of fools. I have often endeavored to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four contemporaries, and if they would be united would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus: but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find, and whenever I write it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence; *hæc est vita solutorum*, &c. I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who has passed four months this sum-

mer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London I will engage you shall find him as deep in the court of requests, the park, the operas, and the coffeehouse, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.——I think there are no more *eodem tertios* between you and me except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this for want of knowing where you live; for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with lord Peterborough, or he with you!—I am ever, &c.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET.

LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

April 28, 1724.

My Lord,—Many of the principal persons in this kingdom, distinguished for their loyalty to his present majesty, hearing that I had the honor to be known to your excellency, have for some time pressed me very earnestly since you were declared lord-lieutenant of this kingdom to represent to your excellency the apprehensions they are under concerning Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence to pass in Ireland. Your excellency knows the unanimous sentiments of the parliament here upon that matter: and upon inquiry you will find that there is not one person of any rank or party in this whole kingdom who does not look upon that patent as the most ruinous project that ever was contrived against any nation. Neither is it doubted that, when your excellency shall be thoroughly informed, your justice and compassion for an injured people will force you to employ your credit for their relief.

I have made bold to send you enclosed two small tracts on this subject, one written (as it is supposed) by the earl of Abercorn: the other is entitled to a weaver, and suited to the vulgar, but thought to be the work of a better hand.

I hope your excellency will forgive an old humble servant, and one who always loved and esteemed you, for interfering in matters out of his province; which he would never have done if many of the greatest persons here had not by their importunity drawn him out of his retirement, to venture giving you a little trouble in hopes to save their country from utter destruction; for which the memory of your government will be blessed by posterity.

I hope to have the honor of seeing your excellency here; and do promise neither to be a frequent visitor nor troublesome solicitor, but ever with the greatest respect, my lord, remain your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET.

June 9, 1724.

My Lord,—It is above a month since I took the boldness of writing to your excellency, upon a subject wherein the welfare of this kingdom is highly concerned.

I wrote at the desire of several considerable persons here, who could not be ignorant that I had the honor of being well known to you.

I could have wished your excellency had condescended so far as to let one of your under-clerks have signified to me that a letter was received.

I have been long out of the world; but have not forgotten what used to pass among those I lived with while I was in it: and I can say that, during the experience of many years and many changes in affairs, your excellency and one more, who is not worthy to be compared to you, are the only great persons that ever refused to answer a letter from me, without regard to business, party, or greatness; and if I had not a peculiar esteem for your personal qualities I should think myself to be acting a very inferior part in making this complaint.

I never was so humble as to be vain upon my acquaintance with men in power, and always rather chose to avoid it when I was not called. Neither were their power or titles sufficient, without merit, to make me cultivate them; of which I have witnesses enough left, after all the havoc made among them by accidents of time, or by changes of persons, measures, and opinions.

I know not how your conceptions of yourself may alter by every new high station; but mine must continue the same or alter for the worse.

I often told a great minister, whom you well know, that I valued him for being the same man through all the progress of power and place. I expected the like in your lordship, and still hope that I shall be the only person who will ever find it otherwise.

I pray God to direct your excellency in all your good undertakings, and especially in your government of this kingdom.

I shall trouble you no more; but remain with great respect, my lord, your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant.

TO LORD CARTERET.

July 9, 1724.

My Lord,—I humbly claim the privilege of an inferior to be the last writer; yet, with great acknowledgments for your condescension in answering my letters, I cannot but complain of you for putting me in the wrong. I am in the circumstances of a waiting-woman, who told her lady "that nothing vexed her more than to be caught in a lie." But what is worse, I have discovered in myself somewhat of the bully; and that, after all my rattling, you have brought me down to be as humble as the most distant attender at your levee. It is well your excellency's talents are in few hands; for if it were otherwise, we who pretend to be free speakers in quality of philosophers should be utterly cured of our forwardness; at least I am afraid there will be an end of mine with regard to your excellency. Yet, my lord, I am ten years older than I was when I had the honor to see you last, and consequently ten times more testy. Therefore I foretell that you, who could so easily conquer so captious a person and of so little consequence, will quickly subdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, July 14, 1724.

My Lord,—Your grace will have received, before this comes to your hands, an account of the primate's death, who died yesterday at twelve o'clock at noon. He had left off spitting for about ten days before; and the want of that is thought to have been the immediate cause of his death, although he eat heartily until the two last days. He has left the bishop of Kildare and his steward, Mr. Morgan, his executors, who were both out of town, but I suppose are sent for. Some who formerly belonged to him think he has left 40,000*l.*; others report he died poor.

The vogue is, that your grace will succeed him, if you please: but I am too great a stranger to your present situation at court to know what to judge. But if there were virtue enough, I could wish your grace would accept the offer if it should be made to you: because I would have your name left to posterity among the pri-

mates; and because entering into a new station is entering, after a sort, on a new lease of life; and because it might be hoped that your grace would be advised with about a successor; and because that diocese would require your grace's ability and spirit to reform it; and because—but I should never be at an end if I were to number up the reasons why I would have your grace in the highest stations the crown can give you.

I found all the papers in the cabinet relating to Dr. Stephen's hospital, and therefore I brought them home to the deanery. I opened the cabinet in the presence of Mr. Bouhereau, and saw one paper which proved a bank-note for 500*l.* The greatness of the sum startled me, but I found it belonged to the same hospital; I was in pain because workmen were in the room and about the house. I therefore went this morning to St. Sepulchre's; and in the presence of Mrs. Green [his grace's housekeeper] I took away the note and have it secured in my cabinet, leaving her my receipt for it, and am very proud to find that a scrip under my hand will pass for 500*l.* I wish your grace a good journey to the establishment of your health; and am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant.

TO EDWARD EARL OF OXFORD.

July, 1724.

My Lord,—Although I had, for two years past, inured myself to expect the death of my lord your father, from the frequent accounts of the bad condition of his health, yet the news of it struck me so sensibly that I had not spirit enough to condole with your lordship, as I ought to have done, for so great a loss to the world and yourself. It is true, indeed, you no longer wanted his care and tenderness, nor his example to incite you to virtue; but his friendship and conversation you will ever want, because they are qualities so rare in the world, and in which he so much excelled all others. It has pleased me, in the midst of my grief, to hear that he preserved the greatness, and calmness, and intrepidity of his mind to his last minutes: for it was fit that such a life should terminate with equal lustre to the whole progress of it.

I must now beg leave to apply to your lordship's justice. He was often pleased to promise me his picture; but his troubles and sickness, and want of opportunity, and my absence, prevented him. I do therefore humbly insist that your lordship will please to discharge what I almost look upon as a legacy.

I would entreat another and much greater favor of your lordship, that at your leisure hours you would please to inspect among your father's papers whether there be any memorials that may be of use toward writing his life: which I have sometimes mentioned to him, and often thought on when I little thought to survive him. I had formerly gathered several hints; but want many memorials, especially of his more early times, which might be easily supplied. And such a work most properly belongs to me, who loved and respected him above all men, and had the honor to know him better than any other of my level did.

I humbly beg your lordship's pardon for so long a letter upon so mournful an occasion, and expect your justice to believe that I am and ever shall be, with the greatest respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET.

LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

September 3, 1724.

My Lord,—Being ten years older than when I had the honor to see your excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse — and so it has happened. For I have been this month past so pestered with a return of the noise and deafness in my ears that I had not spirit to perform the common offices of life, much less to write to your excellency, and least of all to answer so obliging and condescending a letter as that I received from you. But these ugly ten years have a worse consequence: that they utterly destroy any title to the good opinion you are pleased to express of me as an amuser of the world and myself. To have preserved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, instead of being sunk for life in a worse. I imagine France would be properer for me now, and Italy ten years hence. However, I am not so bad as they would make me: for since I left England such a parcel of trash has been there fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce alive.

There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England; it is Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth 1100*l.* a-year. He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will of course attend your excellency, and be pre-

sented, I suppose, by his friend, my lord Burlington. And because I believe you will choose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man and his errand. He was a fellow of the university here; and going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there called the *Immaterialists*, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject. Dr. Smalridge and many other eminent persons were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily with my lord Peterborough; and upon his lordship's return Dr. Berkeley spent above seven years in travelling over most part of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England, he found so many friends that he was effectually recommended to the duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made dean of Derry. Your excellency will be frightened when I tell you all this is but an introduction; for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past has been struck with a notion of founding an university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen, and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment: but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish; and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries; where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a-year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left to your excellency's disposal. I discouraged him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible and a vision, but nothing will do. And therefore I humbly entreat your excellency either to use such persuasion as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourge.

I must now in all humility entreat one favor of you, as you are lord-lieutenant. Mr. Proby, surgeon of the army here, laid out the

greatest part of his fortune to buy a captainship for his eldest son. The young man was lately accused of discovering an inclination to popery while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court-martial is transmitted to your excellency. The universal opinion here is that the accusation is false and malicious; and the archbishop of Tuam, in whose diocese Galway is, upon a strict inquiry has declared it to be so. But all this is not to sway with your excellency, any more than that the father is the most universally beloved of any man I ever knew in his station. But I entreat that you will please to hear the opinion of others who may speak in his favor, and perhaps will tell you "that, as party is not in the case, so you cannot do any personal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland than in inclining toward lenity to Mr. Proby and his family;" although I have reason to be confident that they neither need nor desire more than justice: I beg your excellency will remember my request to be only that you would hear others; and not think me so very weak as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the least turn to your mind. Therefore I hope what I have said is pardonable in every respect but that of taking up your time.

My lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet session under your government; but whether you approve the manner I can only guess. It is by universal declarations against Wood's coin. One thing I am confident of—that your excellency will find and leave us under dispositions very different toward your person and high station from what have appeared toward others.

I have no other excuse for the length of this letter but a faithful promise that I will never be guilty of the same fault a second time. I am, &c.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, January 25, 1725.

I HAVE a packet of letters which I intended to send by Molly, who has been stopped three days by the bad weather; but now I will send them by the post to-morrow to Kells, and enclosed to Mr. Tickell; there is one to you, and one to James Stopford.

I can do no work this terrible weather, which has put us all seventy times out of patience. I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray desire Mr. Stanton and Mr. Worral to continue giving themselves some trouble with Mr. Pratt; but, let it succeed or not, I hope I shall be easy.

Mrs. Johnson swears it will rain till Michaelmas. She is so pleased with her pickaxe that she wears it fastened to her girdle on her left side, in balance with her watch. The lake is strangely overflown, and we are desperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off; and Mrs. Johnson (God help her!) gives you many a curse. Your mason is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the rest, *vide* the letter you will have on Monday, if Mr. Tickell uses you well.

The news of this country is, that the maid you sent down, John Farelly's sister, is married; but the portion and settlement are yet a secret. The cows here never give milk on Midsummer eve.

You would wonder what carking and caring there is among us for small beer and lean mutton, and starved lamb, and stopping gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dingleyed.

The ladies' room smokes; the rain drops from the skies into the kitchen; our servants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards and sleep; which are much lighter than spades, sledges, and crows. Their maxim is,

> Eat like a Turk,
> Sleep like a dormouse;
> Be last at work,
> At victuals foremost.

Which is all at present; hoping you and your good family are well, as we are all at this present writing, &c.

Robin has just carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfast; this is their way; but now a cloud hangs over them, for fear it should hold up and the clouds blow off.

I write on till Molly comes in for the letter. O, what a draggle-tail will she be before she gets to Dublin! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

I affirm against Aristotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes, for they gather together you and your crew, at whist, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs. Maul, Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and laziness.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

> Far from our debtors,
> No Dublin letters,
> Not seen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A companion with news,
A great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat, or choose;
A church without pews.
Our horses astray,
No straw, oats, or hay;
December in May,
Our boys run away,
All servants at play.

Molly sends for the letter.

TO MRS. PRATT.

On her present of a fire screen adorned with painted maps.

March 18, 1725.

MADAM, — Mrs. Fitzmaurice did the unkindest thing she could imagine; she sends an open note by a servant (for she was too much a prude to write me a letter), desiring that the dean of St. Patrick's should inquire for one Howard, master of a ship, who had brought over a screen to him, the said dean, from Mrs. Pratt. Away I ran to the custom-house, where they told me the ship was expected every day; but the god of winds, in confederacy with Mrs. Fitzmaurice to teaze me, kept the ship at least a month longer, and left me miserable in a state of impatience, between hope and fear, worse than a lady who is in pain that her clothes will not be ready against the birthday. I will not move your good nature by representing how many restless nights and days I have passed, with what dreams my sleep hath been disturbed, where I sometimes saw the ship sinking, my screen floating in the sea, and the mermaids struggling which of them should get it for their own apartment. At last Medlycott, whose heart inclines him to pity the distressed, gave me notice of its safe arrival; he interposed his authority, and, overruling the tedious forms of the custom-house, sent my screen to the deanery, where it was immediately opened, on Tuesday the 16th instant, three minutes seven seconds after four o'clock in the afternoon, the day being fair but somewhat windy, the sun in Aries, and the moon within thirty-nine hours eight seconds and a half of being full; all which I had, by consulting Ptolemy, found to be fortunate incidents, prognosticating that with due care my screen will escape the mops of the housemaid and the greasy hands of the footman.

At the opening of the screen just after dinner, some company of both sexes were present; the ladies were full of malice, and the

men of envy, while I remained very affectedly calm. But all agreed that nothing showed a better judgment than to know how to make a proper present, and that no present could be more judiciously chosen; for no man in this kingdom wanted a screen so much as myself, and besides, since I had left the world, it was very kind to send "The World" to me. However, one of the ladies affirmed "that your gift was an open reflection upon my age; that she had made the same present some time ago to her grandfather; and that she could not imagine how any of her sex would send a screen to a gentleman without a design to insinuate that he was absolutely *un homme sans conséquence.*" For my own part, I confess I never expected to be sheltered by the world, when I have been so long endeavoring to shelter myself from it.

See how ill you bestow your favor, where you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches instead of acknowledgments, for thinking, in the midst of courts and diversions, upon an absent and insignificant man, buried in obscurity: but I know it is as hard to give thanks as to take them; therefore I shall say no more than that I received your acceptable present just as I am sure you desire I should. Though I cannot sit under my own vine or my own fig-tree, yet I will sit under my own screen and bless the giver; but I cannot promise it will add one jot to the love and esteem I have for you, because it is impossible for me to be more than I have always been, and shall ever continue, madam, your most obedient and obliged servant.

I just observe that the two celestial maps are placed at the bottom, within two inches of the ground, which is the most fashionable circumstance in the whole work.

I sometimes dine in a third place with your stoic Mr. Pratt; and find he continues in health, but of late very busy, and a courtier.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady Saville.

Mr. Fitzmaurice dines temperately at a tavern; and sometimes with clergymen, for want of better company.

Mr. Medlycott dines with me every Sunday, and goes to church like anything.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice is left desolate; I reckoned but fifteen ladies and five gentlemen the other night in her play-room, and I condoled with her upon it. It is thought she will fall out with my lady Carteret for drawing away her company; but at present they are very great, as I find by consulting them both.

I think you are acquainted with lady Worseley; if so, tell her how angry I am at her not coming to Ireland as I expected, and was told she was actually landed: whereupon, being at that time confined by a deafness, I wrote her a most cavalier letter, which being brought back, I tore in a rage.

Miss Carteret is every day getting new magazines of arms, to destroy all England upon her return.

TO LORD CARTERET.

Deanery-house, April 17, 1725.

My Lord,—I have been so long afflicted with a deafness, and at present with a giddiness in my head (both old distempers), that I have not been able to attend your excellency and my lady Carteret, as my inclination and duty oblige me; and I am now hastening into the country, to try what exercise and better air will do toward my recovery. Not knowing how long I may be absent, or how soon you may think fit to leave this kingdom, I take this occasion of returning your excellency and my lady Carteret my most humble acknowledgments for your great civilities toward me, which I wish it were in my power to deserve.

I have only one humble request to make to your excellency, which I had in my heart ever since you were nominated lord-lieutenant; and it is in favor of Mr. Sheridan. I beg you will take your time for bestowing on him some church living to the value of 150*l.* per annum. He is agreed on all hands to have done more public service, by many degrees, in the education of lads, than any five of his vocation, and has much more learning than usually falls to the share of those who profess teaching, being perfectly skilled in the Greek as well as Latin tongue, and acquainted with all the ancient writers, in poetry, philosophy, and history. He is a man of good sense, modesty, and virtue. His greatest fault is a wife and four children; for which there is no excuse, but that a wife is thought necessary to a schoolmaster. His constitution is so weak that in a few years he must give up his business; and probably must starve without some preferment, for which he is an ill solicitor. My lord bishop of Elphin has promised to recommend this request to your excellency. And I hope you will please to believe that it proceeds wholly from justice and humanity, for he is neither a dependant nor relation of mine.

I humbly take my leave; and remain with the utmost respect, my lord, &c.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 28, 1725.

You run out of your time so merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it like a young heir that spends his fortune faster than it comes in; for your letter is dated to-morrow, June 29, and God knows when it was writ, or what Saturday you mean, but I suppose it is the next, and therefore your own mare, and Dr. Swift's horse or mare, or some other horse or mare, with your own mare aforesaid, shall set out on Wednesday next, which will be June 30, and so they will have two nights' rest if you begin your journey on Saturday. You are an unlucky devil to get a living[1] the furthest in the kingdom from Quilca. If it be worth 200*l.* a-year, my lord-lieutenant has but barely kept his word, for the other fifty must go in a curate and visitation charges, and poxes, proxies I mean. If you are under the bishop of Cork,[2] he is a capricious gentleman; but you must flatter him monstrously upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book against Toland a hundred times, and his sermons (if he has printed any) have been always your model, &c. Be not disappointed if your living does not answer the sum. Get letters of recommendation to the bishop and principal clergy, and to your neighboring parson or parsons particularly. I often advised you to get some knowledge of tithes and church livings. You must learn the extent of your parish, the general quantity of arable land and pasture in your parish, the common rate of tithes for an acre of the several sorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to see whether you have any glebe. Pray act like a man of this world. I doubt, being so far off, you must not let your living as I do, to the several farmers, but to one man; but by all means do not let it for more than one year, till you are surely apprised of the real worth; and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very busy while you are there. It is one good circumstance that you got such a living in a convenient time, and just when tithes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb are due in spring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the spot, and your neighboring parsons may be very useful if they please, but do not let them be your tenants, Advise with archdeacon Wall, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal squire or squires, they will all tell you the worst of your living: so will the proctors and tithe-jobbers; but you

[1] In the county of Cork.

[2] Dr. Peter Brown.

will pick out truth from among them. Pray show yourself a man of abilities. After all, I am but a weak brother myself; perhaps some clergy in Dublin who know that country will further inform you. Mr. Townshend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account without any letter. Take the oaths heartily to the powers that be, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies. I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly through all the forms of oaths and inductions; for the least wrong step will put you to the trouble of repassing your patent, or voiding your living.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 29, 1725.

I WROTE to you yesterday, and said as many things as I could then think on, and gave it to a boy of Kells who brought me yours. It is strange that I and Stella, and Mrs. Mackfadin, should light on the same thought to advise you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. Johnson and I go further, and say you must needs observe all grave forms, for the want of which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the bishop of Cork, I send you a letter enclosed to him, which I desire you will seal. Mrs. Johnson put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company, for you know his weak side in that matter. I hope Mr. Tickell has not complimented you with what fees are due to him for your patent; I wish you would say to him (if he refuses them) that I told you it was Mr. Addison's maxim to excuse nobody; for here, says he, I may have forty friends whose fees may be two guineas apiece; then I lose eighty guineas, and my friends save but two apiece.

I must tell you, Dan Jackson ruined his living by huddling over the first year, and then hoping to mend it the next; therefore pray take all the care you can to inquire into the value, and set it at the best rate to substantial people.

I know not whether you are under the bishop of Cork or not: if not, you may burn the letter.

I must desire that you will not think of enlarging your expenses, no not for some years to come, much less at present; but rather retrench them. You might have lain destitute till Antichrist came, for anything you could have got from those you used to treat; neither let me hear of one rag of better clothes for your wife or brats,

but rather plainer than ever. This is positively Stella's advice as well as mine. She says now you need not be ashamed to be thought poor.

We compute you cannot be less than thirty days absent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling a-bed till noon to read Homer, but mind your business effectually: and we think you ought to have no breaking up this August: but affect to adhere to your school closer than ever; because you will find that your ill-wishers will give out you are now going to quit your school, since you have got preferment, &c.

Pray send me a large bundle of exercises, good as well as bad, for I want something to read.

I would have you carry down three or four sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout.

I sent you in my last a bill of twenty pounds on Mr. Worral; I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Worral, and give him directions, unless you have settled it already some other way. You know it must come out just when the parliament meets.

Keep these letters where I advise you about your living, till you have taken advice.

Keep very regular hours for the sake of your health and credit; and wherever you lie a night within twenty miles of your living, be sure call the family that evening to prayers.

I desire you will wet no commission with your old crew, nor with any but those who befriend you, as Mr. Tickell, &c.

TO LORD CARTERET.

July 3, 1725.

My Lord,—I am obliged to return your excellency my most humble thanks for your favor to Mr. Sheridan, because when I recommended him to you I received a very gracious answer; and yet I am sensible that your chief motive to make some provision for him was, what became a great and good person, your distinguishing him as a man of learning, and one who deserved encouragement on account of his great diligence and success in a most laborious and difficult employment [a schoolmaster].

Since your excellency has had an opportunity so early in your government of gratifying your English dependents by a bishopric

and the best deanery in the kingdom [Down], I cannot but hope that the clergy of Ireland will have their share in your patronage. There is hardly a gentleman in the nation who has not a near alliance with some of that body; and most of them who have sons usually breed one of them to the church; although they have been of late years much discouraged and discontented by seeing strangers to the country almost perpetually taken into the greatest ecclesiastical preferments; and too often, under governors very different from your excellency, the choice of persons was not to be accounted for either to prudence or justice.

The misfortune of having bishops perpetually from England, as it must needs quench the spirit of emulation among us to excel in learning and the study of divinity, so it produces another great discouragement, that those prelates usually draw after them colonies of sons, nephews, cousins, or old college companions, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift; and thus the young men sent into the church from the university here have no better prospect than to be curates or small country vicars for life.

It will become so excellent a governor as you a little to moderate this great partiality; wherein as you will act with justice and reason, so you will gain the thanks and prayers of the whole nation, and take away one great cause of universal discontent. For I believe your excellency will agree that there is not another kingdom in Europe where the natives (even those descended from the conquerors) have been treated as if they were almost unqualified for any employment either in church or state.

Your excellency, when I had the honor to attend you, was pleased to let me name some clergymen who are generally understood by their brethren to be the most distinguished for their learning and piety. I remember the persons were, Dr. Delany, Dr. Ward of the north, Mr. Ecklin, Mr. Synge of Dublin, and Mr. Corbet; they were named by me without any regard to friendship, having little commerce with most of them, but only the universal character they bear: this was the method I always took with my lord Oxford at his own command, who was pleased to believe that I would not be swayed by any private affections, and confessed I never deceived him; for I always dealt openly when I offered anything in behalf of a friend, which was but seldom: because in that case I generally made use of the common method at court to solicit by another.

I shall say nothing of the young men among the clergy, of whom

the three hopefullest are said to be Mr. Stopford, Mr. King, and Mr. Dobbs, all fellows of the college, of whom I am only acquainted with the first. But these are not likely to be great expecters under your excellency's administration, according to the usual period of governors here.

If I have dealt honestly in representing such persons among the clergy as are generally allowed to have the most merit, I think I have done you a service, and am sure I have made you a great compliment, by distinguishing you from most great men I have known these thirty years past; whom I have always observed to act as if they never received a true character, nor had any value for the best; and consequently dispensed their favors without the least regard to abilities or virtue. And this defect I have often found among those from whom I least expected it.

That your excellency may long live a blessing and ornament to your country, by pursuing as you have hitherto done the steps of honor and virtue, is the most earnest wish and prayer of, my lord, your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant.

TO THE REV. MR. WORRALL.

Quilca, July 12, 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not anybody except yourself who would have been at so much trouble to assist me, and who could have so good success, which I take as kindly as if you had saved me from utter ruin; although I have witnesses that I acted with indifferency enough when I was sure I was not worth a groat besides my goods. There appears to be only 100*l.* remaining according to my account (except this last quarter), and if I lose it, it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. Pratt has acted very generously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks to you, but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say no more on this subject, only that you may inquire where the money may be safely put out at 6*l.* per cent. I beg pardon that I did not compute the interest of sir William Fownes's money, which reduces what is due to me about 59*l.* All of consequence is my note to him for 100*l.*

I gave over all hopes of my hay as much as I did of my money;

for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather. But Charles Grattan, the critic, says the cocks are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best.

Mrs. Johnson says you are an ill manager; for you have lost me above 300 apples, and only saved me 1200*l.*

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the ——— from the wall-fruit. You have got so ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuse; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it should cost me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you please, as it must likewise be new dunged, as good husbandry requires; friend Ellis will assist you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of Sheriff and White, and all you have done for me with Mr. Pratt signifies nothing if I must lose 10*l.*

I had your letter about Mrs. Johnson's money, and she thanks you for your care; and says, considering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money matters I am the greatest cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favorable weather; we have had but five good days these twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs. Johnson, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and so do I, and am ever yours, &c.

Jo., who brings you this, desired me to lend him 20*l.*, which I very prudently refused; but said, if he would leave the worth of it in soap and candles in the Deanery-house, Mrs. Brent viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him 20*l.* and place it to my account.

Pray desire Mrs. Brent to have ready a hogshead of bottles, packed up as usual, of the same wine with the last she sent, and the next carrier shall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs. Brent take out what candles or soap are necessary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that Jo. may have them; I mean out of those boxes which he is to leave at the deanery for my security for the 20*l.* which he is to receive from you.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Quilca, August 27, 1725.

I WAS heartily sorry to hear you had got the gout, being a disease you have so little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your disease, since it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an instrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to show your activity in leaping down a ditch hurt your foot in such a manner as to end in your present disease.

I have not heard of Mr. Webb, and if he should come here I can do nothing with him; for I shall not take my own judgment, but leave it to some able lawyer to judge and recommend the security; for now it is time for me to learn some worldly wisdom.

I thank you for the purchase you have made of Bristol beer; it will soon pay for itself by saving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafness has left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a visit from it soon; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it.

Mrs. Worrall's observation is like herself; she is an absolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleasures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniences. But Mrs. Dingley is of her opinion, and would rather live in a Dublin cellar than a country palace.

I would fain have a shed thrown up in the furthest corner of Naboth's vineyard, toward the lower end of Shebb's garden, till I can find leisure and courage to build a better in the centre of the field. Can it be done?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the summer, and it will have some very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave Jack Grattan the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promised to transcribe them time enough, and my desire is they may be ready to be published upon the first day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you that it may be sent unknown (as usual) to some printer with proper directions. I had lately a letter

without a name, telling me that I have got a sop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we must have that grievance, &c., forced on us.

My intention is to return about the beginning of October, if my occasions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be seen how the parliament will act. They who talk with me think they will be slaves as usual, and led where the government pleases.

My humble service to Mrs. Worrall. The ladies present theirs to you both.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Quilca, August 31, 1725.

I HAVE yours of the 28th. I am still to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I shall not want the silver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of October, unless extreme good weather shall invite me to continue.

Since Wood's patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I suppose you and Jack Grattan and Sheridan will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer [Mrs. Harding], I would have it taken back, and the press broke, and let her be satisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the drapier.

Mrs. Johnson does not understand what you mean by her stamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but supposes it is some jest.

The ladies are well; all our services to Mrs. Worrall. Mrs. Dingley at last discovered the meaning of the stamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needless.

Pray pay Jo. Beaumont 4*l.* for a horse I bought from him, and place it to my account.

When Jo. brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him 6*l.* 8*s.*

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, September 11, 1725.

IF you are indeed a discarded courtier, you have reason to complain, but none at all to wonder; you are too young for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so. And since the last was the case, how could you

imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner preferred, by the government, though in a poor way? I tell you there is hardly a Whig in Ireland who would allow a potato and buttermilk to a reputed Tory. Neither is there anything in your countrymen upon this article more than what is common to all other nations, only *quoad magis et minus.* Too much advertency is not your talent, or else you had fled from that text as from a rock. For, as Don Quixote said to Sancho, "What business had you to speak of a halter in a family where one of it was hanged?" And your innocence is a protection that wise men are ashamed to rely on, further than with God. It is indeed against common sense to think that you should choose such a time, when you had received a favor from the lord-lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore sit down and be quiet, and mind your business as you should do, and contract your friendships, and expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of yahoos more resembling. You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson. You believe every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal interest; and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind? I believe you value your temporal interest as much as anybody, but you have not the arts of pursuing it. You are mistaken. Domestic evils are no more within a man than others; and he who cannot bear up against the first will sink under the second; and in my conscience I believe this is your case; for, being of a weak constitution, in an employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with children, *cum uxore neque leni neque commoda,* a man of intent and abstracted thinking, enslaved by mathematics and complaint of the world, this new weight of party malice had struck you down, like a feather on a horse's back, already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apostle's expression, and say, I will strive to learn in whatever state, &c.

I will hear none of your visions; you shall live at Quilca but three fortnights and a month in the year; perhaps not so much. You shall make no entertainments but what are necessary to your interests; for your true friends would rather see you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a quarter; you shall be merry at the

expense of others; you shall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night; and laugh with all men, without trusting any; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no further thoughts but to stop your progress, which perhaps they may not compass, unless I am deceived more than is usual. All this you will do, *si mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your sermon, which is a project abounding with objections unanswerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You say nothing of having preached before the lord-lieutenant, nor whether he is altered towards you; for you speak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. Sheridan down; whereas it is nothing but a slap in your turn, and away. Lord Oxford once said to me on an occasion, "These fools, because they hear a noise about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it." When I come to town we will change all this scene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich, and you will have no enemies; go sometimes to the castle; keep fast Mr. Tickell and Balaguer; frequent those on the right side, friends to the present powers; drop those who are loud on the wrong party, because they know they can suffer nothing by it.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, September 19, 1725.

We have prevailed with Neal, in spite of his harvest, to carry up miss with your directions; and it is high time, for she was run almost wild, though we have something civilized her since she came among us. You are too short in circumstances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you seen my lord? Who forbade you to preach? Are you no longer chaplain? Do you never go to the castle? Are you certain of the accuser, that it is Tighe? Do you think my lord acts thus because he fears it would breed ill humor if he should openly favor one who is looked on as of a different party? I think that is too mean for him. I do not much disapprove your letter, but I think it a wrong method; pray read over the enclosed twice, and if you do not dislike it let it be sent (not by a servant of yours, nor from you) to Mr. Tickell. There the case is stated as well as I could do it in generals, for want of knowing particulars. When I come to town I shall see the lord-lieutenant, and be as free with him as possible. In the mean time I believe it may keep cold; however, advise with Mr. Tickell and

Mr. Balaguer. I should fancy that the bishop of Limerick [Dr. William Burscough] could easily satisfy his excellency, and that my lord-lieutenant believes no more of your guilt than I, and therefore it can be nothing but to satisfy the noise of party at this juncture that he acts as he does; and if so (as I am confident it is) the effect will cease with the cause. But, without doubt, Tighe and others have dinned the words Tory and Jacobite into his excellency's ears, and therefore your text, &c., was only made use of as an opportunity.

Upon the whole matter, you are no loser, but at least have got something. Therefore be not like him who hanged himself because, going into a gaming-house and winning ten thousand pounds, he lost five thousand of it, and came away with only half his winnings. When my lord is in London we may clear a way to him to do you another job, and you are young enough to wait.

We set out to Dublin on Monday the 5th of October, and hope to sup at the deanery the next night, where you will come to us if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad bailiff toward the end of my service. Your hay is well brought in, and better stacked than usual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having some sport soon; I hope it is no sport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to seal the enclosed before you send it.

I send you back your letter to the lord-lieutenant.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, September 25, 1725.

YOUR confusion hindered you from giving any rational account of your distress till this last letter, and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado, we have now a tolerable understanding how things stand. We had a paper sent enclosed, subscribed by Mr. Ford, as we suppose; it is in print, and we all approve it, and this I suppose is the sport I was to expect. I do think it is agreed that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them, (which is a new and wise remark out of my own head,) and the devil take that animal who will not offend his enemy when he is provoked with his proper weapon; and though your old dull horse little values the blows I give him with the butt end of my stick, yet I strike on and make him wince in spite of his dulness;

and he shall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do so too to the beast who has kicked against you, and try how far his insensibility will protect him, and you shall have help, and he will be vexed, for so I found your horse this day, though he would not move the faster. I will kill that flea or louse which bites me, though I get no honor by it.

Laudari ab iis, quos omnes laudant, is a maxim; and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the offer of your mare; and how a pox could we come without her? They pulled off her and your horse's shoes for fear of being rid, and then they rode them without shoes, and so I was forced to shoe them again. All the fellows here would be Tighes, if they were but privy-counsellors. You will never be at ease for your friend's horses or your own till you have walked in a park of twenty acres, which I would have done next spring.

You say not a word of the letter I sent you for Mr. Tickell, whether you sent it him or not; and yet it was very material that I should know it. The two devils of inadvertency and forgetfulness have got fast hold on you. I think you need not quit his and Balaguer's company for the reason I mentioned in that letter, because they are above suspicions, as *whiggissimi* and *unsuspectissimi*. When the lord-lieutenant goes for England I have a method to set you right with him I hope, as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not Sheridan it, I mean forget it.

I did a Sheridanism; I told you I had lost your letter enclosed, which you intended to lord Carteret, and yet I have it safe here.

TO MR. POPE.

September 29, 1725.

I AM now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the *grand monde*, for fear of burying my parts, to signalize myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in, relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (beside ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my travels, in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be *found* brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions, but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labors is, to vex the world rather than divert it;

and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations: lord-treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is toward individuals; for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love counsellor such-a-one, and judge such-a-one: it is so with physicians, (I will not speak of my own trade,) soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man; although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years (but do not tell); and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials toward a treatise proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale,* and to show it should be only *rationis capax.* Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion: by consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your "Odyssey" was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three-fourths the less from the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery.—I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica.*

I have almost done with harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady [Mrs. Howard] whom you describe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court: Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a court lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court lady, but then

she is a most damnable party-woman, and will never make me easy, as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description: I am glad she visits you, but my voice is so weak that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who by living so long out of the world have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. O if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels! but, however, he is not without fault: there is a passage in Bede highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but, alas! he hath a sort of slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a lord-lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as lord Leicester called those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin blacksmith, a great poet, has imitated his manner in a poem to the same miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told lord Carteret that complainers never succeed at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman, that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left. I have an ill name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean, as much as he can.

I am in great concern at what I am just told is in some of the newspapers, that lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much youth and vigor left, (of which he has not been thrifty,) but I wonder he has no more discretion.

TO MR. POPE.

November 26, 1725.

I SHOULD sooner have acknowledged yours if a feverish disorder and the relics of it had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you,

and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because, if you do not know me when you meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in your letter, and, in my conscience, you say the same thing but in a better manner. Pray tell my lord Bolingbroke that I wish he were banished again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth, which I immediately acknowledged; but before the letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea: I hope I was more afflicted than his lordship. It is hard that parsons and beggars should be overrun with brats while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament (*sub sigillio confessionis*) that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. Philips is *fort chancelant* whether he shall turn parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast wits and cast beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church; yet we think it a severe judgment that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish prelate. He is neither secretary nor gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He has published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is that I have not waited on his lordship. We have had a poem sent from London in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Harvey of a day old; we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies. You might have spared me a few more lines of your satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys like you talk of millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you by ten, than when we last were together: and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honor, my lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose that it hath

never varied from the twenty-first to the f—ty-eighth year of my life (pray fill that blank charitably). I tell you, after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with —— than I was with the kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favorite, because I found my whole character in him; however, I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations. Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, it is a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and I will write again without concerning myself whether you write or not. I am, &c.

TO THE REV. DR. STOPFORD.

Wretched Dublin, in miserable Ireland.
November 26, 1725.

DEAR JIM,—I had your kind letter from Paris, dated Nov. 14, N.S. I am angry with you for being so short, unless you are resolved not to rob your journal-book. What have *vous autres voyageurs* to do but write and ramble? Your picture of K. C. I. will be a great present whenever I shall receive it, which I reckon will be about the time of your return from Italy; for my lord Oxford's picture was two months coming from London.

Mr. Pope is very angry with you, and says you look on him as a prophet, who is never esteemed in his own country, and he lays all the blame upon you, but will be pacified if you see him when you come back. Your other correspondents tell me that Mr. G., beside his clothes, lost 200*l.* in money, which to me you slur over. I like your Indian's answers well; but I suppose the queen was astonished if she was told, contrary to her notions, that the great people were treated and maintained by the poor. Mrs. Johnson denies you to be a slave, and says you are much more so in quality of a governor; as all good princes are slaves to their subjects. I think you are

justly dealt with: you travelled with liberty to work your slavery, and now you travel with slavery to work your liberty. The point of honor will not be so great, but you have equal opportunities to inform yourself and satisfy your curiosity. The happier you were abroad in your first travels, the more miserable you were at your return; and now the case will be directly contrary. I have been confined a fortnight with a little feverish disorder, and the consequences of it, but now am as usual with tolerable health.

As to intelligence, here is the house of commons, with a little remains of the nation's spirit against Wood's coin, are opposing the court in their unreasonable demands of money to satisfy the wanton and pretended debts of the crown, and all party but that of court and country seem to be laid asleep. I have said and writ to the lieutenant what I thought was right, and so have my betters; but all *surdis auribus:* this is enough for such a hermit as I to tell you of public matters. Your friends are all well, and you have not been long enough absent for any material accident to fall out. Here is a great rumor of the king's being dead or dying at Hanover, which has not the least effect on any passion in me. Dr. Delany is a most perfect courtier; Sheridan full of his own affairs and the baseness of the world; Dr. Helsham *à son aise* at home or abroad; the dean of St. Patrick's sitting like a toad in a corner of his great house, with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons. You are desired to bring over a few of the testons, and what d'ye call (Julio's, I think) of Parma, Florence, and Rome, which some people would be glad of for curiosities, and will give you other money for them. If you are rich enough to buy any good copies of pictures by great hands, I desire when you would buy two to buy three, and the third shall be taken off your hands with thanks, and all accidents be answered by the buyer. The people of Ireland have just found out that their fathers, sons, and brothers, are not made bishops, judges, or officers civil or military, and begin to think it should be otherwise; but the government go on as if there were not a human creature in the kingdom fit for anything but giving money. Your brother paid the money to the lady;—what would you have more? This is a time of no events. Not a robbery or murder to be had, for want of which and poetry the hawkers are starving. Take care of your health, and come home by Switzerland; from whence travel blindfold till you get here, which is the only way to make Ireland tolerable. I am told the provost has absolutely given away all your

pupils. Pray God give you grace to be hated by him and all such beasts while you live! I excused your bashfulness to the lieutenant, who said he observed and understood it, and liked you the better. He could govern a wiser nation better, but fools are fit to deal with fools; and he seems to mistake our calibre, and treats *de haut en bas*, and gives no sugar plums. Our dean Maule and Dr. Tisdall have taken upon them the care of the church, and make wise speeches of what they will amend in St. Andrew's vestry every week, to a crew of parsons of their own kind and importance. The primate and the earl of Cavan govern the house of lords. The archbishop of Dublin attacked the same in the castle for giving a good living to a certain animal called a Welsh black, which the other excused, alleging he was preferred to it by lord Townshend. It is a cant word for a deer-stealer. This fellow was leader of a gang, and had the honor of hanging half a dozen of his fellows in quality of informer, which was his merit. If you cannot match me that in Italy, step to Muscovy, and from thence to the Hottentots. I am just going out of town for two days, else I would have filled my paper with more nothings. Pray God bless you, and send you safe back to this place, which it is a shame for any man of worth to call his home.

TO LORD PALMERSTON.

Dublin, January 1, 1726.

My Lord,—I am desired by one Mr. Curtis, a clergyman of this town, to write to your lordship upon an affair he has much at heart, and wherein he has been very unjustly and injuriously treated. I do now call to mind what I hear your lordship has written hither, that you were pleased many years ago, at my recommendation, to give Dr. Ellwood a grant of a chamber in the college which is at your disposal; for I had then some credit with your lordship, which I am told I have now lost, although I am ignorant of the reason. I shall therefore only inform your lordship in one point. When you gave that grant, it was understood to continue during Dr. Ellwood's continuance in the college: but he, growing to be a senior fellow and requiring more conveniencies, by changing one room and purchasing another, got into a more convenient apartment, and therefore those who now derive under the doctor have, during the doctor's life, the same property as if they derived under your lordship; just as if one of your tenants should let his holding to another

during the term of his lease, and take a more convenient farm. This is directly the case, and must convince your lordship immediately; for Mr. Curtis paid for the chamber, either to the doctor or to those who derived under him, and till the doctor dies or leaves the college, the grant is good.

I will say nothing of Mr. Curtis's character, because the affair is a matter of short plain justice; and, besides, because I would not willingly do the young man an injury, as I happened to do to another whom I recommended to your lordship merely for your own service, and whom you afterwards rejected, expressing your reason for doing so, that I had recommended him, by which you lost the very person of the whole kingdom who by his honesty and abilities could have been most useful to you in your offices here. But these are some of the refinements among you great men, which are above my low understanding. And, whatever your lordship thinks of me, I shall still remain your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant.

TO LORD PALMERSTON.

January 29, 1726.

My Lord, — I desire you will give yourself the last trouble I shall ever put you to; I mean of reading this letter. I do entirely acquit you of any injury or injustice done to Mr. Curtis, and if you had read that passage relating to his bad usage a second time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The injury and injustice he received were from those who claimed a title to his chambers, took away his key, reviled and threatened to beat him, with a great deal more of the like brutal conduct. Whereupon at his request I laid the case before you, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very strange if, on account of a trifle, and of a person for whom I have no concern, further than as he was employed by me on the character he bears of piety and learning, I should charge you with injury and injustice to him, when I knew from himself and Mr. Reading that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the case of tenant at will, it is certain no law can compel you; but, to say the truth, I then had not law in my thoughts.

Now, if what I writ of injury and injustice were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the college here, whose names were below my remembrance, you will consider how I could deserve an

answer in every line full of foul invectives, open reproaches, jesting flirts, and contumelious terms, and what title you have to give me such contumelious treatment who never did you the least injury or received the least obligation from you. I own myself indebted to sir William Temple for recommending me to the late king, although without success, and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my living in his family as an obligation, for I was educated to little purpose if I retired to his house on any other motives than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies. For, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as far to seek as ever, and perhaps you will allow that I was of some use to him. This I will venture to say, that in the time when I had some little credit I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the least service or assistance. Yet I should not be pleased to hear a relation of mine reproaching them for ingratitude, although many of them well deserve it; for, thanks to party, I have met in both kingdoms with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed in what you mention of Mr. Stanton, you have not been much better, that I declared no regard to the family (as you express it) was a restraint to me. I never had the least occasion to use any such words. The last time I saw you in London was the last intercourse I ever had with the family. But having always trusted to my own innocence, I shall not be inquisitive to know my accusers.

When I mentioned my loss of interest with you, I did it with concern, but I had no resentment, because I supposed it only to arise from different sentiments in public matters.

My lord, if my letter were polite, it was against my intentions, and I desire your pardon for it; if I have wit, I will keep it to show when I am angry, which at present I am not; because, though nothing can excuse those intemperate words your pen has let fall, yet I shall give allowance to a hasty person, hurried on by a mistake beyond all rules of decency. If a first minister of state had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another style, because in that case retaliating would be thought a mark of courage: but as your lordship is not in a situation to do me good, nor, I am sure, of a disposition to do me mischief, so I should lose the merit of being bold, because I could incur no danger, if I gave myself a liberty which your ill usage seemed to demand. In this

point alone we are exactly equal, but in wit and politeness I am ready to yield to you as much as I do in titles and estate.

I have found out one secret, that, although you call me a great wit, you do not think me so, otherwise you would have been too cautious to have writ me such a letter.

You conclude with saying you are ready to ask pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the offence, but whether you will acquit yourself must be left to your conscience and honor.

I have formerly upon occasion been your humble servant in Ireland, and should not refuse to be so still; but you have so useful and excellent a friend in Mr. Reading, that you need no other, and I hope my good opinion of him will not lessen yours. I am, my lord, your most humble servant.

TO MR. WORRALL.

London, April 16, 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ several times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again. I send you enclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea; you will be so kind to get it out of the custom-house. Mr. Medlycott will make it easy if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and the ladies, and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can say no more.

I hope you are all well.

I got no voice at Oxford; but am endeavoring for one here.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

April 28, 1726.

MY LORD,—Your lordship having at my request obtained for me an hour from sir Robert Walpole, I accordingly attended him yesterday at eight o'clock in the morning, and had somewhat more than an hour's conversation with him. Your lordship was this day pleased to inquire what passed between that great minister and me; to which I gave you some general answers, from whence you said you could comprehend little or nothing.

I had no other design in desiring to see sir Robert Walpole than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, not only without any view to myself, but to any party whatsoever; and be-

cause I understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and observed the representations he had received were such as I could not agree to; my principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England, and of his own administration.

I failed very much in my design; for I saw he had conceived opinions, from the example and practices of the present and some former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty, a possession always understood by the British nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so alien from what I conceived to be rights and privileges of a subject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him so much as I otherwise might, because I found it would be in vain. I shall therefore, without entering into dispute, make bold to mention to your lordship some few grievances of that kingdom, as it consists of a people who, beside a natural right of enjoying the privileges of subjects, have also a claim of merit from their extraordinary loyalty to the present king [George I.] and his family.

First, That all persons born in Ireland are called and treated as Irishmen, although their fathers and grandfathers were born in England; and their predecessors having been conquerors of Ireland, it is humbly conceived they ought to be on as good a foot as any subjects of Britain, according to the practice of all other nations, and particularly of the Greeks and Romans.

Secondly, That they are denied the natural liberty of exporting their manufactures to any country which is not engaged in a war with England.

Thirdly, That whereas there is a university in Ireland, founded by queen Elizabeth, where youth are instructed with a much stricter discipline than either in Oxford or Cambridge; it lies under the greatest discouragements, by filling all the principal employments, civil and ecclesiastical, with persons from England, who have neither interest, property, acquaintance, nor alliance in that kingdom, contrary to the practice of all other states in Europe which are governed by viceroys, at least what hath never been used without the utmost discontents of the people.

Fourthly, That several of the bishops sent over to Ireland, having been clergymen of obscure condition, and without other distinction

than that of chaplains to the governors, do frequently invite over their old acquaintance or kindred, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift. The like may be said of the judges, who take with them one or two dependants, to whom they give their countenance; and who, consequently, without other merit, grow immediately into the chief business of their courts. The same practice is followed by all others in civil employments, if they have a cousin, a valet, or footman in their family born in England.

Fifthly, That all civil employments granted in reversion are given to persons who reside in England.

The people of Ireland, who are certainly the most loyal subjects in the world, cannot but conceive that most of these hardships have been the consequence of some unfortunate representations (at least) in former times; and the whole body of the gentry feel the effects in a very sensible part, being utterly destitute of all means to make provision for their younger sons, either in the church, the law, the revenue, or (of late) in the army: and, in the desperate condition of trade, it is equally vain to think of making them merchants. All they have left is, at the expiration of leases, to rack their tenants, which they have done to such a degree that there is not one farmer in a hundred through the kingdom who can afford shoes or stockings to his children, or to eat flesh, or drink anything better than sour milk or water twice in a year; so that the whole country, except the Scottish plantation in the north, is a scene of misery and desolation hardly to be matched on this side Lapland.

The rents of Ireland are computed to about a million and a half, whereof one half-million at least is spent by lords and gentlemen residing in England, and by some other articles too long to mention.

About 300,000*l.* more are returned thither on other accounts; and, upon the whole, those who are the best versed in that kind of knowledge agree that England gains annually by Ireland a million at least, which even I could make appear beyond all doubt.

But as this mighty profit would probably increase, with tolerable treatment, to half a million more, so it must of necessity sink under the hardships that kingdom lies at present.

And whereas sir Robert Walpole was pleased to take notice how little the king gets by Ireland, it ought perhaps to be considered that the revenues and taxes, I think, amount to above 400,000*l.* a-year; and reckoning the riches of Ireland, compared with England, to be as one to twelve, the king's revenues there would be equal

to more than five millions here; which, considering the bad payment of rents from such miserable creatures as most of the tenants in Ireland are, will be allowed to be as much as such a kingdom can bear.

The current coin of Ireland is reckoned at most but 500,000*l.*, so that above four-fifths are paid every year into the Exchequer.

I think it manifest that whatever circumstances can possibly contribute to make a country poor and despicable are all united with respect to Ireland. The nation controlled by laws to which they do not consent, disowned by their brethren and countrymen, refused the liberty not only of trading with their own manufactures, but even their native commodities, forced to seek for justice many hundred miles by sea and land, rendered in a manner incapable of serving their king and country in any employment of honor, trust, or profit; and all this without the least demerit; while the governors sent over thither can possibly have no affection to the people further than what is instilled into them by their own justice and love of mankind, which do not always operate; and whatever they please to represent hither is never called in question.

Whether the representatives of such a people, thus distressed and laid in the dust, when they meet in a parliament, can do the public business with that cheerfulness which might be expected from free-born subjects, would be a question in any other country except that unfortunate island; the English inhabitants whereof have given more and greater examples of their loyalty and dutifulness than can be shown in any other part of the world.

What part of these grievances may be thought proper to be redressed by so wise and great a minister as sir Robert Walpole, he perhaps will please to consider; especially because they have been all brought upon that kingdom since the Revolution; which, however, is a blessing annually celebrated there with the greatest zeal and sincerity.

I most humbly entreat your lordship to give this paper to sir Robert Walpole, and desire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and humble servant.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, July 8, 1726.

Good Doctor, — I have had two months of great uneasiness at the ill account of Mrs. Johnson's health, and, as it is usual, feared

the worst that was possible, and doubted all the good accounts that were sent me. I pray God her danger may warn her to be less wilful, and more ready to fall into those measures that her friends and physician advise her to. I had a letter two days ago from archdeacon Wall, dated six days before yours, wherein he gives me a better account than you do, and therefore I apprehend she hath not mended since; and yet he says he can honestly tell me she is now much better. Pray thank the archdeacon, and tell him he is to have a share in this letter; and therefore I will save him the trouble of another. Tell him also that I never asked for my 1000*l.*, which he hears I have got, though I mentioned it to the princess the last time I saw her; but I bid her tell Walpole I scorned to ask him for it. But blot out this passage, and mention it to no one except the ladies, because I know Mrs. Johnson would be pleased with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this letter is theirs as well as yours. The archdeacon further says that Mrs. Johnson has not tasted claret for several months, but once at his house. This I dislike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your friends, unless it be yourself: I am sorry for your new laborious studies, but the best of it is, they will not be your own another day. I thank you for your new style and most useful quotations. I am only concerned that, although you get the grace of the house, you will never get the grace of the town, but die plain Sheridan, or Tom at most, because it is a syllable shorter than doctor. However, I will give it you at length in the superscription; and people will so wonder how the news could come and return so quick to and from England, especially if the wind be fair when the packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in sending for your letters two days after the commencement. You lost one post by my being out of town; for I came hither to-day, and shall stay three or four upon some business, and then go back to Mr. Pope's, and there continue till August, and then come to town till I begin my journey to Ireland, which I propose the middle of August. My old butler Archy is here ruined and starving, and has pursued me and wrote me a letter, but I have refused to see him. Our friend at the castle writ to me two months ago to have a sight of those papers, &c., of which I brought away a copy. I have answered him, that whatever papers I have are conveyed from one place to another through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he should mention anything of papers in general, either

to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same story, and laugh at my humor in it, &c. My service to Dr. Delany, Dr. Helsham, the Grattans and Jacksons. There is not so despised a creature here as your friend [Ambrose Philips] with the soft verses on children. I heartily pity him. This is the first time I was ever weary of England, and longed to be in Ireland; but it is because go I must; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worse; in short, you all live in a wretched dirty doghole and prison, but it is a place good enough to die in. I can tell you one thing, that I have had the fairest offer made me of a settlement here that one can imagine, which, if I were ten years younger, I would gladly accept, within twelve miles of London, and in the midst of my friends. But I am too old for new schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities. But so it is, that I must be forced to get home, partly by stealth and partly by force. I have indeed one temptation for this winter, much stronger, which is of a fine house and garden, and park, and wine-cellar in France, to pass away winter in; and if Mrs. Johnson were not so out of order, I would certainly accept of it; and I wish she could go to Montpelier at the same time. You see I am grown visionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Twickenham, July 15, 1726.

I WISH you would send me a common bill in form upon any banker for 100*l.*, and I will wait for it, and in the mean time borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. Johnson I have long expected with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to Ireland, and have been ever since my constant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human creature. I have these two months seen through Mrs. Dingley's disguises. And indeed ever since I left you my heart has been so sunk that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again, but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away. I must tell you as a friend, that, if you have reason to believe Mrs. Johnson cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming

to Ireland; and in that case I would expect of you in the beginning of September to renew my license for another half-year, which time I will spend in some retirement far from London, till I can be in a disposition of appearing after an accident that must be so fatal to my quiet. I wish it could be brought about that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister during their lives, and afterwards to Dr. Stephen's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends that, upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some airy healthy part, and not in the deanery, which besides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in. This I leave to your discretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what steps to take; for I am determined not to go to Ireland, to find her just dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me so familiar with those terrible words applied to such a dear friend. Let her know I have bought her a repeating gold watch for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it; but now I would have her know it, that she may see how my thoughts are always to make her easy.

I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable.

On the back of Burton's note there was written the account of Mrs. Johnson's sickness. Pray, in your next avoid that mistake, and leave the back side blank.

When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I desire, pray burn it; and let all I have said lie only in your breast.

Pray write every week. I have (till I know further) fixed on August the fifteenth to set out for Ireland. I shall continue or alter my measures according to your letters. Adieu.

Direct your letters still to Mrs. Rice, &c.

Pray tell Mr. Dobbs of the college that I received his letter,

but cannot possibly answer it, which I certainly would if I had materials.

As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to Maule, as I am told; and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behavior to those in power has been directly contrary since I came here. I would rather have good news from you than Canterbury, though it were given me upon my own terms.

TO THE REV. DR. STOPFORD.

Twickenham, near London,
July 20, 1726.

DEAR JIM,—I had a letter from you three months ago, with an account of a fine picture you had sent me, which is now safe in Ireland, for which I readily thank you, and Robert Arbuthnot swears it is an original. I did not answer you because I was told you were in motion. I had yours of July 12, N. S., yesterday; and since you are fixed at Paris, I venture to send you this, though Robert Arbuthnot be here. He has lately married a lady among us of 900*l.* a year, and I think will soon go to France; but I have chiefly lived about two months with Mr. Pope, since the town grew empty. I shall leave him the beginning of August, and so settle my affairs to be in Ireland by the end of that month, for my license of half-a-year will then be out. I came here to see my old friends, and upon some business I had with two of them, which, however, proves to be of little consequence. The people in power have been civil enough to me; many of them have visited me. I was not able to withstand seeing the princess, because she had commanded that whenever I came hither, as the news said I intended, that I should wait on her. I was latterly twice with the chief minister; the first time by invitation, and the second at my desire for an hour, wherein we differed in every point; but all this made a great noise, and soon got to Ireland, from whence, upon the late death of the bishop of Cloyne, it was said I was offered to succeed, and I received many letters upon it, but there was nothing of truth, for I was neither offered nor would have received, except upon conditions which would never be granted. For I absolutely broke with the first minister and have never seen him since, and I lately complained of him to the princess, because I knew she would tell him. I am, besides, all to pieces with the lord-lieutenant, whom I

treated very roughly, and absolutely refused to dine with him. So that, dear Jim, you see how little I shall be able to assist you with the great ones here, unless some change of ministry should happen. Yet when a new governor goes over, it is hard if I cannot be some way instrumental. I have given strict charge to Mr. Pope to receive you with all kindness and distinction. He is perfectly well received by all the people in power, and he loves to do good; and there can hardly go over a governor to whom he may not, by himself or friends, strongly recommend you.

I fear I shall have more than ordinary reasons to wish you a near neighbor to me in Ireland, and that your company will be more necessary than ever, when I tell you that I never was in so great a dejection of spirits. For I lately received a letter from Mr. Worrall, that one of the two oldest and dearest friends I have in the world is in so desperate a condition of health as makes me expect every post to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years. I know you will share in my trouble, because there were few persons whom I believe you more esteemed. For my part, as I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable; but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship. Besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood; who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature.—They have hitherto writ me deceiving letters, but Mr. Worrall has been so just and prudent as to tell me the truth; which, however racking, is better than to be struck on the sudden.—Dear Jim, pardon me, I know not what I am saying; but believe me that violent friendship is much more lasting and as much engaging as violent love. Adieu.

If this accident should happen before I set out, I believe I shall stay this winter in England; where it will be at least easier to find some repose than upon the spot.

If I were your adviser, I would say one thing against my own interest; that, if you must leave your college for the reason you hint at, I think it would be better to live in England on your own estate, and the addition of 1000*l.*, and trust to industry and friends

and distinction here, than pass your days in that odious country and among that odious people. You can live in a thrifty moderate way, and thrift is decent here; and you cannot but distinguish yourself. You have the advantage to be a native of London; here you will be a freeman, and in Ireland a slave. Here your competitors will be strangers; there every rascal, your contemporary, will get over your head by the merit of party. Farewell again; though my head is now disturbed, yet I have had these thoughts about you long ago.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

July 27, 1726.

I HAVE yours just now of the 19th, and the account you give me is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies; and there is one aggravation of constraint, that where I am I am forced to put on an easy countenance. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do not to deceive me. I was violently bent all last year, as I believe you remember, that she should go to Montpellier, or Bath, or Tunbridge. I entreated, if there was no amendment, they might both come to London. But there was a fatality, although I indeed think her stamina could not last much longer when I saw she could take no nourishment. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from our childhood, and the greatest merit on her side, that ever was in one human creature toward another. Nay, if I were now near her, I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably and should redouble her sorrow. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body. Confusion! that I am this moment called down to a visitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myself. I have passed a very constrained hour, and now return to say I know not what. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of years be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation which could only make it tolerable. I fear while you are reading this, you will be shedding tears at her funeral; she loved you well, and a great share of the little merit I have with you is owing to her solicitations.

I wrote you about a week ago.

TO MR. POPE.

London, August 4, 1726.

I HAD rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner: for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My lord Peterborough spoiled everybody's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pothook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same although you had never touched a pen further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage and preparing for my journey: I will endeavor to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you I will strive not to think of you; this I intend in return to your kindness; and further, I know nobody has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be (in spite of my heart) entirely yours.

TO MR. WORRALL.

London, August 6, 1726.

AT the same time that I had your letter, with the bill (for which I thank you), I received another from Dr. Sheridan, both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The doctor advises me to go over at the time I intended, which I now design to do, and to set out on Monday the 15th from hence. However, if any accident should happen to me, that you do not find me come over on the 1st of September, I would have you renew my license of absence from the 2nd of September, which will be the day that my half year will be out: and since it is not likely that you can answer this so as to reach me before I leave London, I desire you will write to me, directed to Mrs. Kenah, in Chester, where I design to set up, and shall hardly be there in less than a fortnight from this time; and if I should then hear our friend was no more, I might probably be absent a month or two in some parts of Derbyshire or Wales. However, you need not renew the license till the 1st of September;

and if I come not I will write to you from Chester. This unhappy affair is the greatest trial I ever had; and I think you are unhappy in having conversed so much with that person under such circumstances. Tell Dr. Sheridan I had his letter, but care not to answer it. I wish you would give me your opinion at Chester whether I shall come over or not. I shall be there, God willing, on Thursday, the 18th instant. This is enough to say, in my present situation. I am, &c.

My humble service and thanks to Mrs. Worrall for the care of our friend, which I shall never forget.

TO MR. WORRALL.

August 13, 1726.

THIS is Saturday, and on Monday I set out for Ireland. I desired you would send me a letter to Chester. I suppose I shall be in Dublin with moderate fortune in ten or eleven days hence; for I will go by Holyhead. I shall stay two days at Chester, unless I can contrive to have my box sent after me. I hope I shall be with you by the end of August; but, however, if I am not with you by the 2nd of September, which is the time that my license is out, I desire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it signifies nothing. I expect to be very miserable when I come, but I shall be prepared for it. I desired you would write to me to Chester, which I hope you will do; and pray hinder Dr. Sheridan from writing to me any more.

This is all I have to say to you at present. I am, &c.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

September 1, 1726.

MADAM,—Being perpetually teased with the remembrance of you by the sight of your ring on my finger, my patience at last is at an end; and in order to be revenged, I have sent you a piece of Irish plaid made in imitation of the Indian, wherein our workmen are grown so expert that in this kind of stuff they are said to excel that which comes from the Indies; and because our ladies are too proud to wear what is made at home, the workman is forced to run a gold thread through the middle and sell it as Indian. But I ordered him to leave out that circumstance that you may be clad in Irish stuff and in my livery. But I beg you will not tell any parliament-man from whence you had that plaid; otherwise, out of

malice they will make a law to cut off all our weavers' fingers. I must likewise tell you, to prevent your pride, my intention is to use you very scurvily; for my real design is, that when the princess asks you where you got that fine nightgown, you are to say that it is an Irish plaid sent you by the dean of St. Patrick's; who, with his most humble duty to her royal highness, is ready to make her such another present at the terrible expense of eight shillings and threepence per yard, if she will descend to honor Ireland with receiving and wearing it. And in recompense I, who govern the vulgar, will take care to have her royal highness' health drunk by 500 weavers, as an encourager of the Irish manufactory. And I command you to add that I am no courtier nor have anything to ask. May all courtiers imitate me in that! I hope the whole royal family about you is in health. Dr. Arbuthnot lately mortified me with an account of a great pain in your head. I believe no head that is good for anything is long without some disorder, at least that is the best argument I had for anything that is good in my own.

I pray God preserve you; and entreat you to believe that I am, with great respect, madam, your most obedient and most obliged servant.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

November 17, 1726.

MADAM,—When I received your letter, I thought it the most unaccountable one I ever saw in my life, and was not able to comprehend three words of it together. The perverseness of your lines astonished me, which tended downward to the right in one page, and upward in the two others. This I thought impossible to be done by any one who did not squint with both eyes, an infirmity I never observed in you. However, one thing I was pleased with, that after you had writ down you repented, and writ me up again. But I continued four days at a loss for your meaning, till a bookseller sent me the Travels of one captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer, although at the same time I thought it hard to be forced to read a book of seven hundred pages in order to understand a letter of fifty lines; especially as those of our faculty are already but too much pestered with commentators. The stuffs you require are making, because the weaver piques himself upon having them in perfection. But he has read Gulliver's book, and has no conception what you mean by returning money; for he has

become a proselyte of the Houyhnhnms, whose great principle, if I rightly remember, is benevolence; and as to myself, I am so highly offended with such a base proposal, that I am determined to complain of you to her royal highness that you are a mercenary yahoo, fond of shining pebbles. What have I to do with you or your court further than to show the esteem I have for your person, because you happen to deserve it; and my gratitude to her royal highness, who was pleased a little to distinguish me? which, by the way, is the greatest compliment I ever paid, and may probably be the last; for I am not such a prostitute flatterer as Gulliver, whose chief study is to extenuate the vices and magnify the virtues of mankind, and perpetually dins our ears with the praises of his country in the midst of corruption, and for that reason alone has found so many readers, and probably will have a pension, which I suppose was his chief design in writing. As for his compliments to the ladies, I can easily forgive him, as a natural effect of the devotion which our sex ought always to pay to yours. You need not be in pain about the officers searching or seizing the plaids, for the silk has already paid duty in England, and there is no law against exporting silk manufacture from hence. I am sure the princess and you have got the length of my foot, and sir Robert Walpole says he has the length of my head, so that I need not give you the trouble of sending you either. I shall only tell you, in general, that I never had a long head, and for that reason few people have thought it worth while to get the length of my foot. I cannot answer your queries about eggs, buttered or poached, but I possess one talent which admirably qualifies me for roasting them; for as the world with respect to eggs is divided into pelters and roasters, it is my unhappiness to be one of the latter, and consequently to be persecuted by the former. I have been five days turning over old books to discover the meaning of those monstrous births you mention. That of the four black rabbits seems to threaten some dark court intrigue, and perhaps, some change in the administration; for the rabbit is an undermining animal that loves to walk in the dark. The blackness denotes the bishops, whereof some of the last you have made are persons of such dangerous parts and profound abilities; but rabbits being clothed in furs may perhaps glance at the judges. However, the ram—by which is meant the ministry—butting with his two horns, one against the church and the other against the law, shall obtain the victory. And whereas the birth was a conjunction of

ram and yahoo, this is easily explained by the story of Chiron, governor, or, which is the same thing, chief minister, to Achilles, who was half man and half brute; which, as Machiavel observes, all good governors of princes ought to be. But I am at the end of my line, and my lines. This is without a cover, to save money, and plain paper, because the gilt is so thin it will discover secrets between us. In a little room for words I assure you of my being, with truest respect, madam, your most obedient humble servant.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, November 17, 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms that I should never have found out the meaning if a book had not been sent me called "Gulliver's Travels," of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered, and the style of a different sort, unless I am mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors least; others, you tell me, the flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that in these cases I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the archbishop in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man, and decide the great question of an indelible character in favor of the principles in fashion; this I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favor as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who, by a law here, is to be hanged the next couple he marries; he declared to us

that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows the archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out, by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu.

TO MR. POPE.

December 5, 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself, and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causeway and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent, because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present;[1] which, when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me and at the same time do me justice, in what you observe as to Mr. Pulteney. Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependence a state of slavery? We care not threepence whether a prince or minister will see us or not: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that riches are liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses,[2] I most earnestly entreat you to burn those which you do not approve; and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (though it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind as to

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[1] The present to the princess of Wales of Irish stuff.

[2] A just character of Swift's poetry as well as his prose is, that it "consists of proper words in proper places." Johnson said once to me, speaking of the simplicity of Swift's style, — "the rogue never hazards a figure." — DR. WARTON.

make a few corrections if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you please, I will send the best I can pick from them to add to the new volume. I have reason to choose the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby among the bad critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy as to have a letter from my lord Peterborough, for which I entreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves and make a ninepenny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *mira poemata!* the most solemn that were ever seen: and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu docte Trebati, dissentis.* Yours, &c.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM,—My correspondents have informed me that your ladyship has done me the honor to answer several objections that ignorance, malice, and party have made to my Travels, and been so charitable as to justify the fidelity and veracity of the author. This zeal you have shown for truth calls for my particular thanks, and at the same time encourages me to beg you would continue your goodness to me, by reconciling me to the maids of honor, whom they say I have most grievously offended. I am so stupid as not to find out how I have disobliged them. Is there any harm in a young lady's reading of romances? Or did I make use of an improper engine to extinguish a fire that was kindled by a maid of honor? And I will venture to affirm, that if ever the young ladies of your court should meet with a man of as little consequence in this country as I was in Brobdingnag, they would use him with as much contempt; but I submit myself and my cause to your better judgment, and beg leave to lay the crown of Lilliput at your feet, as a small acknowledgment of your favor to my book and person. I found it in the corner of my waistcoat pocket, into which I thrust

most of the valuable furniture of the royal apartment when the palace was on fire, and, by mistake, brought it with me into England; for I very honestly restored to their majesties all their goods that I knew were in my possession. May all courtiers imitate me in that, and by being, madam, &c.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

February 1, 1727.

MADAM,—I am so very nice, and my workmen so fearful, that there is but one piece finished of the two, which you commanded me to send to her royal highness. The other was done; but the undertaker, confessing it was not to the utmost perfection, has obtained my leave for a second attempt, in which he promises to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although perhaps the humor may be quite off with the princess and you, for such were courts when I knew them. I desire you will order her royal highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighborhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there; and I expect to find you are altered by flattery or ill company. I am glad to tell you now that I honor you with my esteem, because, when the princess grows a crowned head, you shall have no more such compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deserve them. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myself, but will rather provide another shoe for his royal highness, against there shall be occasion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night:—While I was caressing one of my own Houyhnhnms, he bit my little finger so cruelly that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cause to some foreknowledge in him that I was going to write to a Sieve Yahoo, for so you are pleased to call yourself. Pray tell sir Robert Walpole that if he does not use me better next summer than he did last, I will study revenge, and it shall be *vengeance ecclésiastique*. I hope you will get your house and wine ready, to which Mr. Gay and I are to have free access when you are at court; for as to Mr. Pope, he is not worth considering on such occasions. I am sorry I have no complaints to make of her royal highness; therefore I think I may let you tell her, "That every grain of virtue and good sense in one of her rank, considering the bad education among flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any in-

ferior person." Now if what the world says be true, that she excels all other ladies at least a dozen times, then multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any man can say a civiler thing let him, for I think it too much for me.

I have some title to be angry with you for not commanding those who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be anything more base than to make me the first advances, and then be inconstant? It is very hard that I must cross the sea, and ride two hundred miles to reproach you in person: when at the same time I feel myself, with the most entire respect, madam, &c.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Dublin, April 8, 1727.

SIR,—I am just going for England, and must desire you to be my proxy at the bishop's visitation. I find there is likewise a triennial visitation, and think the enclosed may serve for both, with your wise management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanery for this summer. You have their service, and so has Mrs. Wallis as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live seven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanery proctor, whom I have discharged. I believe I am worse for him 600*l.*, and his brother is not much better. I wish you had been at my elbow to advise one, for you are fitter for the world than I am. I hope to come safe back, and then to have done with England. I am ever yours, &c.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, May 13, 1727.

THIS goes by a private hand, for my writing is too much known, and my letters often stopped and opened. I had yours of the 4th instant, and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland since I left you. I hardly thought our friend would be in danger by a cold: I am of opinion she should be generally in the country, and only now and then visit the town.—We are here in a strange situation; a firm settled resolution to assault the present administration, and break it if possible. It is certain that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest offices of hireling scoundrels to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind, and has

none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans; a great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to see me. I am advised by all my friends not to go to France (as I intended for two months), for fear of their vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here. I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I shall have no concern. I desire you will read this letter to none but our two friends and Mr. P——; his cousin with the red ribbon inquired very kindly after him.—I hear no news about your bishops, further than that the lord-lieutenant stickles to have them of Ireland, which Walpole always is averse from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on such trifles. The dispute about a war or no war still continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thousand men are ordered to Holland. But this will bring such addition to our debts that it will give great advantages against those in power in the next sessions. Walpole laughs at all this, but not so heartily as he used. I have at last seen the princess twice this week by her own commands; she retains her old civility, and I my old freedom; she charges me without ceremony to be the author of a bad book, though I told her how angry the ministry were; but she assures me, that both she and the prince were very well pleased with every particular; but I disown the whole affair, as you know I very well might; only gave her leave, since she liked the book, to suppose what author she pleased.—You will wonder to find me say so much of politics, but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing else. Pray be very careful of your charge, or I shall order my lodgers the bulk of their glasses, and the number of their bottles. I stole this time to write to you, having very little to spare. I go as soon as possible to the country, and shall rarely see this town.

My service to all friends.

I desire you will send me six sets of the edition of the "Drapiers," by the first convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

May 18, 1727.

My Lord,—I understand by some letters just come to my hands, that at your grace's visitation of the dean and chapter of St.

Patrick's, a proxy was insisted on from the dean, the visitation adjourned, and a rule entered that a proxy be exhibited within a month. If your grace can find, in any of your old records or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a dean of St. Patrick's, you will have some reason to insist upon it; but as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the consequences be what they will, I shall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy, if I want any: it is only through them that you visit me, and my sub-dean is to answer for me. I am neither civilian nor canonist: your grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dexterous deputy. My proceeding shall be only upon one maxim; never to yield to an oppression, to justify which no precedent can be produced. I see very well how personal all this proceeding is; and how, from the very moment of the queen's death, your grace has thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all sorts of uneasiness, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one single mark of your favor beyond common civilities. And if it were not below a man of spirit to make complaints, I could date them from six-and-twenty years past. This has something in it the more extraordinary, because during some years, when I was thought to have credit with those in power, I employed it to the utmost for your service, with great success, where it could be most useful against many violent enemies you then had, however unjustly; by which I got more ill-will than by any other action in my life, I mean from my friends. My lord, I have lived, and by the grace of God, will die an enemy to servitude and slavery of all kinds; and I believe, at the same time, that persons of such a disposition will be the most ready to pay obedience wherever it is due. Your grace has often said, "You would never infringe any of our liberties." I will call back nothing of what is past; I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a license to be absent. Neither my age, health, humor, nor fortune qualify me for little brangles; but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predecessors. I thought, and have been told that I deserved better from that church and that kingdom: I am sure I do from your grace. And I believe people on this side will attest, that all my merits are not very old. It is a little hard that the occasion of my journey hither, being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on business of importance to me, and partly to see my friends, I cannot enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your

grace interposing to disturb it. But, I thank God, the civilities of those in power here, who allow themselves to be my professed adversaries, make some atonement for the unkindness of others, who have so many reasons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and therefore, if conscience were quite out of the case for me to do a base thing, I will set no unworthy examples for my successors to follow: and, therefore, repeating it again that I shall not concern myself upon the proceeding of your lordship, I am, &c.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, June 24, 1727.

I HAVE received your last, with the enclosed print. I desire you will let Dr. Delany know that I transcribed the substance of his letter, and the translation of what was registered, and added a whole state of the case and gave it Mrs. Howard to give to the prince from me, and to desire that, as chancellor, he would do what he thought most fit. I forgot to ask Mrs. Howard what was done in it, the next time I saw her, and the day I came to town came the news of the king's death, of which I sent particulars the very same day to our friend: since then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of schemes. I deferred kissing the king's and queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it so long. I have been and am so extremely busy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finish it till next post; for now it is the last moment it can go, and I have much more to say. I was just ready to go to France, when the news of the king's [king George I.] death arrived, and I came to town in order to begin my journey. But I was desired to delay it, and I then determined it a second time: when upon some new incidents I was with great vehemence dissuaded from it by certain persons, whom I could not disobey. Thus things stand with me. My stomach is pretty good, but for some days my head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly used to. Here is a strange world, and our friend will reproach me for my share in it; but it shall be short, for I design soon to return into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the university, and have pitched upon one, but whether he will like it, or my word be of any use, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used the worse or better for being called Whig or Tory; and the king hath received both with great equality, showing civilities to several who are openly known to be

the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the king's and queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend, it is not our fault; we have made our offers; if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous if he forgives the treatment of some people. I writ long ago my thoughts to my viceroy, and he may proceed as he shall be advised. But if the archbishop [Dr. William King] goes on to proceed to *sub pœna contemptûs*, &c., I would have an appeal at proper time, which I suppose must be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However, I will spend a hundred or two pounds, rather than be enslaved, or betray a right which I do not value threepence, but my successors may. My service to all friends; and so, thinking I have said enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath cost me five shillings in victuals since I came here, and ten pounds to servants where I have dined. I suppose my agent [Rev. Mr. John Worrall] in Ship-street takes care and inquires about my new agent.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, July 1, 1727.

I HAD yours of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was so constant a writer. I have writ six times to our friends, and as many to you. Mr. Pope is reading your "Persius:" he is frequently sick, and so at this time: he has read it, but you must wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is designed for an elegant translation, or only to show the meaning; I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for those also who are not expert in Latin, because he is a very dark author. I would not have your book printed entire till I treat with my bookseller here for your advantage. There is a word (*concacuus*) which you have not explained, nor the reason of it. Where you are ignorant you should confess you are ignorant. I wrote to Stella the day we heard the king was dead, and the circumstances of it. I hold you a guinea I shall forget something. Worrall writ to me lately. In answer, I desire that when the archbishop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have

left London, and stay here a week, and then I shall go thither again; just to see the queen, and so come back hither. Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I [illegible] coldly, because I like none of them. I have been these ten days inclined to my old disease of giddiness, a little tottering; our friend understands it, but I grow cautious, and am something better; cider, and champagne, and fruit have been the cause. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr. Delany's paper to the king when he was prince; he and his secretary [Samuel Molyneux, esq.] are discontented with the provost [Rev. Mr. Baldwin]; but they find he has law on his side. The king's death hath broke that measure. I proposed the prince of Wales to be chancellor, and I believe so it will go. Pray copy out the verses I writ to Stella on her collecting my verses, and send them to me, for we want some to make our poetical miscellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what should be added. Direct them and all other double papers to lord Bathurst, in St. James'-square, London. I was in a fright about your verses on Stella's sickness, but glad when they were a month old.

Desire our friends to let me know what I should buy for them here of any kind. I had just now a long letter from Mrs. Dingley, and another from Mr. Synge. Pray tell the latter that I return him great thanks, and will leave the visiting affair to his discretion. But all the lawyers in Europe shall never persuade me that it is in the archbishop's power to take or refuse my proxy, when I have the king's leave of absence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer to defend the rights of the dean. Pray ask Mr. Synge whether his fenocchio be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, &c. I design to pass my time wholly in the country, having some business to do and settle before I leave England for the last time. I will send you Mr. Pope's criticisms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God bless you all. If the king had lived but ten days longer, I should be now at Paris. Simpleton! the "Drapiers" should have been sent unbound, but it is no great matter; two or three would have been enough. I see Mrs. Fad but seldom; I never trouble them but when I am sent for; she expects me soon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told that I never go to court, which I mention because of a passage in Mrs. Dingley's letter; she speaks

mighty good things of your kindness. I do not want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but some passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without hesitation, and I will give you a pot of ale. I intend to be [illegible] chaelmas, bar impossibilities.

TO THE ABBÉ DES FONTAINES.

August, 1727.

SIR,—It is above a month since I received your letter of the 4th of July; but the copy of the second edition of your translation is not yet come to hand. I have read the preface to the first; and give me leave to tell you that I was very much surprised to find that, at the same time you mentioned the country in which I was born, you also took notice of me by name as the author of that book, though I have had the misfortune of incurring the displeasure of some of our ministers by it, and never acknowledged it as mine. Your behavior however in this respect, though somewhat exceptionable, shall not prevent me from doing you justice. The generality of translators are very lavish of their praises on such works as they undertake to render into their own language, imagining perhaps that their reputation depends in some measure on that of the authors whom they have thought proper to translate. But you were sensible of your own abilities, which rendered all such precautions needless. Capable of mending a bad book,—an enterprise more difficult than to write a good one,—you have ventured to publish the translation of a work which you affirm to abound with nonsense, puerilities, &c. We think with you that nations do not always agree in taste, but are inclined to believe that good taste is the same wherever there are men of wit, judgment, and learning. Therefore, if the Travels of Gulliver are calculated only for the British islands, that voyager must certainly be reckoned a paltry writer. The same vices and follies prevail in all countries, at least in all the civilized parts of Europe; and an author, who would sit down to write only for a single town, a province, a kingdom, or even a century, so far from deserving to be translated, does not deserve to be read.

This Gulliver's adherents, who are very numerous here, maintain that his book will last as long as our language, because he does not derive his merit from certain modes of expression or thought, but from a series of observations on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind.

You may very well judge that the people I have been speaking of do not approve of your criticisms; and you will doubtless be surprised when I inform you that they regard this sea-surgeon as a grave author who never departs from his character, and who uses no foreign embellishment,—never pretends to set up for a wit,—but is satisfied with giving the public a plain and simple narrative of the adventures that befell him, and of the things he saw and heard in the course of his voyages.

With regard to the article relating to lord Carteret, without waiting for any information whence you borrowed your intelligence, I shall take the liberty to tell you that you have written only one-half of the truth; and that this real or supposed Drapier has saved Ireland, by spiriting up the whole nation to oppose a project by which a certain number of individuals would have been enriched at the public expense.

A series of accidents have intervened, which will prevent my going to France at present, and I am now too old to hope for any future opportunity. I am sensible that this is a great loss to me. The only consolation that remains is to think that I shall be the better able to bear that spot of ground to which fortune has condemned me, &c.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, July 9, 1727, between church and dinner-time.

MADAM,—Mr. Gay, by your commands, as he says, showed me a letter to you from an unfortunate lady, one Mrs. Pratt, whose case I know very well, and pity very much; but I wonder she would make any mention of me, who am almost a stranger to you further than your goodness led you a little to distinguish me. I have often told Mrs. Pratt that I had not the least interest with the friend's friend of anybody in power; on the contrary, I have been used like a dog for a dozen years by every soul who was able to do it, and were but sweepers about a court. I believe you will allow that I know courts well enough to remember that a man must have got many degrees above the power of recommending himself before he should presume to recommend another, even his nearest relation; and, for my own part, you may be sure that I will never venture to recommend a mouse to Mrs. Cole's cat, or a shoe-cleaner to your meanest domestic. But you know too well already how very injudicious the general tribe of wanters are. I told Mrs. Pratt that,

if she had friends, it were best to solicit a pension; but it seems she had mentioned a place. I can only say that, when I was about courts, the best lady there had some cousin, or near dependent, whom she would be glad to recommend for an employment, and therefore would hardly think of strangers: for I take the matter thus; that a pension may possibly be got by commiseration, but great personal favor is required for an employment. There are, madam, thousands in the world who, if they saw your dog use me kindly, would the next day, in a letter, tell me of the delight they heard I had in doing good; and, being assured that a word of mine to you would do anything, desire my interest to speak to you, to speak to the speaker, to speak to sir Robert Walpole, to speak to the king, &c. Thus wanting people are like drowning people, who lay hold of every reed or bulrush in their way.

One place I humbly beg for myself, which is in your gift if it be not disposed of, I mean the perquisite of all the letters and petitions you receive, which, being generally of fair, large, strong paper, I can sell to good advantage to the band-box and trunk-makers, and I hope will annually make a pretty comfortable penny.

I hear, while I was at church, Mr. Pope wrote to you upon the occasion of Mrs. Pratt's letter; but they will not show me what is written: therefore I will not trust them, but resolved to justify myself; and they shall not see this.

I pray God grant you patience, and preserve your eye-sight; but confine your memory to the service of your royal mistress, and the happiness of your truest friends, and give you a double portion of your own spirit to distinguish them. I am, with the truest respect, madam, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant.

TO MRS. BLOUNT.

Twitenham Garret, Thursday morning at nine.

MADAM PATT,—You are commanded by Mr. Pope to read that part of the enclosed which relates to Mr. Gay and yourself, and to send a direct answer to your humble servant by my humble servant the bearer. Being at an end of all my shoes and stockings, I am not able to wait on you to-day after so rainy a night and so suspicious a morning.

Mrs. Pope is *yours;* but I, with the greatest respect, madam, your most obedient and devoted servant.

Pray do not give a copy of this letter to Curll the bookseller.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, August 12, 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught; for three days after I came to town with lord Oxford from Cambridgeshire, which was ten days ago, my old deafness seized me, and hath continued ever since with great increase; so that I am now deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little less I think than I was yesterday; but, which is worse, about four days ago my giddiness seized me, and I was so very ill that yesterday I took a hearty vomit, and though I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better; but what will be the event I know not; one thing I know, that these deaf fits used to continue five or six weeks, and I am resolved if it continues, or my giddiness, some days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to Greenwich, or somewhere near London, and take my cousin Lancelot to be my nurse. Our friends know her; it is the same with Pat Rolt. If my disorder should keep me longer than my license of absence lasts, I would have you get Mr. Worrall to renew it; it will not expire till the 6th or 7th of October, and I resolved to begin my journey September 15th. Mr. Worrall will see by the date of my license what time the new one should commence; but he has seven weeks yet to consider: I only speak in time. I am very uneasy here, because so many of our acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen; besides, Mr. Pope is too sickly and complaisant, therefore I resolve to go somewhere else. This is a little unlucky, my head will not bear writing long: I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think best. The king and queen come in two days to our neighborhood [Richmond]; and there I shall be expected, and cannot go; which, however, is none of my grievances, for I would rather be absent, and have now too good an excuse. I believe this giddiness is the disorder that will at last get the better of me; but I would rather it should not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than yesterday. Since my dinner my giddiness is much better, and my deafness a hair's breadth not so bad. It is just as usual, worst in the morning and at evening. I will be very temperate; and in the midst of peaches, figs, nectarines, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I shall, however, set out in the midst of September, as I designed. This is a long letter for an ill head: so, adieu. My service to our two friends and all others.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, August 15, 1727.

MADAM,—I wish I were a young lord, and you were unmarried: I should make you the best husband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life; and instead of a poor pain in my face, I have a good substantial giddiness and headache. The best of it is, that although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no secrets that might not be heard five rooms distant. These disorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they used to do some years ago, will last as long as my leave of absence, which I shall not renew: and then the queen will have the misfortune not to see me, and I shall go back with the satisfaction never to have seen her since she was queen, but when I kissed her hand. And, although she were a thousand queens, I will not lose my privilege of never seeing her but when she commands it. I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love-letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do last year; but I would not show it to either of them. I am the greatest courtier and flatterer you have; because I try your good sense and taste more than all of them put together, which is the greatest compliment I could put upon you; and you have hitherto behaved yourself tolerably well under it; much better than your mistress, if what a lady told me was true, that, talking with the queen about me, her majesty said, "I was an odd sort of a man." But I forgive her: for it is an odd thing to speak freely to princes.

I will say another thing in your praise, that goodness would become you better than any person I know; and for that very reason, there is nobody I wish to be good so much as yourself. I am, &c.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, August 19, 1727.

MADAM,—About two hours before you were born I got my giddiness, by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat about twenty miles further in Surrey, where I used to read and ——, there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since, and being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together. So much for the calamities wherein I have the honor to resemble you; and

you see your sufferings are but children in comparison of mine; and yet, to show my philosophy, I have been as cheerful as Scarron. You boast that your disorders never made you peevish. Where is the virtue, when all the world was peevish on your account, and so took the office out of your hands? Whereas I bore the whole load myself, nobody caring threepence what I suffered, or whether I were hanged or at ease. I tell you my philosophy is twelve times better than yours; for I can call witnesses that I bear half your pains, beside all my own, which are in themselves ten times greater. Thus have I most fully answered your queries. I wish the poison were in my stomach, (which may be very probable, considering the many drugs I take,) if I remember to have mentioned that word in my letter. But ladies who have poison in their eyes may be apt to mistake in their reading. O! I have found it out; the word *person* I suppose was written like poison. Ask all the friends I write to, and they will attest this mistake to be but a trifle in my way of writing, and could easily prove it if they had any of my letters to show. I make nothing of mistaking untoward for Howard; wellpull for Walpole; knights of a share for knights of a shire; monster for minister; in writing speaker, I put an *n* for a *p*; and a hundred such blunders, which cannot be helped, while I have a hundred oceans rolling in my ears, into which no sense has been poured this fortnight; and therefore if I write nonsense, I can assure you it is genuine, and not borrowed. Thus I write by your commands; and beside, I am in duty bound to be the last writer. But, deaf or giddy, hearing or steady, I shall ever be, with the truest regard, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, August 29, 1727.

I HAVE had your letter of the 19th, and expect before you read this to receive another from you with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days intermission, but since worse, and I shall be perfectly content if God shall please to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendship broke, which hath lasted thirty years, twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not written to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the

event in general: my weakness, my age, my friendship will bear no more. I have mentioned the case, as well as I knew it, to a physician, who is my friend; and I find his methods were the same — air and exercise — and, at last, ass's milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavor to divert my mind by all methods in order to pass my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of sixty. I am strongly visited with a disease that will at last cut me off, if I should this time escape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wise man's valuing. I do not intend to return to Ireland so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of grief. I desire you will speak to Mr. Worrall to get a new license about the beginning of October, when my old one (as he will see by the date) shall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place and go with my cousin for a nurse about five miles from London on the other side toward the sea; and if I recover, I will either pass this winter near Salisbury Plain, or in France; and therefore I desire Mr. Worrall may make this license run like the former — ("To Great Britain or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health)."

Neither my health nor grief will permit me to say more; your directions to Mr. Lancelot at his house in New Bond-street, over against the Crown and Cushion, will reach me. Farewell.

This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, September 2, 1727.

I HAD yours of the 19th of August, which I answered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the last day of August, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much company came to us while I was so giddy and deaf. I am now got to my cousin Launcelot's house, where I desire all letters may be directed to me; I am still in the same condition, or rather worse, for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of August 24; I kept it an hour in my pocket with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear

the worst news that fortune could give him; and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long; the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. I desired in my last that you would not enlarge upon that event, but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *stamina vitæ;* but my friendship could not arm me against this accident, although I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last letter, which now I suppose is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or not that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health when such a friend is desperate. I do profess, upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend makes life so indifferent to me, who by course of nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle; yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over, that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person you know has ill answered the end; and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer.

TO MR. WORRALL.

London, September 12, 1727.

I HAVE not written to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not necessary. By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters, I am every post expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. Brent that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minimè decet, uti manifestum est; habeo enim malignos, qui sinistrè hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniet (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur.* I am in such a condition of health, that I cannot possibly travel. Dr. Sheridan, to whom I write this post, will be more particular and spare my weak disordered head. Pray answer all calls of money in your power to Mrs. Dingley, and desire her to ask it. I

cannot come back at the time of my license, I am afraid. Therefore, two or three days before it expires, which will be the beginning of October (you will find by the date of the last), take out a new one for another half-year; and let the same clause be in (of leave to go to Great Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health), for very probably, if this unfortunate event should happen of the loss of our friend (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better), I will go to France, if my health will permit me to forget myself. I leave my whole little affairs with you: I hate to think of them. If Mr. Deacon or alderman Pearson come to pay rent, take it on account, unless they bring you their last acquittance to direct you. But Deacon owes me 75*l.* and interest, upon his bond: so that you are to take care of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs. Worrall have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am sincerely yours, &c.

You need not trouble yourself to write till you have business, for it is uncertain where I shall be.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

September, 1727.

MADAM, — This cruel disorder of deafness, attended with giddiness, still confines me. I have been debating with myself, that having a home in Dublin not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my sickness will allow me to travel. I am therefore setting out for Ireland; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troublesome companion. I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life.

I hope you will favor me so far as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow that my disorder was of such a nature as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favors.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, October 12, 1727.

I HAVE been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune has made my home; I have there a large house, and servants and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am, and

have nowhere to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind as to let old friends be acquainted in another state: and if I were to write a Utopia for Heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me; and I believe I should have returned from the inn if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my license expiring. Surely, beside all other faults, I should be a very ill judge to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it has pleased God that you are not in a state of health to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together: such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or not. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see anybody, and here is a large house where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which, however, I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose 200*l.* or 300*l.* rather than plague myself with accounts: so that I am very well qualified to be a lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I

left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes, animam æquam ipse tibi parabis.* You see Horace wishes for money as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court till you do so too. Yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

October 30, 1727.

THE first letter I wrote after my landing was to Mr. Gay, but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the post-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world.

And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect that, in point of friendship, you acted like some philosophers, who wrote much better upon virtue than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et ceteras, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess that the pleasure I take in thinking on you is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health; you pay dearly for the great talents God has given you, and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health; in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it by following the advice of my lord Bolingbroke and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions it came into my head to imitate you in quoting scripture, not to your advantage; I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers; "I knew thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart;" I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield

way, it would have cost me 100*l.*, for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" This is more proper still if you consider the French word *spirituel*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of 1000*l.* I would not allow myself to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of 2000*l.* I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witness what Mr. Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to 10*s.* I see no reason (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit when you shall happen to be disengaged: I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here as well as civility and good-nature can contrive; I believe local motion will be no ill physic, and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance who used to correspond with the last great duke of Tuscany, showing one of the duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letter: "I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good." The person to whom this was read, and who knew the duke well, said, the meaning of *real good* was only that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good Christian and (which is almost as rare) a good woman. Adieu.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, November 27, 1727.

I ENTIRELY approve your refusal of that employment and your writing to the queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the ministry [sir Robert Walpole]. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which, although

much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated: and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy: you are thirty years younger; and consider Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000*l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natured man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper.—I am very glad your opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it succeed, because you are ill used by others.

I have known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: first, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured: secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends: thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing: fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well to a point of interest or intrigue: fifthly, in keeping everything worth taking for those who can do no service or disservice.

Now why does not Pope publish his "Dulness"? the rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward. Pray inquire how my lord St. John does; there is no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his. I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independency? or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto?* Will you not think of an annuity when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase-money? Have you dedicated your opera and got the usual dedication fee of twenty guineas? How is the doctor? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pulteney in expectation of a son, or my lord Oxford of a new old manuscript?

I bought your opera to-day for sixpence, a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand goût.*

* *

We are as full of it, *pro modulo nostro*, as London can be; continually acting, houses crammed, and the lord-lieutenant several times laughing there his heart out. I did not understand that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius till I was told it. I wish Macheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying: I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the opera, of the applause of the song, "That was levelled at me," when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them. I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with 2000*l.*? that you may laugh at courts, and bid ministers ——.

Ever preserve some spice of the alderman, and prepare against age and dulness, and sickness, and coldness or death of friends. A whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzotinto. Lord, how the schoolboys at Westminster and university lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh as ministers can make weep?

I will excuse sir —— the trouble of a letter. When ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew after two years, the emperor answered, that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The "Beggars' Opera" hath knocked down "Gulliver;" I hope to see Pope's "Dulness" knock down the "Beggars' Opera," but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

TO MRS. MOORE.

Deanery-house, December 27, 1727.

DEAR MADAM,—Though I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world that is more

concerned for anything that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune; I have always had the highest esteem for your virtue, the greatest value for your conversation, and the truest affection for your person; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favorite a child. These are the necessary consequences of too strong attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the death of those we love, as we must one day grieve those who love us with the death of ourselves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators awhile, and then act our own part in it. Self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, so it is the sole cause of our grief. The dear person you lament is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious sense. Philosophy always taught men to despise life, as a most contemptible thing in itself; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better, which you are taught to be certain that so innocent a person is now in possession of; so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to a reasonable person than to reflect rather upon what is left than what is lost. She was neither an only child nor an only daughter. You have three children left, one (Charles Devenish, esq.) of them of an age to be useful to his family, and the two others as promising as can be expected from their age; so that, according to the general dispensations of God Almighty, you have small reason to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you that the true way to preserve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart, which is a weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished: common observation showing us that such favorite children are either spoiled by their parents' indulgence, or soon taken out of the world; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two.

God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases and decays of nature; with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our most hopeful or useful children; with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments; with a general dislike of persons and things; and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended

by the author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach toward the end of it. And this is the use you are to make in prudence, as well as in conscience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those which in the course of nature and providence you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with so many virtues, add strength of mind and reliance upon his mercy, in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with through the remainder of your life.

I fear my present ill disposition, both of health and mind, has made me but a sorry comforter: however, it will show that no circumstance of life can put you out of my mind, and that I am, with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship, dear madam, your most obedient and humble servant.

TO LORD CARTERET.

January 18, 1728.

My Lord,—I was informed that your excellency having referred to the university here for some regulations of his majesty's benefaction for professors, they have in their answer insinuated as if they thought it best that the several professorships should be limited to their fellows, and to be held only as they continue to be so. I need not inform your excellency how contrary such a practice is to that of all the universities in Europe. Your excellency well knows how many learned men, of the two last ages, have been invited by princes to be professors in some art or science for which they were renowned; and that the like rule has been followed in Oxford and Cambridge. I hope your excellency will show no regard to so narrow and partial an opinion, which can only tend to mend fellowships and spoil professorships; although I should be sorry that any fellow should be thought incapable on that account, when otherwise qualified; and I should be glad that any person whose education has been in this university should be preferred before another upon equal deservings. But that must be left to those who shall be your excellency's successors, who may not always be great clerks; and I wish you could in some measure provide against having this benefaction made a perquisite of humor or favor. Whoever is preferred to a bishopric, or to such a preferment as shall hinder him from residing within a certain distance of this town, should be obliged to resign his professorship.

As long as you are governor here I shall always expect the liberty of telling you my thoughts; and I hope you will consider them, until you find I grow impertinent, or have some bias of my own.

If I had not been confined to my chamber by the continuance of my unconversable disorder, I would have exchanged your trouble of reading for that of hearing. I am, &c.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my lady Carteret. Your friend Walpole has lately done one of the cruelest actions that ever I knew, even in a minister of state, these thirty years past; which if the queen hath not intelligence of, may my right hand forget its cunning.

TO MRS. BLOUNT.

Dublin, February 29, 1728.

DEAR PATTY,—I am told you have a mind to receive a letter from me, which is a very undecent declaration in a young lady, and almost a confession that you have a mind to write to me; for as to the fancy of looking on me as a man *sans* consequence, it is what I will never understand. I am told likewise you grow every day younger and more a fool, which is directly contrary to me, who grow wiser and older, and at this rate we shall never agree. I long to see you a London lady, where you are forced to wear whole clothes, and visit in a chair, for which you must starve next summer at Petersham, with a mantua out at the sides; and sponge once a-week at our house, without ever inviting us in a whole season to a cow-heel at home. I wish you would bring Mr. Pope over with you when you come; but we will leave Mr. Gay to his beggars and his operas till he is able to pay his club. How will you pass this summer for want of a squire to Hamcommon and Walpole's lodge? for as to Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill, they are abandoned as much as sir Spencer Compton: and Mr. Schabe's coach, that used to give so many a set-down, is wheeled off to St. James's. You must be forced to get a horse, and gallop with Mrs. Jansen and Miss Bedier. Your greatest happiness is, that you are out of the chiding of Mrs. Howard and the dean; but I suppose Mr. Pope is so just as to pay our arrears, and that you edify as much by him as by us, unless you are so happy that he now looks upon you as reprobate and a castaway, of which I think he hath given me some hints. However, I would advise you to pass this summer at Kensington, where you will be near the court and out of his jurisdiction; where you

will be teazed with no lectures of gravity and morality, and where you will have no other trouble than to get into the mercer's books, and take up 100*l.* of your principal for quadrille. Monstrous, indeed, that a fine lady in the prime of life and gaiety must take up with an antiquated dean, an old gentlewoman of fourscore, and a sickly poet! I will stand by my dear Patty against the world, if Theresa beats you for your good, and I will buy her a fine whip for the purpose. Tell me, have you been confined to your lodging this winter for want of chair-hire? [Do you know that this unlucky Dr. Delany came last night to the deanery? and, being denied without my knowledge, is gone to England this morning, and so I must send this by the post. I bought your opera to-day for sixpence, so small printed that it will spoil my eyes. I ordered you to send me your edition, but now you may keep it till you get an opportunity.] Patty, I will tell you a blunder: I am writing to Mr. Gay, and had almost finished the letter; but by mistake I took up this instead of it, and so the six lines in a hook are all to him, and therefore you must read them to him, for I will not be at the trouble to write them over again. My greatest concern in the matter is, that I am afraid I continue in love with you, which is hard, after near six months' absence. I hope you have done with your rash and other little disorders, and that I shall see you a fine young, healthy, plump lady; and if Mr. Pope chides you, threaten him that you will turn heretic. Adieu, dear Patty, and believe me to be one of your truest friends and humblest servants; and that, since I can never live in England, my greatest happiness would be to have you and Mr. Pope condemned during my life to live in Ireland; he at the deanery, and you, for reputation sake, just at next door, and I will give you eight dinners a-week, and a whole half-dozen of pint bottles of good French wine at your lodgings; a thing you could never expect to arrive at; and every year a suit of fourteenpenny stuff, that should not be worn out at the right side; and a chair costs but sixpence a job; and you shall have catholicity as much as you please, and the Catholic dean of St. Patrick's, as old again as I, for your confessor. Adieu, again, dear Patty.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I HAVE with great pleasure shown the New England newspaper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver; and I remember Mr. For-

escue sent you an account from the assizes of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's opera has been acted here twenty times, and my lord-lieutenant tells me it is very well performed; he has seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man, subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges; I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in everything, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland (*Quanquam O!*), and for England I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune; you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper who has been my Walpole above thirty years whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town; you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here beside what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which, as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach further than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this "Dunciad," but I am impatient to have it *volare*

per ora—there is a now a vacancy for fame; the "Beggars' Opera" has done its task, *discedat uti conviva satur.* Adieu.

TO LORD CARTERET.

May 10, 1728.

My Lord,—I told your excellency that you were to run on my errands. My lord Burlington has a very fine monument of his ancestor the earl of Corke in my cathedral, which your excellency has seen. I and the chapter have written to him in a body to have it repaired, and I in person have desired he would do it. And I desired likewise that he would settle a parcel of land worth 5*l.* a-year (not an annuity) to keep it always in repair. He said "he would do anything to oblige me, but was afraid that in future times the 5*l.* a-year would be misapplied, and secured by the dean and chapter to their own use." I answered "that a dean and twenty-four members of so great a chapter, who in livings, estates, &c., had about 4000*l.* a-year among them, would hardly divide 4*s.* among them to cheat his posterity; and that we could have no view but to consult the honor of his family." I therefore command your excellency to lay this before him, and the affront he has put upon us in not answering a letter written to him by the dean and chapter in a body.

The great duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My lady Holderness is my old acquaintance, and I wrote to her about a small sum to make a monument for her grandfather. I wrote to her myself; and also there was a letter from the dean and chapter to desire she would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems Mildmay, my lord Fitzwalter, her husband, is a covetous fellow; or whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell lord Fitzwalter "that, if he will not send 50*l.* to make a monument for the old duke, I and the chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for 10*l.*; wherein it shall be expressed that the posterity of the duke, naming particularly lady Holderness and Mr. Mildmay, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourselves." And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and, rather than send it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my register-office, to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity. This I expect your excellency will tell Mr. Mildmay, or, as you now call him, lord Fitz-

walter; and I expect likewise that he will let sir Conyers d'Arcy know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although, to do him justice, he averred "that Mildmay was so avaricious a wretch that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin to save charges."

I expect likewise, that if you are acquainted with your successor, you will let him know how impartial I was in giving you characters of clergymen, without regard to party, and what weight you laid on them; and that, having but one clergyman who had any relation to me, I let him pass unpreferred. And lastly, that you will let your said successor know that you lament the having done nothing for Mr. Robert Grattan, and give him such a recommendation that he may have something to mend his fortune.

These are the matters I leave in charge to your excellency; and I desire that I, who have done with courts, may not be used like a courtier; for, as I was a courtier when you were a schoolboy, I know all your arts. And so God bless you, and all your family, my old friends; and remember, I expect you shall not dare to be a courtier to me. I am, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

June 1, 1728.

I LOOK upon my lord Bolingbroke and us two as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another; only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I would not say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation that your kind opinion of me as a patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath that you have more virtue in an hour than I in seven years; for you despise the follies and hate the vices of mankind without the least ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which has made all parties and interests indifferent to you; who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is first minister.—Your long letter

was the last I received till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The doctor told me your secret about the "Dunciad," which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your inquiries, I am easy enough in great matters, but have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station, and the more contemptible the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin written upon the tricks used by my chapter to teaze me. I do not converse with one creature of station or title, but I have a set of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind: I have formerly described them to you, but when you come you shall have the honors of the country as much as you please, and I shall on that account make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own; if I were five-and-twenty I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. [Patty Blount] has written to me, and is one of the best letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility, and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The "Dunciad" has taken wind here; but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the university lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of ease and liberty, so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

TO MR. POPE.

July 26, 1728.

I HAVE often run over the "Dunciad," in an Irish edition (I suppose full of faults), which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observed that twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically, at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as they are

called) referred to the author they imitate.—When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never, in my opinion, saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem that the persons and facts will not be understood till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till toward winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with some real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter of June 28, and find that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c., and among many complaints of spurious editions? I am thinking whether the editor should not follow the old style of this excellent author, &c., and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain, take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances!

As to yourself, I doubt you want a spurrer-on to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at your season of life is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man Godward, and the most intemperate yourselfward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money: Providence never designed him to be above two-and-twenty by his thoughtlessness and cullibility. He has as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl of fifteen. By the way, I must observe that my lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindness to me) argues most sophistically; the fall from a million to a hundred thousand pounds is not so great as from eight hundred pounds a-year to one: besides, he is a controller of fortune; and poverty dares not look a great minister in the face under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so greatly and expensively as he has done since his return from exile; such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless you, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing

fittest for a philosopher—and Gay is a slave just by 2000*l.* too little. And Horace was of my mind, and let my lord contradict him if he dares.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Market-hill, August 2, 1728.

Our friends here, as well as myself, were sadly disappointed upon hearing the account of your journey. Nobody in town or country, as we were informed, knew where you were; but I persuaded our family that you were certainly in a way of making yourself easy, and had got that living you mentioned; and accordingly we were grieved and rejoiced at the loss and settlement of a friend; but it never entered into our heads that you were bestowing forty days in several stages between constable and constable, without any real benefit to yourself, further than of exercise; and we wished that nobody should have had the benefit of your long absence from your school but yourself, by a good living, or we by your good company; much less that the pleasure of spiting T——— [Richard Tighe] had been your great motive. I heartily wish you were settled at Hamilton's Bawn, and I would be apt to advise you not to quit your thoughts that way, if the matter may be brought to bear; for, by a letter I just received from the bishop of Cork, which was short and dry, with the stale excuse of pre-engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him. As to what you call my exercise, I have long quitted it: it gave me too much constraint, and the world does not deserve it. We may keep it cold till the middle of winter.

As to my return, there are many speculations. I am well here, and hate removals: my scheme was, that you should come hither, as you say, and I return with you in your chaise. Sir Arthur, on hearing your letter, pressed me to stay longer. I am a very busy man, such as at Quilca, which you will know when you come; yet I would contrive to be pressed more to stay till Christmas, and then you may contrive to be here again, and take me back with you time enough for my own visitation; and my reason for staying is, to be here the planting and pruning time, &c. I hate Dublin, and love the retirement here and the civility of my hosts. This is my state and humor upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my scheme. However, I would have you keep your vacation of September here: and let Mrs. Brent send me a dozen guineas (half of them half guineas) by you, and a periwig, and a new riding-gown and cassock, and whatever else I may want by a longer absence, provided you will resolve and swear that I shall stay.

I had all Mrs. Brent's packets by Mr. Little. My service to Mrs. Dingley. I cannot say that I have more to say than to say that I am, &c.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Market-hill, September 18, 1728.

My continuance here is partly owing to indolence, and partly to my hatred to Dublin. I am in a middling way, between healthy and sick, hardly ever without a little giddiness or deafness, and sometimes both: so much for that. As to what you call my lesson, I told you I would think no more of it, neither do I conceive the world deserves so much trouble from you or me. I think the sufferings of the country for want of silver deserve a paper, since the remedy is so easy, and those in power so negligent. I had some other subjects in my thoughts: but truly I am taken up so much with long lampoons on a person who owns you for a back, that I have no time for anything else: and if I do not produce one every now and then of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleness and threatened with you. I desire you will step to the deanery, speak to Mrs. Brent, bid her open the middle great drawer of Ridgeway's scrutoire in my closet, and then do you take out from thence the history in folio, marble cover; and two thin folios, fairly written. I forget the titles, but you have read them; one is an account of the proceedings of lord Oxford's ministry, and the other to the same purpose. There are foul copies of both in the same drawer, but do you take out the fair ones, not in my hand. Let them be packed up and brought hither by the bearer. My lady is perpetually quarrelling with sir Arthur and me, and shows every creature the libels I have writ against her.

Mr. Worrall sent me the particulars of the havoc made in Naboth's vineyard. The d——— burst, &c.

I think lady Dun's burning would be an admirable subject to show how hateful an animal a human creature is that is known to have never done any good. The rabble all rejoicing, &c., which they would not have done at any misfortune to a man known to be charitable.

I wish you could get in with the primate, on the account of some discourse about you here to-day with Whaley and Walmsley. Whaley goes to Dublin on Monday next in order for England. I would have you see him. I fancy you may do some good with the primate

as to the first good vacant school, if you wheedle him and talk a little Whiggishly.

TO MR. WORRAL.

September 28, 1728.

I HAD all the letters given me by my servants; so tell Mrs. Brent and Dr. Sheridan: and I thank you for the great care you had in the commissions I troubled you with.

I imagine Mrs. Brent is gone into the country, but that you know where to send to her. I desire you will pay her four pounds, and sixteen pounds to Mrs. Dingley, and take their receipts. I beg Mrs. Dingley's pardon for not remembering her debt sooner, and my humble service to her. I desire Mrs. Brent to send me the best receipt she has for making meath: she may send me her receipt for making the strong meath, and that for making the next strong, and the third strong. Hers was always too strong; and on that account she was so wilful I would suffer her to make no more. There is a vexatious thing happened about the usquebaugh for my lord Bolingbroke. It seems you only directed it for the earl of Berkeley; but I thought I had desired you to add, "for lord Bolingbroke;" but there is nothing in that, for I wrote to the earl of Berkeley to give him notice. But Mr. Gavan, who married a daughter of Mrs. Kenna, who keeps the inn at Chester, hath just sent me a letter, informing me that the usquebaugh came to Park-gate, within seven miles of Chester; and that Mr. Whittle, the owner of the ship, was to deliver it himself; but he sent it by a man of a noted bad character, who, as Mrs. Kenna supposes, kept it some time, and opened it before he delivered it; for, immediately upon the delivery of it, Mrs. Kenna sent to Park-gate, to have the usquebaugh brought up to Chester; but was told that the fellow had brought it away; that he said he sent it as directed; but that no doubt he must have some view of paying himself for the trouble, which made him so busy; but whether it was by changing the usquebaugh, or overrating the charges of it, Mr. Gavan could not tell; but adds that, if I should hear of anything amiss, I should write to Mrs. Kenna, his mother, who will endeavor to make the fellow do me justice. All this I have transcribed from Mr. Gavan's letter; and I desire you will call upon his father, Mr. Luke Gavan, (who is a known man in Dublin,) and desire him, when he writes to his son, to give my service to him and Mrs. Kenna, and let them know I will do as

they direct. I am very unfortunate in this affair, but have no remedy; however, I will write to lord Bolingbroke, though I fear I am cheated of it all: for I do not find that the fellow demanded anything from Mrs. Kenna, or came to her at all. Your new fancies of making my riding-gown and cassock (I mean Mrs. Brent's fancies) do not please me at all, because they differ so much from my old one. You are a bad packer of bad grapes. Mrs. Dingley says she cannot persuade Mrs. Brent to take a vomit. Is she not (do not tell her) an old fool? she has made me take many a one without mercy. Pray give Mrs. Worral a thousand thanks from me for her kind present and workmanship of her fairest hands in making me two nightcaps.

We have a design upon Sheridan. He sent us in print a ballad upon Ballyspellin, in which he has employed all the rhymes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abusing his ballad and Ballyspellin too. I here send you a copy, and desire you will get it printed privately, and published.

Your periwig-maker is a cursed rogue. The wig he gave you is an old one with a new cawl, and so big that I cannot wear it, and the curls all fallen: I just tried it on my head; but I cannot wear it. I am ever yours, &c.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Market-hill, November 16, 1728.

Sir,—I am extremely obliged to you for your kind intention in the purchase you mention; but it will not answer my design, because these lands are let in leases renewable for ever, and consequently can never have the rent raised; which is mortal to all estates left for ever to a public use, and is contrary to a fundamental maxim of mine; and most corporations feel the smart of it.

I have been here several months, to amuse me in my disorders of giddiness and deafness, of which I have frequent returns—and I shall hardly return to Dublin till Christmas.

I am truly grieved at your great loss. Such misfortunes seem to break the whole scheme of man's life, and although time may lessen sorrow, yet it cannot hinder a man from feeling the want of so near a companion, nor hardly supply it with another. I wish you health and happiness, and that the pledge left you may prove a comfort. I am, with great sincerity, your most obliged and most humble servant.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Market-hill, January 4, 1729.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy: but, however, I would certainly come to town, not only for my visitation, but because in these circumstances, and in winter, I would rather be at home. But it is now Saturday night, and that beast Sheridan is not yet come, although it has been thawing since Monday. If I do not come, you know what to do.

My humble service to our friends, as usual.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Market-hill, January 13, 1729.

I JUST received your letter, and should never have done if I returned you thanks so often as I ought for your care and kindness: both my disorders still continue; however, I desire that Mrs. Brent may make things ready, for my raggedness will soon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are so kind as to speak loud enough for me to hear them; and my deafness is not so extreme as you have known when I fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. Worrall.

I send you enclosed the fruit of my illness, to make an "Intelligencer;" I desire you will enclose it in a letter to Mrs. Harding, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and desire her to show it to the author of the "Intelligencer," and to print it if he thinks fit. There is a letter you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verses, which letter is grounded upon a report; and if that report be false, the former part of the letter will be unseasonable, but the latter will not; and therefore the "Intelligencer" must be desired to alter it accordingly.

It should be sent soon, to come time enough for the next "Intelligencer."

Pray, in your letter to Mrs. Harding, desire her to make her people be more correct, and that the "Intelligencer" himself may look over it; for that everybody who reads those papers are very much offended with the continual nonsense made by her printers. I am yours.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Market-hill, January 18, 1729.

I HAVE yours of the 14th instant, but you had not then received my last, in which was enclosed a paper for the "Intelligencer," which I hope you have disposed of as desired. My disorder still continues the same for this fortnight past, and I am neither better nor worse. However, I resolve to return on the first mending of the weather: these three last days there being as violent a storm as I have known, which still continues. We have been told my lord Mountcashel[1] is dead at Drogheda, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is so tender, and affects so much vigor and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had a letter two days ago which cost me six shillings and four pence: it consisted of the probate of a will in Leicestershire, and of two enclosed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the Revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to London she married an innkeeper in Loughborough, in that county, by whom she had several children The old mother died, and left all that she had to her daughter aforesaid, separate from her husband. This woman (my mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, Anne by name. This Anne, for it must be she, about seven years ago wrote to me from London to tell me she was daughter of Betty Jones, for that was my mistress's name till she was married to one Perkins, innkeeper at the George in Loughborough, as I said before. The subject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an Irishman who pretended to be barrack-master-general of Ireland, and desired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother, Betty Jones, *alias* Perkins, to inquire about this Irishman. I answered that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat: I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this Betty Jones, *alias* Perkins, to let me know that her daughter Anne Giles married an Irishman, one Giles, and was now come over to Ireland to pick up some debts due to her husband which she could not get; that the young widow (for her husband Giles is dead) has a mind to settle in Ireland, and to desire I would lend her daughter Giles three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw

[1] Edward Davis, lord viscount of Mountcashel.

upon her in England: and Mrs. Giles writes me a letter to that purpose. She intends to take a shop, and will borrow the money from Mrs. Brent (whose name she has learned), and pay me as others do. I was at first determined to desire you would from me make her a present of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother used to call cousin. She has sent me an attested copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, cost me six shillings and four pence. But I am in much doubt; for, by her mother's letters, she is her heiress, and the grandmother left Betty Jones, *alias* Perkins, the mother of this woman in Dublin, all she had, as a separate maintenance from her husband (who proved a rogue) to the value of 500*l.* Now I cannot conceive why she would let her only daughter and heiress come to Ireland without giving her money to bear her charges here and put her in some way. The woman's name is Anne Giles; she lodges at one Mrs. Wilmot's, the first house in Molesworth-court, on the right hand, in Fishamble-street. I have told you this long story to desire you will send for the woman—this Anne Giles—and examine her strictly, to find if she be the real daughter of Elizabeth Jones, *alias* Perkins, or not; and how her mother, who is so well able, came to send her in so miserable a condition to Ireland. The errand is so romantic that I know not what to say to it. I would be ready to sacrifice five pounds on old acquaintance to help the woman: I suspect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember she spells like a kitchen-maid. And so I end this worthy business.

My bookseller, Mr. Motte, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. Hyde: there are some accounts between them, and Hyde is in his debt. He has desired me to speak to Mr. Hyde's executors to state the account, that Mr. Motte may be in the way to recover the balance. I wish you would step to Mr. Hyde's house and inquire how that matter stands, and how Mr. Motte is to be paid. I suppose Mr. Hyde died in good circumstances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors suffering by his death.

I enclose a letter to Mr. Motte, which you will be so kind to send to the post-office.

I desire, likewise, that you will make Mrs. Brent buy a bottle of usquebaugh and leave it with the woman who keeps sir Arthur Acheson's house in Capel-street, and desire her to deliver it to captain Creichton, who lodges at the Pied Horse in Capel-street, and is to bring down other things to my lady Acheson.

My most humble service to Mrs. Worrall, Mrs. Dingley, and love to Mrs. Brent.

I wish you all a happy new year.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, February 13, 1729.

I LIVED very easily in the country. Sir Arthur is a man of sense and a scholar, has a good voice, and my lady a better: she is perfectly well bred and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong; with that and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady, my time passed very well, and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old presbyterian housekeeper, denying myself to everybody till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another lord-lieutenant was only in a common newspaper when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who, surely, beside his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life under so much pain and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me, and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; though I saw him so seldom, and possibly if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humored physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to everybody, has abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally: they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine — eight or a dozen together: he loves them all and they him: he has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies it is no more than poor Tom; he gets another or takes

up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat: he offends nobody, is easy with everybody: is not this the truly happy man? I was describing him to my lady Acheson who knows him too; but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health. I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my lord ——, who is much of the doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second opera which you mentioned is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised and reject your advice. Adieu.

ADVERTISEMENT BY DR. SWIFT,

IN HIS DEFENCE AGAINST JOSHUA LORD ALLEN.

February 18, 1729.

"WHEREAS Dr. Jonathan Swift, dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, hath been credibly informed that on Friday, the 13th of this instant February, a certain person did, in a public place and in the hearing of a great number, apply himself to the right honorable the lord mayor of this city and some of his brethren in the following reproachful manner: 'My lord, you and your city can squander away the public money in giving a gold box to a fellow who has libelled the government!' or words to that effect. Now, if the said words, or words to the like effect, were intended against him, the said dean, and as a reflection on the right hon. the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons, for the decreeing unanimously and in full assembly the freedom of this city to the said dean, in an honorable manner, on account of an opinion they had conceived of some services done by him, the said dean, to this city and to the kingdom in general, the said dean doth declare that the said words, or words to the like effect, are insolent, false, scandalous, malicious, and in a particular manner perfidious: the said person who is reported to have spoken the said or the like words having for some years past, and even within some few days, professed a great friendship for the said dean, and, what is hardly credible, sending a common friend of the dean and himself, not many hours after the said or the like words had been spoken, to renew his profession of friendship to the said dean, but concealing the oratory, whereof the dean had no account till the following day, and then told it to all his friends."

TO MR. POPE.

March 6, 1729.

SIR,—If I am not a good correspondent I have bad health, and that is as good. I passed eight months in the country with sir Arthur and my lady Achesen, and had at least half a dozen returns of my giddiness and deafness, which lasted me about three weeks apiece, and among other inconveniences hindered me from visiting my chapter and punishing enormities, but did not save me the charges of a visitation dinner. This disorder neither hinders my sleeping nor much my walking, yet is the most mortifying malady I can suffer. I have been just a month in town, and have just got rid of it in a fortnight; and when it is on me, I have neither spirits to write, or read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like, which is a resource you cannot fly to when you are ill; and I like it as little as you, but I can bear a pint better than you can a spoonful. You were very kind in your care for Mr. Whaley; but I hope you remembered that Daniel is a damnable poet, and consequently a public enemy to mankind. But I despise the lords' decree, which is a jest upon common sense: for what did it signify to the merits of the cause whether George the old or the young were on the throne?

No: I intended to pass last winter in England, but my health said no: and I did design to live a gentleman, and, as Sancho's wife said, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in spring; if not, pray God you may never be in jest! Dr. Delany shall attend you at Chester, and your apartment is ready; and I have a most excellent chaise and about sixteen dozen of the best cider in the world; and you shall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monstrari*, &c. And when I cannot hear you shall have choice of the best people we can afford to hear you, and nurses enough; and your apartment is on the sunny side.

The next paragraph strikes me dumb. You say, "I am to blame if I refuse the opportunity of going with my lady Bolingbroke to Aix-la-Chapelle." I must tell you that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I must have good ears to catch up the words of so nimble a tongued race as the French, having been a dozen years without conversing among them. Mr. Gay is a scandal to all lusty young fellows with healthy countenances; and I think he is not intemperate in a physical sense. I am told he has an asthma, which

is a disease I commiserate more than deafness, because it will not leave a man quiet either sleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his opera before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions to amount to 800*l.* And yet I believe he lost as much more for want of human prudence.

I told you some time ago that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the lady of the family where I lived, and upon myself; but they never went further, and my lady Acheson made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or suffered them to be copied. They were sometimes shown to intimate friends, to occasion mirth, and that was all. So that I am vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have some confused notion of seeing a paper called "Sir Ralph the Patriot," but am sure it was bad or indifferent; and as to "The Lady at Quadrille," I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the same with a paper of verses called "The Journal of a Dublin Lady," which I wrote at sir Arthur Acheson's; and, leaving out what concerned the family, I sent it to be printed in a paper which Dr. Sheridan had engaged in, called "The Intelligencer," of which he made but sorry work, and then dropped it. But the verses were printed by themselves, and most horridly mangled in the press, and were very *médiocre* in themselves, but did well enough in the manner I mentioned, of a family jest. I do sincerely assure you that my frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humor I am in, and some other reasons which time has shown and will show more if I live, have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling, to play with me an hour at backgammon once a-fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within; or at least am deaf a week or two after I am well. But on Sunday evenings it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray come over in April, if it be only to convince you that I tell no lies, and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs. Brent, my housekeeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle, says "she will be your nurse;" and the best physicians we have shall attend you without fees; although

I believe you will have no occasion but to converse with one or two of them to make them proud. Your letter came but last post, and you see my punctuality. I am unlucky at everything I send to England. Two bottles of usquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble service to my lord Bolingbroke, lord Bathurst, lord Masham and his lady, my dear friend, and Mr. Pulteney, and the doctor, and Mr. Lewis, and our sickly friend Gay, and my lady Bolingbroke; and very much to Patty, who I hope will learn to love the world less before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my lord Peterborough being ill. I am exceedingly his servant; and pray God recover his health! As for your courtier Mrs. Howard and her mistress, I have nothing to say but that they have neither memory nor manners; else I should have some mark of the former from the latter, which I was promised about two years ago: but since I made them a present it would be mean to remind them. I am told poor Mrs. Pope is ill. Pray God preserve her to you, or raise you up as useful a friend!

This letter is in answer to Mr. Ford, whose hand I mistook for yours, having not heard from him this twelvemonth. Therefore you are not to stare: and it must not be lost, for it talks to you only.

Again, forgive my blunders; for, reading the letter by candlelight and not dreaming of a letter from Mr. Ford, I thought it must be yours, because it talks of our friends.

The letter talks of Gay, and Mr. Whaley, and lord Bolingbroke, which made me conclude it must be yours; so all the answering part must go for nothing.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, March 19, 1729.

I DENY it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation; for when you kept your old company, when I wrote to one I wrote to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the duchess of Queensberry, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her grace that she is a general toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the deanery, even in the face of my Whig subjects. I will leave my money in lord Bathurst's

hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours; and pray keep the interest-money in a bag wrapped up by itself for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger; but the different pursuits, and manners, and interests of life, as fortune has pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough you will have some little economy of your own in town and country, and be able to give your friend a pint of port; for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vamped play, although Mr. Pope seemed to have, and although it were ever so good; but you should have done like the parsons and changed your text, I mean your title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100*l.* a-year more for horses. I ride and walk whenever good weather invites me, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I wrote lately to Mr. Pope. I wish you had a little village in his neighborhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

You tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands laying all detraction in the dust. I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old lord in Leicestershire who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune would gladly cross the channel and stand by while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavor. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now, after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind and terrifies me less. I conclude that Providence has ordered our fears to decrease with

our spirits, and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever: for, finding it troublesome to read at night and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are spurious except one paper, for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your lordship used to say that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling to the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change, like gaming, by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never as a minister have suffered an act to pass through the house of commons, only because you were sure of a majority in the house of lords to throw it out; because it would be unpopular and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this, we are told, has been the case in the qualification bill relating to pensioners. It should seem to me that corruption, like avarice, has no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do I have often compared it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe and we running seven millions in debt. I am forced to play at small game, to set the beasts here a-madding, merely for want of a better game. *Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim*, &c. The devil take those politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *O! mihi præteritos*—but *cruda deo viridisque senectus.* Pray, my lord, how are the gardens? have you taken down the mount and removed the yew hedges? have you not bad weather for the spring corn? has Mr. Pope gone further in his ethic poems? and is the head-land sown with wheat? and what says Polybius? and how does my lord St. John? which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy and riding between Twickenham and Dawley. I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons played the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by while my servants threw down what was amiss. I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing

them tumble and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment; but you think as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *mélange* above written and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition, which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my lady.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I DO not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a deep weight on my heart; I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own, so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But, before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history, which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do; I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more for the honor and love I bear you and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My lord, I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease, and I am not the only friend you have who has chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with men's affairs in such nice matters. And my lord, I have made a maxim that should be written in letters of diamonds, that a wise man ought to have money in his head but not in his heart. Pray, my lord, inquire whether your prototype, my lord Digby, after the restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to

the house of commons? In my conscience, I believe fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because if I play at piquet for sixpence with a man or woman two years younger than myself I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though she is a bungler and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people who, I thought when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari?* the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember when I was a little boy I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect by what qualities wealth and greatness are got and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious:" wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and christians, that ever wrote. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia and hardly a thimbleful in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth that there is not one human creature in

power who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption: I say this because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backward about nineteen hundred years in the era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a-day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my letter to Aristippus I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you that when I was very young I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always make me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed and as obscure as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library I value the compliments of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio (and were given me by my lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavors, from a boy, to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue riband or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship is what would exceedingly please me: but yet I never loved to make a visit or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner wrote this than I corrected myself, and remembered sir Fulk Grevil's epitaph, "Here lies, &c., who was friend to sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I must heartily thank you for your desire that I would record

our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

TO MR. POPE.

August 11, 1729.

I AM very sensible that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires, which, however, I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitably to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially toward night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half-year; so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years' dearth of corn, and every place strewed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation, the two-thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad: this is the true state of Ireland in a very few words. These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness, but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman and a piece of a philosopher; and perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope (if she be still alive) I heartily pity you and pity her: her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age has made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labors when she has so many good works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why I would have

you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal is, that you may be master of two or three years' revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinched in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs; and when this kingdom is utterly at an end you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest for the spoonful of wine and scraps of a chicken it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any person one-tenth part so heartily disposed as you are to do good offices to others without the least private view.

Was it a gasconade to please me that you said your fortune was increased 100*l.* a-year since I left you? you should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectuti* are extremely desirable if they could be got with justice and without avarice? of which vice, though I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches toward it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer, or rather to be surer of his rents. But I am not half so moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000*l.* and live on the interest without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dexterous disguiser. I desire my humble service to lord Oxford, lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. Blount, but to no lady at court. God bless you for being a greater dupe than I: I love that character too myself, but want your charity. Adieu.

TO MR. POPE.

October 31, 1729.

You were so careful of sending me the "Dunciad" that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of everybody who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abstracted from everybody in the happiness of being recorded your friend while wit, and humor, and politeness, shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own which has sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it.

I write this post to lord Bolingbroke, and tell him in my letter

that, with a great deal of loss for a frolic, I will fly as soon as build: I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience, for such amusements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100*l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not 200,000*l.* of specie in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our absentees as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what I believe I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100*l.* per annum is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends; I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with lord B——— about the figure of living and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am; but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part, you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. Adieu.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, October 31, 1729.

I RECEIVED your lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could anything be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten lustres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this country of liberty, and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter; it is you were my hero, but the other [lord Oxford] never was; yet if he were, it

was your own fault who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him in the beginning of your ministry from my accusations. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a what-d'ye-call-it than yours, for I declare yours was *unie;* and I wish you would so order it that the world may be as wise as I upon that article. Mr. Pope wishes it too, and I believe there is not a more honest man in England even without wit. But you regard us not. I was forty-seven years old when I began to think of death; and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep.—I wrote to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons, you born to a great fortune; yet I see you with all your advantages sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: but yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almost impossible), than ever you were in your highest exaltation; only I grieve like an alderman that you are not so rich. And yet, my lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy because it is not your practice. By the figure of living (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope), I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind; and as for the pleasure of giving, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things (be not offended, it is no ecclesiastical, but an Epictetian phrase), could you, when these have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the deanery? I could almost wish the experiment were tried. —No, God forbid that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach me. But in the meantime do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But, as old Weymouth said to me in his lordly Latin, *Philisopha verba, ignava opera;* I wish you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles which you advise me to will tell me that I can live upon fifty pounds a-year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to), but I cannot endure that *otium* should be *sine dignitate.*—My lord, what I would have said of fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in this life; because I cannot be a

great lord I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*, I would endeavor that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the house is so full that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age through the whole world. My lord, I hate and love to write you; it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The d—— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

TO A CERTAIN ESQUIRE.

January 3, 1730.

SIR, — Seeing your frank on the outside and your address in the same hand, it was obvious who was the writer. And before I opened it, a worthy friend being with me, I told him the contents of the difference between us: that your tithes being generally worth five or six pounds per annum, and by the terror of squireship frighting my agent to take what you graciously thought fit to give, you wronged me of half my due every year; that, having held from your father an island worth three-pence a-year which I planted and paid two shillings annually for, and being out of possession of the said island seven or eight years, there could not possibly be above four shillings due to you, for which you have thought proper to stop three or four years' tithe, at your own rate of two pounds five shillings a-year (as I remember), and still continue to stop it on pretence that the said island was not surrendered to you in form, although you have cut down more plantations of willows and abeles than would purchase a dozen such islands. I told my friend "that this talent of esquires prevailed very much formerly in the country: that as to yourself, from the badness of your education against all my advices and endeavors, and from the cast of your nature, as well as another circumstance which I shall not mention, I expected nothing from you that became a gentleman: that I had expostulated this scurvy matter very gently with you; that I conceived this letter was an answer; that from the prerogative of a good estate, however gotten, and the practice of lording over a few Irish wretches, and from the natural want of better thinking, I was sure your answer would be extremely rude and stupid — full of very bad language in all senses; that a bear in a wilderness will as soon fix on a philosopher as on a cottager; and a man wholly void of educa-

tion, judgment, or distinction of persons has no regard in his insolence but to the passion of fear; and how heartily I wished that, to make you show your humility, your quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons than the dean of St. Patrick's."

All this happened before my opening your letter; which being read, my friend told me, "I was an ill guesser; that you affirmed you despised me only as a clergyman, by your own confession; and that you had reason, because clergymen pretend to learning, wherein you value yourself as what you are an utter stranger to."

I took some pains in providing and advising about your education; but since you have made so ill use of my rules, I cannot deny that, according to your own principles, your usage of me is just. You are wholly out of my danger; the weapons I use will do you no hurt; and to that which would keep nicer men in awe you are insensible. A needle against a stone wall can make no impression. Your faculty lies in making bargains; stick to that. Leave your children a better estate than your father left you; as he left you much more than your grandfather left him. Your father and you are much wiser than I, who gave among you fifty years' purchase for land, for which I am not to see one farthing. This was intended as an encouragement to a clergyman to reside among you whenever any of your posterity shall be able to distinguish a man from a beast. One thing I desire you will be set right in: I do not despise all squires. It is true, I despise the bulk of them. But pray take notice, that a squire must have some merit before I shall honor him with my contempt; for I do not despise a fly, a maggot, or a mite.

If you send me an answer to this, I shall not read it, but open it before company, and in their presence burn it, for no other reason but the detestation of bad spelling, no grammar, and that pertness which proceeds from ignorance and an invincible want of taste.

I have ordered a copy of this letter to be taken, with an intention to print it as a mark of my esteem for you; which, however, perhaps I shall not pursue, for I could willingly excuse our two names from standing in the same paper, since I am confident you have as little desire of fame as I have to give it you.

I wish many happy new-years to you and your family; and am, with truth, your friend and humble servant.

Let me add something serious: That, as it is held an imprudent thing to provoke valor, so, I confess, it was imprudent in me to pro-

voke rudeness; which, as it was my own standing rule never to do, except in cases where I had power to punish it, so my error proceeded from a better opinion of you than you have thought fit to make good: for with every fault in your nature, your education, and your understanding, I never imagined you so utterly devoid of knowing some little distinction between persons.

TO LADY WORSLEY.

April 19, 1730.

MADAM, — My lady Carteret (if you know such a lady) commands me to pursue my own inclination; which is to honor myself with writing you a letter; and thereby endeavoring to preserve myself in your memory, in spite of an acquaintance of more years than, in regard to my own reputation as a young gentleman, I care to recollect. I forget whether I had not some reasons to be angry with your ladyship when I was last in England. I hope to see you very soon, the youngest great-grandmother in Europe: and fifteen years hence (which I shall have nothing to do with) you will be at the amusement of "Rise up, daughter," &c. You are to answer this letter; and to inform me of your health and humor, and whether you like your daughter better or worse after having so long conversed with the Irish world and so little with me. Tell me what are your amusements at present; cards, court, books, visiting, or fondling (I humbly beg your ladyship's pardon, but it is between ourselves) your grandchildren? My lady Carteret has been the best queen we have known in Ireland these many years; yet is she mortally hated by all the young girls, because (and it is your fault) she is handsomer than all of them together. Pray do not insult poor Ireland on this occasion; for it would have been exactly the same thing in London. And therefore I shall advise the king, when I go next to England, to send no more of her sort (if such another can be found), for fear of turning all his loyal female subjects here against him.

How is our old friend Mr. Barton? (I forget her new name). I saw her three years ago at court, almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her; while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I first met them; which, considering myself, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wish you may have grace to find it.

My lady Carteret has made me a present, which I take to be malicious, with a design to stand in your place. Therefore I would

have you to provide against it by another, and something of your own work, as hers is. For you know I always expect advances and presents from ladies. Neither was I ever deceived in this last article by any of your sex but the queen, whom I taxed three years ago with a present of ten pounds value. Upon taking my leave, she said, "She intended a medal for me, but it was not finished." I afterwards sent her, on her own commands, about 35*l.* worth of silk for herself and the princesses; but never received the medal to this day. Therefore I will trust your sex no more. You are to present my most humble service to my old friend sir Robert Worsley. I hope my friend Harry is well, and fattening in the sun, and continuing a bachelor, to enrich the poor Worsley family.

I command you to believe me to be, with the greatest truth and respect, &c.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, November 10, 1730.

WHEN my lord Peterborough, in the queen's time, went abroad upon his embassies, the ministry told me that he was such a vagrant they were forced to write at him by guess, because they knew not where to write to him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Hamwalks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my lord duke's *premier ministre;* for his grace, having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be intrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury Downs, having ridden over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgments to my lady duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior:* I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal goddess. I desire you will tell her grace that the ill-management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidential, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible, with a bidential fork, to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard

and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide tridents for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me. I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my two hundred pounds next summer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you; for I have often known a she-cousin of a good family and small fortune passing months among all her relations, living in plenty and taking her circles till she grew an old maid, and everybody weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship will join. God hath taken care of this to prevent any progress toward real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself: I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs which perpetually filled your thoughts and disturbed your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better geniuses than those by whom they are celebrated. If you see Mr. Cæsar present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he showed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a Whig printer; it was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humor of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know. But my paper is ended.

TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

November 10, 1730.

My Lord, — I was positively advised by a friend whose opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation; and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made since the public changes in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man whose name is Launcelot; he has been long a servant to my lord Sussex: he married a relation of mine, a widow with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a lease which the duke of Grafton suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promises from the duke of Dorset while his grace held that office [lord-steward] which is now in your lordship; but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court suitors must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favor from your lordship, whom I have hardly the honor to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your lordship will grant me leave to say that, in those times when any persons of the ejected party came to court and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And when I sometimes added my poor solicitations I used to quote the then ministers a passage in the gospel,—"the poor" (meaning their own dependants) "you have always with you," &c.

This is the strongest argument I have to entreat your lordship's favor for Launcelot, who is a perfectly honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near relation, has been my favorite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood that some little employments about the court may be often in your lordship's disposal, and that my lord Sussex will give Mr. Launcelot the character he deserves: and then let my petition be (to speak in my own trade) "a drop in the bucket."

Remember, my lord, that although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you, because you are one of those very few who do more honor to a court than you can possibly receive from it; which I take to be a greater compliment to any court than it is to your lordship. I am, my lord, &c.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, November 19, 1730.

I WROTE to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated; nor did I imagine you were gone back to Amesbury so late in the year, at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a court on account of their virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a dukedom to lose favor in the manner their graces have done. I believe my lord Carteret, since he is no longer lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as lieutenant. I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time that he had six times a regard to my recommendation by preferring so many of my friends in the church: the two last acts of his favor were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pulteney's hands. I told you in my last that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the centurion say to my servant, Go, and he goeth; and, Do this, and he doeth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a duchess is at this time the hatefullest lady in the world to me one only excepted [the queen], and I beg her grace's pardon for that exception; for in the way I mean her grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The doctor hath ill informed me who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief poetical favorite, yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the

laurel; the contention being between Concannen, or Theobald, or some other hero of the "Dunciad." I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the queen's death; by which, all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministries by way of sauce to relish my meat: and I confess one point of conduct in my lady duchess's life has added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull toward the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off that you may give my lady duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200*l.* to have left place for as many more.

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM,—My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it has been a known and established rule above twenty years in England that the first advances have been constantly made by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality the greater were their advances. Yet I know not by what weakness I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favor of my lord duke and your grace. At the same time I cannot forbear telling you, madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say perhaps you shall not like me: I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honor to attend your grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless; for Diogenes himself

would be vain to have received the honor of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your grace.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK

November 21, 1730.

MADAM, — I do now pity the leisure you have to read a letter from me; and this letter shall be a history. First, therefore, I call you to witness that I did not attend on the queen till I had received her own repeated messages; which of course occasioned my being introduced to you. I never asked anything till upon leaving England the first time I desired from you a present worth a guinea, and from her majesty one worth ten pounds by way of a memorial. Yours I received, and the queen upon my taking leave of her made an excuse that she had intended a medal for me, which not being ready, she would send it me the Christmas following; yet this was never done nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and by her commands attended her as I had done before. I must now tell you, madam, that I will receive no medal from her majesty, nor anything less than her picture at half-length, drawn by Jervas; and if he takes it from another original, the queen shall sit at least twice for him to touch it up. I desire you will let her majesty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her displeasure. But this is a usual thing with princes as well as ministers upon every false representation; and so I took occasion to tell the queen, upon the quarrel Mr. Walpole had with our friend Gay, the first time I ever had the honor to attend her.

Against you I have but one reproach: that when I was last in England, and just after the present king's accession, I resolved to pass that summer in France, for which I had then a most lucky opportunity, from which those who seemed to love me well dissuaded me, by your advice; and when I sent you a note conjuring you to lay aside the character of a courtier and a favorite upon that occasion, your answer positively directed me not to go in that juncture; and you said the same thing to my friends who seemed to have power of giving me hints, that I might reasonably hope for a settlement in England; which God knows was no very great ambition, considering the station I should leave here of greater dignity, and which might have easily been managed to be disposed of as the queen pleased. If these hints came from you, I affirm you then acted too much like a courtier. But I forgive you, and esteem you

as much as ever. You had your reasons which I shall not inquire into; because I always believed you had some virtues, besides all the accomplishments of mind and person that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the queen for sacrificing my friend Gay to the mistaken piques of sir Robert Walpole about a libel written against him, although he were convinced at the same time of Mr. Gay's innocence; and although, as I said before, I told her majesty the whole story. Mr. Gay deserved better treatment among you upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent, unregarded Fables, dedicated to prince William, which I hope his royal highness will often read for his instruction. I wish her majesty would a little remember what I largely said to her about Ireland, when before a witness she gave me leave and commanded me to tell here what she spoke to me upon that subject; and ordered me if I lived to see her in her present station to send her our grievances, promising to read my letter, and do all good offices in her power for this miserable and most loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never so near as now. As to myself, I repeat again that I never asked anything more than a trifle as a memorial of some distinction which her majesty graciously seemed to make between me and every common clergyman; but that trifle was forgotten, according to the usual method of princes, although I was taught to think myself upon a foot of pretending to some little exception.

As to yourself, madam, I most heartily congratulate with you for being delivered from the toil, the envy, the slavery, and vexation of a favorite; where you could not always answer the good intentions that I hope you had. You will now be less teased with solicitations, one of the greatest evils in life. You possess an easy employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit; and if it shall please God to establish your health, I believe and hope you are too wise to hope for more. Mr. Pope has always been an advocate for your sincerity; and even I, in the character I gave you of yourself, allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favorite. Yet I confess I never heartily pledged your health as a toast upon any other regards than beauty, wit, good sense, and an unblemished character. For as to friendship, truth, sincerity, and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myself about them; because I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals, which are altogether useless at courts. I am content that you should tell the queen all I have said of her; and in my own words if you please.

I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourself, if it had been good manners in the height of your credit to put you in mind of its mortality; for you are not the first by at least three ladies whom I have known to undergo the same turn of fortune. It is allowed that ladies are often very good scaffoldings; and I need not tell you the use that scaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanic. I should have begun this letter by telling you that I was encouraged to write it by my best friend, and one of your great admirers; who told me "that from something that had passed between you he thought you would not receive it ill." After all, I know no person of your sex for whom I have so great an esteem as I do and believe I shall always continue to bear for you, I mean a private person; for I must except the queen, and it is not an exception of form; because I have really a very great veneration for her great qualities, although I have reason to complain of her conduct to me; which I could not excuse although she had fifty kingdoms to govern. I have but room to conclude with my sincere professions of being, with true respect, madam, your most obedient humble servant.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

December 28, 1730.

You might give a better reason for restoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the superscription that your letter was written by a man, for you have neither the scrawl nor the spelling of your sex. You live so far off, and I believe are so seldom at home, and I am so ill a visitor, that it is no wonder we meet so seldom: but if you knew what I say of you to others, you would believe it was not for want of inclination; I mean what I say of you as I knew you formerly; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wishes of the season; and am, with true esteem and affection, yours, &c.

TO LADY SANTRY.

[1730, at a conjecture.]

Madam, — My reason for waiting on you some time ago was grounded on the esteem I always had for you; which continued still the same, although I had hardly the least acquaintance with your lord, nor was at all desirous to cultivate it, because I did not

at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days after I saw you at sir Compton Domville's [lady Santry's brother] house, all my acquaintance told me how full the town was of the visit I had made you, and of the cruel treatment you received from me, with relation to your son [lord Santry]. I will not believe your ladyship was so weak as to spread this complaint yourself; but I lay it wholly to those two young women who were then in the same room, I suppose as visitors. But if you were really discontented, and thought to publish your discontent in aggravating words, I must cut off at least nine-tenths of the friendship I had for you, and list you in the herd of Irish ladies whose titles, or those of their husbands, with me, never have the weight of a feather or the value of a pebble. I imagined you had so much sense as to understand that all I said was intended for the service both of you and your son. I have often spoken much more severely to persons of much higher quality than your son, and in a kingdom where to be a lord is of importance; and I have received hearty thanks, as well as found amendment. One thing I shall observe upon your account, which is never to throw away any more advice upon any Irish lord or his mother; because I thought you would be one of the last to deceive me.

I called four times at the house where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which, I suppose, you would have me think you are angry, whereas I am the person who ought to complain, because all I had said to you proceeded from friendship, and a desire of reforming your son. But that desire is now utterly at an end.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

January 5, 1731.

My Lord, — I return your lordship my most humble thanks for the honor and favor of your letter, and desire your justice to believe that in writing to you a second time I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered that the arts of courts are like those of play; where, if the most expert be absent for a few months, the whole system is so changed that he has no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish that your lordship had pleased to forgive one who has been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Bussy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long

banishment, appeared ridiculous there; and what could I expect from my antiquated manner of addressing your lordship, in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favor, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your lordship that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honorable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention! and God forbid that in one particular branch of the king's family there should ever be such a mortality as to take away a dozen of his meaner servants in less than a dozen years.

Give me leave, in further excuse of my wickedness, to confess that, besides some hints from my friends, your lordship is in great measure to blame for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honor to see you; which I acknowledge to have been a distinction that I had not the least pretence to, and consequently as little to ground upon it the request of a favor.

As I am an utter stranger to the present forms of the world, I have imagined more than once that your lordship's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourself; and that as in my time the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed against all probable appearances, so that single slight one of your lordship may by your generous nature early succeed against all visible impossibilities. I am, &c.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, April 13, 1731.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the duchess is your treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c., like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighboring squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue and contempt of money, &c. Pray

why did you not get a new heel to your shoe, unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the prince of Lilliput? But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her grace.

MADAM,—Since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your grace shall have your own way in all places except your own house and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine, so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres and two or three houses in town or country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all humankind except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind, which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it), the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipped out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England, and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty millions times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that under these disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars' length. Pray, madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand at least within three of you; for of two bad ears my right is the best? My groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon and hold his tongue? is any one of your women a good nurse if I should fancy myself sick for four-and-twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very

poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, I [illegible] not attend you at Amesbury. For I profess you are the first lady that ever I desired to see since the first of August, 1714, and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour, when I began to endure their company, which, however, I think was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in anything but envying or admiring your grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with, wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women. Pray God preserve your grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

TO MR. GAY.

I HAVE just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine! I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

TO VENTOSO.

April 28, 1731.

SIR, — Your letter has lain by me without acknowledging it longer than I intended, not for want of civility, but because I was wholly at a loss what to say; for, as your scheme of thinking, conversing, and living, differs in every point diametrically from mine, so I think myself the most improper person in the world to converse or correspond with you. You would be glad to be thought a proud man, and yet there is not a grain of pride in you; for you are pleased that people should know you have been acquainted with persons of

great names and titles, whereby you confess that you take it for an honor, which a proud man never does; and besides you run the hazard of not being believed. You went abroad and strove to engage yourself in a desperate cause, very much to the damage of your fortune, and might have been, to the danger of your life, if there had not been, as it were, a combination of some who would not give credit to the account you gave of your transactions, and of others who, either really or pretending to believe you, have given you out as a dangerous person: of which last notion I once hinted something to you; because, if what you repeated of yourself were true, it was necessary that you had either made your peace, or must have been prosecuted for high treason. The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes and other great persons arises from its being generally known to others, but never once mentioned by ourselves, if it can possibly be avoided. I say this perfectly for your service; because an universal opinion among those who know or have heard of you, that you have always practised a direct contrary proceeding, has done you more hurt than your natural understanding left to itself could ever have brought upon you. The world will never allow any man that character which he gives to himself, by openly confessing it to those with whom he converses. Wit, learning, valor, great acquaintance, the esteem of good men, will be known, although we should endeavor to conceal them, however, they may pass unrewarded; but I doubt our own bare assertions upon any of those points will very little avail, except in tempting the hearers to judge directly contrary to what we advance. Therefore, at this season of your life, I should be glad you would act after the common custom of mankind, and have done with thoughts of courts, of ladies, of lords, of politics, and all dreams of being important in the world. I am glad your country life has taught you Latin, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew you first; and I am astonished how you came to recover it. Your new friend Horace will teach you many lessons agreeable to what I have said, for which I could refer to a dozen passages in a few minutes. I should be glad to see the house wholly swept of these cobwebs, and that you would take an oath never to mention a prince or princess, a foreign or domestic lord, an intrigue of state or of love; but suit yourself to the climate and company where your prudence will be to pass the rest of your life. It is not a farthing matter to you what is doing in Europe, more than to every alderman who reads the news in a

coffee-house. If you could resolve to act thus, your understanding is good enough to qualify you for any conversation in this kingdom. Families will receive you without fear or restraint; nor watch to hear you talk in the grand style, laugh when you are gone, and tell it to all their acquaintance. It is a happiness that this quality may, by a man of sense, be as easily shaken off as it is acquired, especially when he has no proper claim to it; for you were not bred to be a man of business; you never were called to any employments at courts; but destined to be a private gentleman, to entertain yourself with country business and country acquaintance; or at best with books of amusement in your own language. It is an uncontrolled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them. I am, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 12, 1731.

I DOUBT habit has little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me the lowness of spirits has a most unhappy effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you anything that I have written since I left you (either verse or prose), I can only say that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish or to attempt, but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance; for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural, and when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times *non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon, they consist of little accidental things writ in the country, family amusements never intended further than to divert ourselves and some neighbors; or some effects of anger on public grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a weekly paper, and call it an "Intelligencer." But it continued not long, for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints

enough. But the printer here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one halfpenny; and so it dropped. In the volume you saw (to answer your questions), the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verses (very uncorrect, but against a fellow [Richard Tighe] we all hated), the 9th mine, the 10th only the verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines; the 15th is a pamphlet of mine printed before, with Dr. Sheridan's preface, merely for laziness, not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining. As to other things of mine, since I left you: there are in prose, a "View of the State of Ireland;" a "Project for Eating Children;" and a "Defence of Lord Carteret:" in verse, a "Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret;" a "Letter to Dr. Delany on the Libels writ against him;" the "Barrack" (a stolen copy); the "Lady's Journal;" the "Lady's Dressing-room" (a stolen copy); the "Plea of the Damned" (a stolen copy): all these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the "Tale of Sir Ralph" was sent from England). Besides these there are five or six (perhaps more) papers of verse written in the north, but perfectly *family things*, two or three of which may be tolerable, the rest but indifferent, and the humor only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you that the "Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices," is not one syllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance; he told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a projector hath something upon the same thought. This young man is the most hopeful we have; a book of his poems was printed in London; Dr. Delany is one of his patrons; he is married and has children, and makes up about 100*l.* a-year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained, and I profess I grow gradually so dry that a rhyme with me is almost as hard to find as a guinea, and even prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years ago and almost

finished. It will make a four-shilling volume, and is such a perfection of folly that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay, I have another of the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr. ——, who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider that both wit and beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my lady Bolingbroke's ill health return upon her, and I doubt my lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and I believe the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old is because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case with little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their playfellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you must love so long before you and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

A COUNTERFEIT LETTER TO THE QUEEN.

Dublin, June 22, 1731.

MADAM,—I have had the honor to tell your majesty, on another occasion, that provinces labor under one mighty misfortune, which is, in a great measure, the cause of all the rest; and that is, that they are for the most part far removed from the prince's eye: and, of consequence, from the influence both of his wisdom and goodness. This is the case of Ireland beyond expression!

There is not one mortal here who is not well satisfied of your majesty's good intentions to all your people: and yet your subjects of this isle are so far from sharing the effects of your good dispositions in any equitable degree; are so far from enjoying all the good to which they are entitled from your majesty's most gracious inclinations; that they often find great difficulty how to enjoy even the relief of complaint.

To omit a thousand other instances, there is one person of Irish birth, eminent for genius and merit of many kinds, an honor to her

country and to her sex: I will be bold to say, not less so in her sphere than your majesty in yours. And yet all talents and virtues have not yet been able to influence any one person about your majesty so far as to introduce her into your least notice. As I am your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subject, it is a debt I owe your majesty to acquaint you that Mrs. Barber, the best female poet of this or perhaps of any age, is now in your majesty's capital; known to lady Hertford, lady Torrington, lady Walpole, &c.; a woman whose genius is honored by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either honored or envied by every man of genius in England.

Your majesty is justly reverenced for those great abilities with which God has blessed you; for your regard to learning and your zeal for true religion. Complete your character by your regard to persons of genius; especially those who make the greatness of their talents, after your majesty's example, subservient to the good of mankind and the glory of God; which is most remarkably Mrs. Barber's case and character.

Give me leave to tell you, madam, that every subject of understanding and virtue throughout your dominions is appointed by Providence of your council. And this, madam, is an open and an honest apology for this trouble; or, to speak more properly, for this dutiful information. It is your true interest, that all your subjects should see that merit is regarded by you in one instance, or rather that it is not disregarded in any instance. Let them daily bless God for every gift of wisdom and goodness bestowed upon you, and pray incessantly for the long continuance of them; as doth your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subject and servant.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

EVER since I received your letter I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Amesbury, as the duchess has given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered: first, I thought I had done with my lawsuit, and so did all my lawyers, but my adversary, after being in appearance a protestant these twenty years, has declared he was always a papist, and consequently by the law here cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or

less, though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: and the duchess, in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command and scold: I must have horses to ride; I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a-week, and walk three or four miles besides every day.

I always told you Mr. —— was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the duchess, and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a cully; and yet I love you for it because I am one myself.

You are the silliest lover in Christendom: If you like Mrs. ——, why do you not command her to take you? if she does not, she is not worth pursuing; you do her too much honor; she has neither sense nor taste if she dares to refuse you, though she had 10,000*l.* I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love; and I sometimes reproach you for not honoring me in letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the duchess in regard to me. I heard her say, "Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough, I have written thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come let him come; what a clutter is here! Positively I will not write a syllable more." She is an ungrateful duchess, considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before. I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000*l.*, which will bring you 300*l.* per annum, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of sponging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country. Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

MADAM,—Since I began to grow old I have found all ladies

become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (whichever it is that has designs upon a chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house; and in that case you must suspend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters has done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it I should lose them all. One of them, who had but an inkling of the matter, (your grace will hardly believe it,) refused to beg my pardon upon her knees for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Amesbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick I must govern to a second. Yet, properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

TO MR. POPE.

July 20, 1731.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your last that I received yesterday, with the enclosed from me to the queen. You hinted something of this in a former letter: I will tell you sincerely how the affair stands. I never was at Mrs. Barber's house in my life, except once that I chanced to pass by her shop, was desired to walk in, and went no farther, nor stayed three minutes. Dr. Delany has been long her protector; and he, being many years my acquaintance, desired my good offices for her, and brought her several times to the deanery. I knew she was poetically given, and, for a woman, had a sort of genius that way. She appeared very modest and pious, and I believe was sincere, and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to England was on the score of her trade, being a woollen-draper, until Dr. Delany said she had a desire of printing her poems by subscription, and desired I would befriend her; which I did, chiefly by your means; the doctor still urging me on: upon whose request I wrote to her two or three times, because she thought that my countenancing her might be of use.

Lord Carteret very much befriended her, and she seems to have made her way not ill. As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the queen on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name, I can only say that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a foolish thing is an effect of kindness: and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-draper's wife, declined in the world, because she has a knack at versifying; was to suppose or fear a folly so transcendant that no man could be guilty of who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand; and why I should disguise, and yet sign my name, should seem unaccountable: especially when I am taught, and have reason to believe, that I am under the queen's displeasure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a stone over the burying-place of the duke of Schomberg, in my cathedral: which, however, I was assured by a worthy person, who solicited that affair last summer with some relations of the duke, "that her majesty, on hearing the matter, said they ought to erect a monument." Yet I am told assuredly that the king, not long ago, on the representation and complaint of the Prussian envoy, (with a hard name,) who has married a grand-daughter of the duke, said publicly in the drawing-room "that I had put up that stone out of malice, to raise a quarrel between his majesty and the king of Prussia." This perhaps may be false, because it is absurd: for I thought it was a Whiggish action to honor duke Schomberg, who was so instrumental in the revolution, and was stadtholder of Prussia, and otherwise in the service of that electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will observe the letter sent me concluded "your majesty's loyal subject;" which is absolutely absurd; for we are only subjects to the king, and so is her majesty herself. I have had the happiness to be known to you above twenty years; and I appeal whether you have known me to exceed the common indiscretions of mankind; or that, when I conceived myself to have been so very ill-used by her majesty, whom I never

attend but on her own commands; I should turn solicitor to her for Mrs. Barber? If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb. I am pushed on by that unjust suspicion to give up so much of my discretion as to write next post to my lady Suffolk on this occasion, and to desire she will show what I write to the queen; although I have as much reason to complain of her as of her majesty, upon the score of her pride and negligence, which make her fitter to be an Irish lady than an English one. You told me "she complained that I did not write to her;" when I did, upon your advice, and a letter that required an answer, she wanted the civility to acquit herself. I shall not be less in the favor of God, or the esteem of my friends, for either of their majesties' hard thoughts, which they only take up from misrepresentations. The first time I saw the queen, I took occasion, upon the subject of Mr. Gay, to complain of that very treatment which innocent persons often receive from princes and great ministers, that they too easily receive bad impressions; and although they are demonstrably convinced that those impressions had no grounds, yet they will never shake them off. This I said upon sir Robert Walpole's treatment of Mr. Gay about a libel; and the queen fell entirely in with me, yet now falls into the same error. As to the letter . . . . . of accidents, and out of perfect commiseration, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

July 24, 1731.

MADAM,—I give you joy of your new title, and of the consequences it may have, or hath had, on your rising at court, whereof I knew nothing but by common fame; for, you remember how I prophesied of your behavior, when you should come to be a great lady, at the time I drew your character; and hope you have kept it. I wrote to you some time ago, by the advice of Mr. Pope: I wrote to you civilly; but you did not answer my letter, although you were not then a countess; and if you were, your neglect was so much the worse; for your title has not increased your value with me, and your conduct must be very good if it will not lessen you. Neither should you have heard from me now if it were not on a particular occasion. I find, from several instances, that I am under the queen's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without

any manner of reason. I am told there were three letters sent to her majesty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems the queen thinks that these letters were written by me: and I scorn to defend myself even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name: and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Last post I wrote my whole sentiments on the matter to Mr. Pope, who tells me, "that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters;" which, indeed, was but bare justice in you both, for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the esteem I had for you. I desire you would ask the queen, "whether, since the time I had the honor to be known to her, I ever did one single action, or said one single word, to disoblige her?" I never asked her for anything: and you well know that when I had an intention to go to France, about the time that the late king died, I desired your opinion (not as you were a courtier) whether I should go or not: and that you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein, I confess, I was your dupe as well as somebody's else: and, for want of that journey, I fell sick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the queen has blamed me for putting a stone, with a Latin inscription, over the duke of Schomberg's burying-place in my cathedral; and that the king said publicly I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the king of Prussia. But the public prints, as well as the thing itself, will vindicate me: and the hand the duke had in the revolution made him deserve the best monument. Neither could the king of Prussia justly take it ill, who must needs have heard that the duke was in the service of Prussia, and stadtholder of it, as I have seen in his titles. The first time I saw the queen I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great ministers, (it was on a particular occasion,) that when they receive an ill account of any person, although they afterward have the greatest demonstration of the falsehood, yet will they never be reconciled. And although the queen fell in with me upon the hardship of such a proceeding, yet now she treats me exactly in the same manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her

majesty or to you; and as little to the king, whom I never saw but when I had the honor to kiss his hand. I am sensible that I owe a great deal of this usage to sir Robert Walpole: whom yet I never offended, although he was pleased to quarrel with me very unjustly: for which I showed not the least resentment, (whatever I might have in my heart,) nor was ever a partaker with those who have been battling with him for some years past. I am contented that the queen should see this letter; and would please to consider how severe a censure it is to believe I should write three to her, only to find fault with her ministry, and recommend Mrs. Barber, whom I never knew until she was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to subscribers, which, by her writings, I thought she deserved. Her majesty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was queen, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: for the miseries of this kingdom she appeared then to be much concerned. I desired the friend who introduced me to be a witness of her majesty's promise. Yet that liberty I never took, although I had too many occasions; and is it not wonderful that I should be suspected of writing to her in such a style, in such a counterfeit hand, and my name subscribed, upon a perfect trifle, at the same time that I well knew myself to be very much out of her majesty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not so very much awed with majesty as others, having known courts more or less from my early youth. And I have more than once told the queen that I did not regard her station half so much as the good understanding I heard and found to be in her; neither did I ever once see the late king, although her majesty was pleased to chide me on that account for my singularity. In this I am a good Whig, by thinking it sufficient to be a dutiful subject, without any personal regard for princes, farther than as their virtues deserve; and upon that score had a most particular respect for the queen, your mistress. One who asks nothing may talk with freedom; and that is my case. I have not said half that was in my heart, but I will have done: and, remembering that you are a countess, will borrow so much ceremony as to remain, with great respect, madam, your ladyship's most obedient and most humble servant.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

August 28, 1731.

You and the duchess use me very ill, for I profess I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her grace

writes more like you than herself; and that you write more like her grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the duchess, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides, it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear that what I must suppose is written by the duchess is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a city living such as an English chaplain would leap at. I retired thither for the public good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humor, and style of England into a short system for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honor. The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy. I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations as to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland who, from a shoe-boy, grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense; a lord-lieutenant told the first king George that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing 16,000*l.* a-year—why, you need not stare; it is easily applied; I must be absent in order to preserve my credit with her grace—Lo, here comes in the duchess again (I know her by her d d's, but am a fool for discovering my art), to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said.—Madam, I will imitate your grace, and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base unromantic spirit in me to suspend the honor of waiting at your grace's feet till I can finish a paltry lawsuit. It concerns, indeed, almost all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two-thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks' rent of your grace's. This cursed accident has drilled away the whole summer. But, madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honor to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed; though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of justice; but that will not be much

for your credit. How miserably has your grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero (as your grace knows), or so he might have said.

I am told that the "Craftsman" in one of his papers, is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the "Dunciad;" and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schems are perfectly accidental; some will appear barren of hints and matter but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary; and what you say is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself; though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me; my invention and judgment are perpetually at fisty-cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the merest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

September 10, 1731.

If your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends' coaches; for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for nightgown, it is clear from Homer that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, beside two or three under ones that may add another 1000*l.* to your stock; and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole 1000*l.* brings you but half-a-crown a-day. I find a greater longing than ever to come among you; and reason good when I am teased with dukes and duchesses for a visit, all my demands complied with, and all excuses

cut off. You remember "O happy Don Quixote! queens held his horse, and duchesses pulled off his armor," or something to that purpose. He was a mean-spirited fellow; I can say ten times more: O happy, &c., such a duchess was designed to attend him, and such a duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam istos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:* go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vaporing after he had found the pot of gold. I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more because you are so forgiving as not to hate her: however, she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool. I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead. I shall finish it soon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors. It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and lovers of their country of all denominations: Whig and Tory, high and low church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at court, which has given you leisure to cultivate both public and private virtue; neither of them likely to be soon met within the walls of St. James's or Westminster. But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the duke for the great honor he has done me.

My Lord,—I could have sworn that my pride would be always able to preserve me from vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my lady duchess, and now by that of your grace, which had like to finish the work: and I should have certainly gone about showing my letter under the charge of secrecy to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations from two such persons to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the mean time I must desire your grace not to flatter yourself that I waited for your consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant

indeed not to know that the duchess, ever since you met, has been most politically employed in increasing those forces and sharpening those arms with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side, and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear of informing your grace that the duchess's great secret in her art of government has been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your grace for so great a favor as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving, since I am with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, &c.

MADAM,—I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sat up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your grace's hand at the bottom of the last Amesbury latter, but all in vain. Only it is agreed that the language is Coptic, and a very profound Behmist assures me the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex to a strange kind of man whom she never saw, and this is all I can find, which, after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, wherewith I am, madam, your grace's most obedient, &c.

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN.

[September or October, 1732.]

SIR,—I received your packet at least two months ago, and took all this time not only to consider maturely myself, but to show it to the few judicious friends I have in this kingdom. We all agreed that the writer was a scholar, a man of genius and of honor. We guessed him to have been born in this country, from some passages; but not from the style which we were surprised to find so correct, in an exile, a soldier, and a native of Ireland. The history of yourself, although part of it be employed in your praise and importance, we did not dislike, because your intention was to be wholly unknown; which circumstance exempts you from any charge of vanity. However, although I am utterly ignorant of present persons and things, I have made a shift, by talking in general with some persons, to find out your name, your employments, and some of your

actions, with the addition of such a character as would give full credit to more than you have said (I mean of yourself) in the dedicatory epistle.

You will pardon a natural curiosity on this occasion, especially when I began with so little, that I did not so much as untie the strings of the bag for five days after I received it, concluding it must come from some Irish friar in Spain, filled with monastic speculations, of which I have seen some in my life; little expecting a history, a dedication, a poetical translation of the penitential psalms, Latin poems, and the like, and all from a soldier. In these kingdoms you would be a most unfashionable military man among troops where the least pretension to learning, or piety, or common morals would endanger the owner to be cashiered. Although I have no regard for your trade, from the judgment I make of those who profess it in these kingdoms, yet I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen of Ireland, who, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves by their valor and conduct in so many parts of Europe, I think, above all other nations; which ought to make the English ashamed of the reproaches they cast on the ignorance, the dulness, and the want of courage in the Irish natives; those defects, wherever they happen, arising only from the poverty and slavery they suffer from their inhuman neighbors, and the base corrupt spirits of too many of the chief gentry, &c. By such events as these, the very Grecians are grown slavish, ignorant, and superstitious. I do assert, that from several experiments I have made in travelling over both kingdoms I have found the poor cottagers here, who could speak our language, to have a much better natural taste for good sense, humor, and raillery, than ever I observed among people of the like sort in England. But the millions of oppressions they lie under, the tyranny of their landlords, the ridiculous zeal of their priests and the general misery of the whole nation, have been enough to damp the best spirits under the sun. I return to your packet.

Two or three poetical friends of mine have read your poems with very good approbation; yet we all agree some corrections may be wanting, and at the same time we are at a loss how to venture on such a work. One gentleman of your own country, name, and family, who could do it best, is a little too lazy; but, however, something shall be done, and submitted to you. I have been only a man of rhymes, and that upon trifles; never having written serious

couplets in my life; yet never any without a moral view. However, as an admirer of Milton, I will read yours as a critic, and make objections where I find anything that should be changed. Your directions about publishing the epistle and the poetry will be a point of some difficulty. They cannot be printed here with the least profit to the author's friends in distress. Dublin booksellers have not the least notion of paying for a copy. Sometimes things are printed here by subscription; but they go on so heavily, that few or none make it turn to account. In London it is otherwise; but even there the authors must be in vogue, or, if not known, be discovered by the style; or the work must be something that hits the taste of the public, or what is recommended by the presiding men of genius.

When Milton first published his famous poem, the first edition was very long going off; few either read, liked, or understood it; and it gained ground merely by its merit. Nothing but an uncertain state of my health (caused by a disposition to giddiness, which, although less violent, is more constant) could have prevented my passing this summer into England to see my friends, who hourly have expected me; in that case I could have managed this affair myself, and would have readily consented that my name should have stood at length before your epistle; and by the caprice of the world, that circumstance might have been of use to make the thing known; and consequently better answer the charitable part of your design, by inciting people's curiosity. And in such a case I would have written a short acknowledgment of your letter, and published it in the next page after your epistle; but giving you no name, nor confessing my conjecture of it. This scheme I am still upon, as soon as my health permits me to return to England.

As I am conjectured to have generally dealt in raillery and satire both in prose and verse, if that conjecture be right, although such an opinion has been an absolute bar to my rising in the world; yet that very world must suppose that I followed what I thought to be my talent; and charitable people will suppose I had a design to laugh the follies of mankind out of countenance, and as often to lash the vices out of practice. And then it will be natural to conclude, that I have some partiality for such kind of writing, and favor it in others. I think you acknowledge that in some time of your life you turned to the rallying part; but I find at present your genius runs wholly into the grave and sublime; and therefore I find

you less indulgent to my way by your dislike of the "Beggar's Opera," in the persons particularly of Polly Peachum and Macheath; whereas we think it a very severe satire upon the most pernicious villanies of mankind. And so you are in danger of quarreling with the sentiments of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay the author, Dr. Arbuthnot, myself, Dr. Young, and all the brethren whom we own. Dr. Young is the gravest among us, and yet his satires have many mixtures of sharp raillery. At the same time you judge very truly, that the taste of England is infamously corrupted by shoals of wretches who write for their bread; and therefore, I had reason to put Mr. Pope on writing the poem called the "Dunciad;" and to hale those scoundrels out of their obscurity by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, sometimes their lodgings and their lineage; not with *A's* and *B's* according to the old way, which would be unknown in a few years.

As to your blank verse, it has too often fallen into the same vile hands of late. One Thomson, a Scotchman, has succeeded the best in that way, in four poems he has writ on the four seasons: yet I am not over fond of them, because they are all description, and nothing is doing; whereas Milton engages me in actions of the highest importance: *Modo me Romæ, modo ponit Athenis:* and yours on the seven psalms, &c. have some advantages that way.

You see, Pope, Gay, and I, use all our endeavors to make folks merry and wise, and profess to have no enemies, except knaves and fools. I confess myself to be exempted from them in one article, which was engaging with a ministry, to prevent if possible the evils that have overrun the nation, and my foolish zeal in endeavoring to save this wretched island. Wherein, though I succeeded absolutely in one important article, yet even there I lost all hope of favor from those in power here, and disobliged the court of England, and have in twenty years drawn above one thousand scurrilous libels on myself, without any other recompense than the love of the Irish vulgar, and two or three dozen sign-posts of the Drapier in this city, besides those that are scattered in country towns; and even these are half worn out. So that whatever little genius God has given me, I may justly pretend to have been the worst manager of it to my own advantage of any man upon earth.

August 2.

What I have above written has long lain by me, that I might consider further: but I have been partly out of order, and partly

plagued with a lawsuit of ten years' standing, and I doubt very ill closed up, although it concerns two-thirds of my little fortune. Think whether such periods of life are proper to encourage poetical or philosophical speculations.

I shall not therefore tire you any longer; but, with great acknowledgment for the distinction you please to show me, desire to be always thought, with great truth and a most particular esteem, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant.

We have sometimes editions printed here of books from England, which I know not whether you are in a way of getting. I will name some below, and if you approve of any, I shall willingly increase your library; they are small, consequently more portable in your marches, and, which is more important, the present will be cheaper for me. Dr. Young's Satires, Mr. Gay's Works, Mr. Pope's Works, Pope's "Dunciad," Gay's "Fables," "Art of Politics," and some other trifles in verse, &c.

TO MR. GAY, AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, October 3, 1731.

I USUALLY write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe, I have told you of a great man, who said to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland; for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country who regards any events that pass here, unless he has an estate or employment. I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present ministry, and much less to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favor than you. For my own part, I do not see the policy of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known; for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any, which I declare I do not: and besides, I think the world is already so well informed by plain events, that I question whether the ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and although it should be discovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it and think no further. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though,

I agree, you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the post-officers, that since wit and learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned and punished, till within your own memory; nor dulness and ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease: perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends; but, beside the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence: you will hear my reasons when you see those friends, and I concluded them with saying: that I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and 'squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the Channel, would break my heart in a month.

MADAM,—See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet, if that author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier; which I am sure your grace is not,—no not so much as to be a maid of honor. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a freethinker nor can sell bargains; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier. Then you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taste for wit, in preferring two old-fashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court lady can read, and write in such an old-fashioned style, as none of them can understand. You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I entreat your grace will order him to move his chops less and his legs more, for the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your grace's

declaration of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which, you say, are not paid to merit, but to your own humor. Now, madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit; and there goes an ugly observation, that the humor of ladies is apt to change. Now, madam, if I should go to Amesbury with a great load of merit, and your grace happen to be out of humor, and will not purchase my merchandise at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the first part, and I, but the second; which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years; and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed? I should be ready to say in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the lady who wished she could give me the best living, &c., if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same lady who spoke many things to me in the same style, and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose dupe he was, as well as of her waiting woman; but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my lord duke, and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your grace's, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

October 26, 1731.

MADAM,— Your ladyship's last letter made me a little grave, and in going to answer it, I was in danger of leaning on my elbow (I mean my left elbow) to consider what I should write; which posture I never used except when I was under a necessity of writing to fools, or lawyers, or ministers of state, where I am to consider what is to be said. But as I write to a person whom I esteem, I am in no pain at all.

It would be an injury to you or Mr. Pope, to give thanks to either of you for justifying me about those letters sent to the queen, because to think me guilty would disgrace your understandings; and, as he is my best friend, so your ladyship owes me no malice, except that of raillery; and good raillery is always sincere. And if her majesty were deceived, it would lessen my opinion of her judgment; which would no otherwise affect me than by making me sorry upon her own account. But what your ladyship would have me discover,

through all your refined civilities, is my great imprudence in ordering that monument to be fixed in my cathedral. I shall not trouble you with a long story — but if ever a numerous venerable body of dignified clergymen had reason to complain of the highest repeated indignity, in return of the greatest honor offered by them to persons they were wholly strangers to, then my chapter is not to be blamed, nor I who proposed the matter to them: which, however, I could have done by my own authority, but rather chose it should be the work of us all. And I will confess it was upon their advice that I omitted the only two passages which had much bitterness in them; and which a bishop here, one after your own heart, blamed me very much for leaving out; declaring that the treatment given us by the Schomberg family deserved a great deal worse. Indeed, madam, I shall not attempt to convince England of anything that relates to this kingdom. The drapier, whom you mention, could not do it in relation to the halfpence. Neither can the parliament here convince you that we ought not to be just now in so miserable condition in every article of distress. Why should the Schomberg family be so uneasy at a thing they were so long warned of, and were told they might prevent for 50*l.*? But here I wish your ladyship would put the queen in mind of what passed between her majesty and me upon the subject of Ireland, when she was princess of Wales, and appeared so much to pity this distressed kingdom, and gave me leave to write to her if ever I should live to see her queen; that she would answer my letter, and promised, that in such a case she would use all her credit to relieve it. Whereupon I desired Dr. Arbuthnot, who was present, to be witness of what she said; and her majesty confirmed it. I will not ask what the event has been.— If any state scribble writ here should happen to reach London, I entreat your ladyship would continue to do me the justice of believing my innocence, because I lately assured the duke of Dorset that I would never have a hand in any such thing. But I gave him my reason before his secretary; that looking upon this kingdom's condition as absolutely desperate, I would not prescribe a dose to the dead. Some parts of your letter I do not understand. Mrs. Barber was recommended to me by Dr. Delany, who is now in London, and whom I once presented to you at Marble-hill. She seems to be a woman of piety and genius; and though I never visited her in my life, yet was I disposed to do her good offices on the doctor's account, and her own good character. By Lady M—— I cannot guess whom

you mean. Mrs. Haywood I have heard of as a stupid, infamous, scribbling woman, but have not seen any of her productions. And now, madam, I utterly acquit your ladyship of all things that may concern me, except your good opinion, and that very little share I can pretend to in your memory. I never knew a lady who had so many qualities to beget esteem; but how you act as a friend is out of my way to judge. As to the queen, whom I never offended, since it would be presumption in me to imagine I ever came voluntarily into her thoughts, so it must be a mortification to think, when I happen to be named in her presence, it is usually to my disadvantage. I remember to have once told her majesty, how hard a thing it was that when a prince or great minister had once received an ill impression of any person, although from the most false information, although the prince were demonstrably convinced of the person's innocence, yet the impression still continued; and her majesty condemned the severity of such a proceeding. I had said the same thing before to sir R. Walpole; who, upon reporting it to others, was pleased to give it a turn that I did not deserve. I remember the plaid, but I forgot the crown, and the meaning of it. If you had thought fit to have sent me as much of the plaid as would have made me a morning-cap before it fell to the share of the lowest of your women, I should have been proud that my head should have worn your livery. But if you are weary of your character, it must lie upon my hands, for I know no other whom it will fit. And if your ladyship will not allow it to be a character, I am sure it may pass for a prediction. If you should put the same fancy into the queen's head, I must send her a much larger character, and in royal paper, otherwise she will not be able to wrap the bundle in it. I fear so long a letter is beyond your mercy to forgive; but your ladyship is sure to be easy till Mr. Pope shall tell me that you are content to receive another. I should be heartily sorry if your increase in honor and employment has not been accompanied with increase of health. Let Mr. Pope in all his letters give me a particular account on this head, and pray God I may never have the least motive to pity you. For as a courtier, I forgive your *ame endurcie;* which I once charged on my lord Chesterfield, and he did not dislike it. And you have not a favorite or flatterer who makes more outward offers of wishes for your ease and happiness than I do prayers from the bottom of my heart, which proceed entirely from that respect and esteem wherewith I am, madam, your ladyship's most obedient humble servant.

TO THE REV. MR. WINDAR.

Dublin, February 19, 1732.

SIR,—I had the favor of yours of the 6th instant. I have been above a fortnight confined by an accidental strain, and neither read nor walk, nor easily write, else you should have heard from me sooner. I am heartily sorry for your disorder, and am the more sensible by those I have myself, though not of the same kind, but a constant disposition to giddiness, which I fear my present confinement, with the want of exercise, will increase. I am afraid you could not light upon a more unqualified man to serve you, or my nearest friends, in any manner, with people in power; for I have the misfortune to be not only under the particular displeasure both of the king and queen, as everybody knows, but likewise of every person, both in England and Ireland, who are well with the court, or can do me good or hurt. And although this and the two last lieutenants were of my old acquaintance, yet I never could prevail with any of them to give a living to a sober grave clergyman, who married my near relation, and has been long in the church; so that he is still my curate; and I reckon this present governor will do like the rest. I believe there is not any person you see from this town who does not know that my situation is as I describe. If you or your son were in favor with any bishop or patron, perhaps it might be contrived to have them put in mind, or solicited; but I am no way proper to be the first mover, because there is not one spiritual or temporal lord in Ireland whom I visit, or by whom I am visited, but am as mere a monk as any in Spain; and there is not a clergyman on the top of a mountain who so little converses with mankind, or is so little regarded by them, on any other account except showing malice. All this I bear as well as I can; eat my morsel alone like a king, and am constantly at home when I am not riding or walking, which I do often, and always alone.

I give you this picture of myself out of old friendship: from whence you may judge what share of spirits and mirth is now left me. Yet I cannot read at nights, and am therefore forced to scribble something, whereof nine things in ten are burned next morning. Forgive this tediousness in the pen, which I acquire by the want of spending it in talk; and believe me to be, with true esteem and friendship, your most obedient humble servant, &c.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Deanery-house, March 28, 1732.

MR. FAULKNER,—Without the least regard to your wager, I do assure you, upon my word and reputation, that I am not the author of one single line or syllable of that pamphlet called "An Infallible Scheme to Pay the Debts of the Nation;" and, as it is a very unjust, so it is equally an imprudent and fallible proceeding, to pronounce determinately on our taste and knowledge of style or manner of writing, where very good judges are often deceived: and in this case, few men have suffered so much as myself, who have borne the reproach of many hundred printed papers which I never saw. I do likewise protest in the same manner that I did not write the epigram upon Taylor, nor heard of it until Mr. Pilkington showed it me in manuscript. Therefore, pray desire your wagerer, from me, to be more cautious in determining on such matters, and not venture the loss of his money and credit with so much odds against him. I am your humble servant.

If this fancy should hold, of taxing me with all the papers that come out, and at the same time I should take a fancy to be a writer, I shall be discovered when I have no mind, for it will be only to catechise me whenever I am suspected.

TO LADY ACHESON.

AN APRIL-FOOL LETTER.

Saturday morning, 1732.

A GENTLEMAN called here last night upon some business, who took Mr. ——'s house yesterday at dinner in his return from Wicklow. He tells me that Mrs. —— was brought to-bed yesterday morning at five o'clock of half a child, just as if it were divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a nose, and a mouth, one leg, and so from top to bottom. They could see it was a boy, or rather half a boy: it was dead born, but she is very well. It was thought that this was the cause of all her colics. Mrs. Brent tells me she has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and sister with her.

Are you not undone for want of Monky? How are you? Does your milk agree with you? We shall see you no more at church until Monday returns. Adieu, &c. I mend a little.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you wrote your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my lady duchess, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Amesbury downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one: nay, worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honor is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day you may beckon a blackguard boy under a gate, near your visiting-place (*experto crede,*) save elevenpence, and get half-a-crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you for losing your great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit and be content with good ones. I like lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever: just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who has always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but I profess I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the duchess, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company with a rooted laziness and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste; and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting; while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride five hundred miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you

chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune: you are merciful to everything but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured I will hire people to watch all your motions and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Amesbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighboring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the duchess's women admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish? can you play with him at backgammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country's skill is in fishing for roaches or gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will show this letter to the duchess, to improve her grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are likely to be in the family. Her grace shall have the honor of my correspondence again when she goes to Amesbury. Hear a piece of Irish news: I buried the famous general Meredyth's father last night in my cathedral, he was ninety-six years old; so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was among you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding and middle rank. Adieu.

TO THE REV. DR. HENRY JENNY.

AT HIS HOUSE IN ARMAGH.

Dublin, June 8, 1732.

SIR,—It is true that some weeks ago a manuscript paper of verses was handed about this town, and afterwards printed. The subject was, my great ingratitude and breach of hospitality in publishing a copy of verses called "HAMILTON'S BAWN." The writer hath likewise taken severe notice of some other verses published many years ago by the indiscretion of a friend, to whom they were

sent in a letter. It was called a journal, and written at Mr. Rochfort's; and the consequences drawn from both by this late writer is, that the better I am used in any family the more I abuse them; with other reflections that must follow from such a principle. I was originally as unwilling to be libelled as the nicest man can be; but having been used to such treatment ever since I unhappily began to be known, I am now grown hardened; and while the friends I have left will continue to use me with any kindness, I shall need but a small degree of philosophy to bear me up against those who are pleased to be my enemies on the score of party zeal, and the hopes of turning the zeal to account. One thing, I confess, would still touch me to the quick; I mean if any person of true genius would employ his pen against me; but if I am not very partial to myself, I cannot remember that, among at least two thousand papers, full of groundless reflections against me, hundreds of which I have seen, and heard of more, I never saw any one production that the meanest writer could have cause to be proud of; for which I can assign a very natural reason; that during the whole busy time of my life, the men of wit (in England) were all my particular friends, although many of them differed from me in opinions of public persons and proceedings. As to Ireland, where I lived very little before the queen's death, and ever since in perfect retirement, I remember to have published nothing but what is called the "Drapier's Letters," and some few other trifles relating to the affairs of this miserable and ruined kingdom. What other things fell from me (chiefly in verse) were only amusements in hours of sickness or leisure, or in private families to divert ourselves and some neighbors, but were never intended for public view, which is plain from the subjects and the careless way of handling them; neither indeed can it answer the true ends of vanity, or desire of praise, to let the world see such little sallies of fancy or humor, because, if they be ill or indifferently performed, (which must often be the case), the loss of reputation is certain; and however well executed, after a week's vogue, they are utterly forgotten. I know not how I come to be led so far from the subject of your letter. I confess there were some few persons who made random conjectures that you might possibly be concerned in the paper you hint at, but they were such who knew very little of you or me; for others who were better acquainted with us both have always cleared you, because they did not look upon that paper any way equal to

your known good sense and candor, or talent of writing. And as to myself, I had further conviction, because I knew how well you were acquainted with the whole history and occasion of writing those verses on the barrack; how well pleased the master and lady of the family were with it; that you had read it more than once; that it was no secret to any neighbor, nor any reserve but that against giving a copy. You know well by what incidents that reserve was broken, by granting a copy to a great person, and from thence how it fell into other hands, and so came (as is the constant case) to be published, and is now forgotten. I confess my own conjectures about this late libel against me lay towards another gentleman, who, I am informed, hath since cleared himself,—I mean Dr. Tisdall: but that suspicion was first taught me by others: and yet I know very well that for at least fifteen years past he hath been often engaged in a kind of flirting war of satiric burlesque verse with certain wags both in town and country, who, it seems, were provoked with his faculty of jibing, and used to answer him in his own way. Yet I have been assured that in these combats he was generally mistaken in his adversaries, falling foul upon many persons who never dipped a pen either for or against him: and I think you, among others, had some marks of his favor. But as to me, who I solemnly profess was always entirely innocent, during the whole time that his pen and tongue took this unhappy turn, as well as before and since, I could never be one month at peace for his wit; whatever was writ to ridicule him was laid at my door, and only by himself; with a further declaration, much to my honor, that he knew my style, would trouble himself to inquire no further; and, using my sirname, said I was his man. Some of his performances I have seen, and have heard of more, besides the great number he kept *in petto;* so that five or six gentlemen have often and very lately assured me that in one evening sitting he has produced a dozen of his libels wholly against me: desiring I might be told of it, and assuring those gentlemen that the whole dozen should be published if I would not let him alone. This was a little hard upon me, who had never one single moment in my life the least inclination to enter the lists with him, at those or any other weapons whatsoever, any more than I would venture to sit four hours disputing with him any point of controversy. I confess this keenness of the doctor in determining, whenever he was attacked, to fix on me for his adversary, inclined me to conceive that he might probably have

written this last paper, and other people had the same thought: but I hear he hath utterly denied it; and I believe him: for I am confident he is an honest man, but unhappily misled, through the whole course of his life, by mistaking his talent, which he hath, against nature, applied to wit and raillery and rhyming: besides which, his incurable absence of mind on all occasions and in all companies hath led him into ten thousand errors, especially of that kind which are mortal to all agreeable or improving conversation, and which hath put him upon such a foot with every friend that I heartily lament the situation he is in.

I entreat your pardon for the length and insignificancy of this letter, but my solitary way of life is apt to make me talkative upon paper. I desire you would believe, first, that I have so frequently been libelled, that my curiosity to know the authors is quite extinct, though that of some friends is not; secondly, that I am not hasty in judging of men's style, or matter, or malice. I can venture to say that a thing is not written by such a person, because it is much below his good sense; and to look among the herd of dunces is endless. As to yourself, I hope you will be my witness that I have always treated you with particular distinction; and if we differ in opinions relating to public proceedings, it is for very good reasons: you are an expectant from the world and from power; I have long done with both: having been an original offender against all principles set up since the death of the queen, I could not think it worth my while to quit my old ones, and must have done it with an ill grace, though honor and conscience had been out of the question. Whoever really believes that things are well is many ways happy; he is pleased with the world, (as I was formerly,) and the world with him; his merit is allowed, and favor will certainly follow; which I heartily wish you, only desiring that, in what appears to my eyes a very dirty road, you would pick out the cleanest stages you can; and believe me to be, with much esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

TO THE REV. JOHN BRANDRETH.

DEAN OF EMLY.

Dublin, June 30, 1732.

SIR,—If you are not an excellent philosopher, I allow you personate one perfectly well; and if you believe yourself, I heartily envy you; for I never yet saw in Ireland a spot of earth two feet

wide that had not in it something to displease. I think I once was in your county, Tipperary, which is like the rest of the whole kingdom, — a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations; filthy cabins, miserable, tattered, half-starved creatures, scarce in human shape; one insolent, ignorant oppressive squire to be found in twenty miles' riding; a parish church to be found only in a summer-day's journey, in comparison of which an English farmer's barn is a cathedral; a bog of fifteen miles round; every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath, and marsh; and every male and female, from the farmer inclusive to the day-laborer, infallibly a thief, and consequently a beggar, which in this island are terms convertible. The Shannon is rather a lake than a river, and has not the sixth part of the stream that runs under London bridge. There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage; yet it is better improved than the people: and all these evils are effects of English tyranny; — so your sons and grandchildren will find to their sorrow. Cork indeed was a place of trade; but for some years past is gone to decay; and the wretched merchants, instead of being dealers, are dwindled into pedlars and cheats. I desire you will not write such accounts to your friends in England. Did you ever see one cheerful countenance among our country vulgar? unless once a-year at a fair or on a holiday, when some poor rogue happened to get drunk, and starved the whole week after. You will give a very different account of your winter's campaign, when you can't walk five yards from your door without being mired to your knees, nor ride half a mile without being in slough to your saddle-skirts; when your landlord must send twenty miles for yeast, before he can brew or bake; and the neighbors for six miles round must club to kill a mutton. Pray, take care of damps, and when you leave your bedchamber let a fire be made, to last till night; and after all, if a stocking happens to fall off a chair, you may wring it next morning. — *I nunc, et tecum versus meditare canoros.*

I have not said all this out of any malicious intention, to put you out of conceit with the scene where you are, but merely for your credit; because it is better to know you are miserable than to betray an ill taste: I consult your honor, which is dearer than life; therefore I demand that you shall not relish one bit of victuals, or drop of drink, or the company of any human creature within thirty miles of Knoctoher, during your residence in those parts; and then I shall begin to have a tolerable opinion of your understanding.

My lameness is very slowly recovering; and if it be well when that the year is out, I shall gladly compound; yet I make a shift to ride about ten miles a-day by virtue of certain implements called gambadocs, where my feet stand firm as on a floor; and I generally dine alone, like a king or an hermit, and continue alone until I go to bed; for even my wine will not purchase company, and I begin to think the lame are forsaken as much as the poor and the blind. Mr. Jebb never calls at the deanery of late: perhaps he hath found out that I like him as a modest man, and of a very good understanding. This town is neither large nor full enough to furnish events for entertaining a country correspondent. Murder now and then is all we have to trust to. Our fruit is all destroyed with the long spring and eastern winds; and I shall not have the tenth part of my last year's fruit. Miss Hoadly hath been nine days in the small-pox which I never heard of till this minute; but they say she is past danger. She would have been a terrible loss to the archbishop. Dr. Felton, of Oxford, hath written an octavo about Revelation. I know not his character. He sent over four copies to me, one of which was for Mr. Tickell, two for the bishops of Cork and Waterford, and one to myself, by way of payment for sending the rest, I suppose, for he sent me no letter. I know him not. Whenever you are in this town, I hope you will mend your usage of me by coming often to a philosophical dinner at the deanery: this I pretend to expect for the sake of our common princess, lady Elizabeth Germaine, to whom I owe the happiness of your acquaintance; and on her account I expect your justice to believe me to be, with truest esteem, your most obedient humble servant.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he stayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something; there is no writing I esteem more than fables, nor anything so difficult to succeed in: which, however, you have done excellently well, and I have often admired your happiness in such a kind of performances, which I have frequently endeavored at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint; I found a moral first, and studied for a fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was to represent what scoundrels rise in armies by a long war, wherein

I supposed the lion was engaged; and having lost all his animals of worth, at last sergeant Hog came to be brigadier, and corporal Ass a colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage, which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England: but pray take some new scheme, quite different from anything you have already touched. The present humor of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was to pass a month at Amesbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Riskins, without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings; but I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old to have two or three servants about you and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or not. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visitor if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine; so that, when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here's your health; and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my lady duchess; and I tell you that I fear my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of philosophers) would starve me, for even of port wine I should require half a pint a-day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unless your duke and duchess have mended you. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind; you eat without care, and if you drink less than I you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes by court hopes and court fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation: neither is my lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* but the doctor is the king of inattention! What a vexatious life should I lead among you! If the duchess be a *rêveuse*, I will never go to Amesbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both to one of her women and the steward and chaplain.

MADAM, I mentioned something to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge ac-

quaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to town, and yet I am assured that, if they meet next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your grace to be better established upon your return to Amesbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend, my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart that Mr. Gay had no sooner turned his back than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you so far that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst; and fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she has pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Amesbury, and breeding confusion in your grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life has been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible lady to whom I was obliged for so many favors, and whom I never beheld since she was a brat in hanging sleeves. I am and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient and most humble, &c.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, July 22, 1732.

MR. ALDERMAN, — There is a young gentlemen of the clergy here, for whom I have great regard. And I cannot but wish this young gentleman (for whose learning and oratory in the pulpit I will engage) might have the honor to be your chaplain in your mayoralty. His name is Matthew Pilkington: he is some years under thirty, but has more wit, sense, and discretion than any of your London parsons ten years above his age. He has a great longing to see England, and appear in the presence of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, and others, in which I will venture to befriend him. You are not to tell me of prior engagements, because I have some title, as an old acquaintance, to expect a favor from you. Therefore pray let me know immediately that you have complied with my request before

you had read half my letter. I expect your answer, to my satisfaction, and the happiness of the young gentleman; and am, with great sincerity, your most obedient servant.

P. S. You need not be afraid of Mr. Pilkington's hanging upon you; for he has some fortune of his own, and somewhat in the church; but he would be glad to see England, and be more known to those who will esteem him and may raise him.

TO ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, August 10, 1732.

Mr. Alderman, — I am very angry with my friend doctor Delany for not applying to you sooner, as I desired him, in favor of Mr. Matthew Pilkington, a young clergyman here, who has a great ambition to have the honor of being your chaplain in your mayoralty. I waited for the doctor's answer before I could write to you, and it came but last night. He tells me you have been so very kind as to give him a promise upon my request; I will therefore tell my story. This gentleman was brought to me by the doctor about four years ago, and I found him so modest a young man, so good a scholar and preacher, and of so hopeful a genius, and grew still better upon my hands the more I knew him, that I have been seeking all opportunities to do him some real service, from no other motive in the world but the esteem I had of his worth. And I hope you know me long enough to believe me capable of acting as I ought to do in such a case, however contrary it may be to the present practice of the world. He has a great longing to see England, and appear in the presence of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and some other of my friends, wherein I will assist him with my recommendations. He is no relation or dependant of mine. I am not putting you upon a job, but to encourage a young man of merit upon his own account as well as mine. He will be no burden upon you, for he has some fortune of his own, and will have a much better from his father; and has also a convenient establishment in a church in this city.

Mr. Pilkington will be ready to attend you upon your command, and I wish he may go as soon as possible, that he may have a few weeks to prepare him for his business, by seeing the Tower, the Monument, and Westminster Abbey, and have done staring in the streets.

I am so entirely out of the world that I cannot promise a hope ever to requite your favor otherwise than with hearty thanks for conferring this obligation upon me. And I shall ever remain, with true esteem, your most obedient and obliged humble servant.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, August 12, 1732.

I KNOW not what to say to the account of your stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the South Sea should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way, for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pounds will buy me six hogsheads of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia.* Horace desired no more: for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures,* and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting and usefully satirical, and the duchess shall be your critic; and between you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300*l.* a-year, and that must be made out of the duchess's pin-money before I can consent. I want to be minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the duchess and you, who are both out of favor; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. Delany has got a wife with 1600*l.* a-year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand; I wish you would inquire of such a one in your neighborhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but 3000*l.* more to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Amesbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants,

with some other lessons which I shall teach you, and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know whether the vicar of Amesbury can play at backgammon? pray ask him the question and give him my service.

MADAM,—I was the most unwary creature in the world when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condescension of mine may go no further, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer, "Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of gentleman-usher;" and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him I utterly despair. As to yourself, I will say to you (though comparisons be odious) what I said to the queen, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: my compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you; for I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by six months conversing. Your pen is always more natural and sincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy: and although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone; even in your grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter is the most usual thing in the world; parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only, arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the ministry and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, It is none of my bread and butter: meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an

excellent lady be who lives a few miles from this town! As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Amesbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question, I answer that your grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my clothes to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my lord duke unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not ashamed of you though you be duke and duchess, though I have been of others who are, &c., and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postilions; and when I come to Amesbury, before I see your grace, I will have an hour's conversation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson and all the neighbors as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect, your grace's most obedient, &c.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

1732.

My Lord,—I never knew or heard of any person so volatile and so fixed as your lordship; you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favor and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and, in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting everything but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for, being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favor; but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of fortune in regard to your lordship. She hath forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a general because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral on account of your skill in maritime affairs; whereas, according to the usual method of court proceedings, I should have been at the

head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the dean of St. Patrick's.

The archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found success in that journey; else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honor, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, "That, not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you." It is so with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that "you know not where to lay your head;" and I think you have no house. Pray, my lord, write to me that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and showing my depending parsons a letter from the earl of Peterborough. I am, &c.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, September 11, 1732.

My Lord Elect,—I anticipate your title, because perhaps it may be your due before your chaplain, Mr. Pilkington, can attend you. And besides, I have a mind to be the first person who gives it to you. And, first, I heartily acknowledge your goodness in favoring a young gentleman who has well answered all the recommendations that have been given me of him, and I have some years watched all opportunities to do him a good office, but none of the few things in my own gift that would be proper for him have fallen in my way since I knew him; and power with others, you know or may believe, I have none. I value Mr. Pilkington as much for his modesty as his learning and sense, or any good quality he has. And it would be hard, after your sending us over so many worthless bishops, all bedangled with their pert illiterate relations and flatterers, if you would not suffer us to lend you, at least for one year, one sample of modesty, virtue, and good sense; and I am glad it falls to your lordship to give the first precedent. I will write to Dr. Trapp in Mr. Pilkington's favor, but whether I have any credit with him I cannot tell, although perhaps you will think I may pretend to some. It is by my advice that Mr. Pilkington goes over somewhat sooner; for I would have him know a little of your end of the town, and what he is to do; but he will not give you any trouble or care till you please to command him, which I suppose will not be till you are settled in your office.

Nothing but this cruel accident of a lameness could have hindered me from attending your ceremonial as a spectator, and I should have forwarded, to the utmost, Mr. Pope's scheme, for I never approved the omission of those shows. And I think I saw, in my youth, a lord-mayor's show with all that pomp, when sir Thomas Pilkington, of your chaplain's name and family, made his procession.

I have advised your chaplain to send you this letter, and not present it, that you may be in no pain about him, for he shall wait on you the next morning, when he has taken a lodging for himself, till you come into your mayoralty.

I cannot conclude without repeating my acknowledgments for your kind remembrance of me. We were both followers of the same court and the same cause and exiles, after a sort, you a voluntary one, and I a necessary; but you have out-thrown me many a hundred bars' lengths. I heartily wish the continuance of your good success, and am, with great truth, your most constant friend and most obedient humble servant.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BARBER,

LORD-MAYOR OF LONDON.

Dublin, December 14, 1732.

My Lord,—After obtaining one favor from your lordship, I am under the necessity of requesting another; which, however, I hope will not give you much trouble. I know that it depends upon chance what employments you may have in your disposal during your mayoralty; but some I presume you will have. It is therefore my request, and will be so likewise of some others among your friends, that if any employment should fall vacant during your government, which Mr. Barber would be allowed capable of executing well, your lordship would please that he may have the refusal, with as much favor as will consist with your own generous disposition, adding the friendship you are pleased to profess to me, which I throw heartily into the balance. He is of English birth; a very upright, honest man, and his wife has abundance of merit in all respects; they design to settle among you, having turned what fortune they had here into money.

And now, my lord, I heartily give you joy of governing the noblest city in the world, where I know you are desirous and able to do so much good, and to set a worthy pattern for the imitation of those who shall come after you. If my health and the bad

situation of my private affairs will permit, I shall hope to have the honor of being one among your guests next summer. Mr. Pilkington is, in his letters, perpetually full of your great favors to him, and says you will be his voucher that he still continues his modest behavior, which I always pressed upon him as the best quality in a young man, although I never observed the least want of it in him.

I hope you will take care of your health, which in our city of Dublin is a difficult task for a lord-mayor to perform; and if your lordship be under the necessity of drinking as many healths in proportion on public days as are done here you will be in great danger of ruining your own. I am, with entire friendship and true respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant.

TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

Deanery-house, January 1, 1733.

MADAM,—I send you your bit of a newspaper, with the verses, than which I never saw better in their kind. I have the same opinion of those you were pleased to write upon me, as have also some particular friends of genius and taste, to whom I ventured to communicate them, who universally agree with me. But as I cannot with decency show them, except to a very few, I hope, for both our sakes, others will do it for me. I can only assure you I value your present as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a pen; which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to use it. I heartily wish you many happy new years; and am, with true esteem, madam, your most obliged friend and servant.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

January 8, 1733.

MADAM,—Although I have but just received the honor of your ladyship's letter, yet, as things stand, I am determined, against my usual practice, to give you no respite but to answer it immediately; because you have provoked me with your lady Suffolk. It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England after the queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess; and, among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously. I told her the first time "that I was informed she loved to see old persons;

and that, having sent for a wild boy from Germany, she had a curiosity to see a wild dean from Ireland." I was not much struck with the honor of being sent for, because I knew the same distinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compared. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs. Howard, now lady Suffolk, was usually the person who sent for me, both at Leicester-house and Richmond. Mr. Pope (with whom I lived) and Mr. Gay were then great favorites of Mrs. Howard, especially the latter, who was then one of her led-captains. He had written a very ingenious book of fables, for the use of her younger son, and she often promised to provide for him. But some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the princess. Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends to dine with him at Chelsea. After dinner I took an occasion to say what I had observed of princes and great ministers, "that if they heard an ill thing of a private person, who expected some favor, although they were afterward convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled." Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay. I afterward said the same thing to the princess, with the same intention; and she confessed it a great injustice. But Mr. Walpole gave it another turn; for he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord, a near relation of yours, "that I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself;" it seems for my conduct in her late majesty's reign, in which no man was more innocent, and particularly more officious to do good offices to many of that party which was then out of power, as it is well known. Mrs. Howard was then in great favor, and openly protected Mr. Gay; at least, she saw him often, and professed herself his friend: but Mr. Walpole could hardly be persuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a second year, of commissioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her highness on coming hither, she was very gracious; told me "the medals she had promised me were not ready, but she would send them to me." However, by her commands I sent her some plaids for herself and the princesses, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. Next spring I came again to England; was received the same way;

and as I had many hints given me that the court at Leicester-fields would endeavor to settle me in England, (which I did not much regard,) the late king died. I went, by Mrs. Howard's orders, to kiss their new majesties' hands, and was particularly distinguished by the queen. In a few weeks the queen said to Mrs. Howard (alluding to one of Gay's fables) "that she would take up the Hare;" and bade her to put her in mind, in settling the family, to find some employment for Mr. Gay; but, in the event, it proved only an offer to be a gentleman-usher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the rest) advised him not to accept: and accordingly he excused himself with the utmost respect. This I and everybody else were sure must have been a management of Mr. Walpole. As to myself, in a few weeks after the king's death I found myself not well, and was resolved to take a step to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard; because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the promise made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I wrote to her for her opinion, and particularly conjured her, "since I had long done with courts, not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice;" which she did, both in a letter and to some friends. It was, "by all means not to go: it would look singular, and perhaps disaffected;" and to my friends enlarged upon the good intentions of the court toward me. I staid; my health grew worse; I left Mr. Pope's house; went to a private lodging near Hammersmith; and, continuing ill, I wrote to Mrs. Howard, with my duty to the queen, took coach for Chester, recovered in my journey, and came over hither; where, although I have ever since lived in obscurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any grounds except misinformation, to lie under her majesty's displeasure, as I have been assured by more than two honorable persons of both sexes; and Mr. Gay is in the same condition. For these reasons, as I did always, so I do still think Mrs. Howard, now my lady Suffolk, to be an absolute courtier. Let her show you the character I wrote of her, and whereof no one else has a copy; and I take Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, who judge more favorably, to be a couple of simpletons. In my answer to the last letter which my lady Suffolk honored me with, I did with great civility discharge her from ever giving herself another trouble of that kind. I have a great esteem for her good

sense and taste. She would be an ornament to any court; and I do not in the least pity her for not being a female minister, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wise lady; of which I could easily produce instances. Mr. Pope, besides his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candor; and is, consequently, apt to be too great a believer of assurances, promises, professions, encouragements, and the like words of course. He asks nothing; and thinks, like a philosopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor ministers are either able to judge, or inclined to encourage: which, however, I do not take for so high a breach of politics as they usually suppose: for, however insignificant wit, learning, and virtue may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on its side. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not so wise as I thought you to be; but I will never offend again with so much length. I write only to justify myself. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and so am I to this day: but nature has not given you leave to be virulent. As to myself, I am of the old Whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your ladyship says not one syllable to inform me whether you approve of what I sent you to be written on the monument, nor whether you would have it in Latin or English. I am ever, with true respect and high esteem, madam, your ladyship's, &c.

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered: and his preferment is by turns in the crown and the primate; but the next vacancy will not be in the crown's disposal.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, January, 1733.

I RECEIVED yours with a few lines from the doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay, upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long living has not hardened me; for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavor to comfort myself upon the loss of friends as I do upon the loss of money, by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support; but in the former case I find I have not any more than

in the other; and know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than I by his death, as being a more intimate friend and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he has left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wish that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition, under your inspection. Your poem on the "Use of Riches" has been just printed here, and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which, however, would have been but few, for my long absence has made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon "Taste." We are told here that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends, one (for instance) to my lord Bolingbroke, another to lord Oxford, and so on. Dr. Delany presents you his most humble service: he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table; walks the streets, as usual, by daylight; does many acts of charity and generosity; cultivates a country-house two miles distant; and is one of those very few within my knowledge on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly, he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an agent; he is a most worthy gentleman, whom I hope you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favor to Mr. Pilkington, which I desire may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his modesty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the duchess of Queensberry, I desire you will present her my most humble service; I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirits. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up a great part of the little happiness

I could have here. This was the more generous because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for anything so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health; I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who I am told is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you; she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

January, 1733.

My Lord,—It is some time since Mrs. Ball gave me, enclosed and directed to me, your lordship's verses, in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleased to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgments; and if I were to follow the course of my own nature, the delay should be longer; because, although I believe no man has a more grateful sense of a real honor done him than myself, yet no man is in more confusion how to express it. Although I had not the least hand in publishing those verses (which would have ill become me), yet I will not be so affected as to conceal the pride I have in seeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure against your lordship for publicly favoring one so obnoxious to present powers, and turning their hatred into envy; which last, as it is more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my revenge. And of this advantage I shall make the proper use, leaving your lordship to shift for yourself, without the least grain of pity for what you may suffer.

In the mean time I beg you to accept my most humble thanks for the honor done me by so excellent a performance on so barren a subject; by which words I wisely anticipate the censure of all those who love me not; in spite of whom it will be said in future ages that one of lord Orrery's first essays in poetry were these verses on Dr. Swift. That your lordship may go on to be the great example, restorer, and patron of virtue, learning, and wit, in a most corrupt, stupid, and ignorant age and nation, shall be the constant wish, hope, and prayer of, my lord, your most obedient, obliged, and most humble servant.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dublin, February 16, 1733.

My Lord, — The bearer, Mr. Faulkner, the prince of Dublin printers, will have the honor to deliver you this. He tells me your lordship was so gracious as to admit him into your presence and receive him with great condescension, which encouraged him to hope for the same favor again by my mediation, which I could not refuse. Although for his own profit he is engaged in a work that very much discontents me, yet I would rather have it fall into his hands than any other's on this side.

I am just recovered in some degree of two cruel indispositions, of giddiness and deafness, after seven months. I have got my hearing; but the other evil hangs still about me, and I doubt will never quite leave me until I leave it.

I hope your lordship, and lady Oxford, and lady Margaret continue in perfect health. I pray God preserve you all, for the good of your friends and your country. I am, with entire respect and esteem, your lordship's most obedient and most obliged servant.

TO THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

March 20, 1733.

Madam, — I had lately the honor of a letter from your grace, which was dated just a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days since I have been much disordered with a giddiness that I have been long subject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgment of the great favor you have done me. The greatest unhappiness of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend [Mr. Gay],—I mean my banishment in this miserable country; for the distance I am at, and the despair I have of ever seeing my friends, further than by a summer's visit; and this, so late in my life, so uncertain in my health, and so embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen; so that my loss is not so great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converse with him. But I chiefly lament your grace's misfortune, because I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can possibly acquire the highest veneration to a mortal creature from the worthiest of humankind, you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend as that person whose death

all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your grace has the same thoughts. Loss of friends has been called a tax upon life, and what is worse, it is then too late to get others if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I shall never differ from you in anything longer than till you declare your opinion; because I never knew you wrong in anything except your condescending to have any regard for me; and therefore all you say upon the subject of friendship I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both; and his, for a person in private life, was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself; which, considering a thousand mortifications, added to the perfect ill-will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by the honor of lying under the same circumstances with a certain great person whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did or ever will make in the whole course of your life. I am content upon your petition to receive the duke and your grace for my stewards for that immense sum; and in proper time I may come to thank you as a king does the commons for your loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly entreat your grace that the money may lie where you please till I presume to trouble you with a bill, as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very tetchy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken; for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr. Pope, like a treacherous gentleman, showed you my letter wherein I mentioned good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroked that offensive word to show it should be printed in *italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a girl except once in the dark (to give you a

bull of this country) in a walk next the Mall. Your letters may possibly be false copies of your mind; and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person in two kingdoms who have the least regard for virtue may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, — I mean that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them by a sort of infirmity wherein I have few fellow-sufferers; I mean that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree as long as I am a servant to your grace, — I mean to the last hour of my life and senses. I am, with the greatest respect and utmost gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my lord duke of Queensberry. For a man of my level I have as bad a name almost as I desire; and I pray God that those who give it me may never have reason to give me a better.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, March 27, 1733.

I RECEIVED your letter with some pleasure and a good deal of concern. The condition you are in requires the greatest haste hither, although your school did not; and when you arrive I will force Dr. Helsham to see and direct you: your scheme of riding and country air you find hath not answered, and therefore you have nothing to trust to but the assistance of a friendly, skilful doctor. For whether they can do any good or not, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at present, because the public and all your family have occasion for you. Besides, I do not like the place you are in, from your account, since you say people are dying there so fast. You cannot afford to lose daily blood; but I suppose you are no more regular than you have been in your whole life. I like the article very much which you propose in your will, and if that takes place forty years hence, and God for the sins of men should continue that life so long, I would have it be still inserted, unless you could make it a little sharper. I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends who, next to yourself, have done you most hurt, whom still I esteem and frequent, though I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely per-

sonal malice to you (although it had the same effect), but a kind of know-not-what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented: however, it came to be patched up. I am confident your collection of *bon mots* and *contes à rire* will be much the best extant; but you are apt to be terribly sanguine about the profits of publishing; however, it shall have all the pushing I can give. I have been much out of order with a spice of my giddiness, which began before you left us; I am better of late days, but not right yet, though I take daily drops and bitters. I must do the best I can, but shall never more be a night-walker. You hear they have in England passed the excise on tobacco, and by their votes it appears they intend it on more articles. And care is taken by some special friends here to have it the same way here. We are slaves already. And from my youth upward the great wise men whom I used to be among taught me that a general excise (which they now by degrees intend) is the most direct and infallible way to slavery. Pray G— send it them in his justice, for they well deserve it. All your friends and the town are just as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on horseback, or dining and sitting the evening at home, endeavoring to write, but write nothing, merely out of indolence and want of spirits. No soul has broke his neck, or is hanged, or married; only Cancerina is dead, and I let her go to her grave without a coffin and without fees. So I am going to take my evening walk after five, having not been out of doors yet. I wish you well and safe at home; pray call on me on Sunday night. I am yours.

P. S. I believe there are a hundred literal blunders, but I cannot stay to mend them. — So pick as you are able.

I am not so *frank* a writer as you.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I ANSWER your letter the sooner because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, "The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, written by himself." It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication, after a formal story, says that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you that I wrote a year or two ago near five

fundred lines upon the same maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impostor says in his dedication, with many circumstances all pure invention. I desire you to believe and to tell my friends that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's "Æneis," for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I showed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one single line or thought is contained in this imposture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be seen till I can be seen no more; I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that everybody may know the delusion, and acquit me, as I am sure you must have done yourself if you have read any part of it, which is mean and trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise; I would sink to be a vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder, more or less, is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends; I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself if I lived among you; because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill nature in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel that of all men living you are the most happy in your enemies and your friends: and I will swear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the lady or the lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore, *tacit indignatio versus* is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villany, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness, only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? give me a shilling, and I will insure

you that posterity shall never know you had one single [illegible] except ing those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged than to see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen burned immediately, and the others that have gone abroad printed separately like opuscula, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be engraved, and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to nobody else; and he tells me he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a short epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line or two at most, and then I will send it you with his permission. I have nothing against yours but the last line, *striking their aching*, the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the duchess, who has lately honored me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged; but I will break through the latter if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design next to seeing you is to be a severe critic on you and your neighbor [Bolingbroke]; but first kill his father that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600*l.* for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two servants, for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitiosâ paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I shall find grass, and wine, and servants, but with him not.—The collection you speak of is this. A printer [Faulkner] came to me to desire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes, by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London; I answered they could if the partners agreed. He said, "he would be glad of my permission; but as he could print them without it, and was advised that it could do me no harm, and having been assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest," &c. Much of this discourse past, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determined not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent; and I wish it could be done in England, rather than

here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in everything of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *quæ virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks, of an ill head and a low spirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest earnestness and truth.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

June 29, 1733.

I DESIRE Mrs. Pilkington will deliver you the paper relating to Gulliver, which I left with her husband. For since you intend to print a new edition of that book, I must tell you that the English printer made several alterations which I much disapprove of, and cannot set them right without those papers.

If I am not mistaken Mr. Pilkington hath an edition of Gulliver, where the true original copy is interleaved in manuscript; I desire I may also see that book. I am your humble servant.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I MUST condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me; and so much the worse, because I expected, *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that, a very convenient offer happening, you waived the invitation pressed on you, alleging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them. I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment who are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of church or state are three parts in four

from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: those indeed may once or twice invite their friends or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year. Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern [the poet], who has just left us, was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the doctor [Delany], who is easy in his fortune and very hospitable. The conveniences of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two edges of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good-humor, and taste, able and desirous to please you, and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here of any honors that could be done you. As to myself, I declare my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture among you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney coaches, carts, and carriages, round this town, who dare not insult me like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one lord or squire for a hundred of yours to turn me out of the road or run over me with their coaches and six. Thus I make some advantage of the public property, and give you the reasons for what I once wrote, why I choose to be a freeman among slaves rather than a slave among freemen. Then I walk the streets in peace without being justled, nor even without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am lord-mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighboring princes, the lord-mayor of the city and the archbishop of Dublin, only the latter, like the king of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorraine. In the midst of this raillery I can tell you

with seriousness that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to lord Bolingbroke and yourself you agree with me entirely about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c., that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life I could have leaped over the moon.

TO DR. JOHN STERNE, BISHOP OF CLOGHER.

July, 1733.

My Lord,—I have been often told by some of our common acquaintance that you have sometimes expressed your wonder that I never waited on you for some years past, as I used to do for many years before; and that you could not guess the reason, because, to your knowledge, you never once disobliged me. As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the usual occurrences of life, without any fault on either side, I never intended to say or think anything of the matter until a late proceedings of yours, which no way relates to me, put me upon a desire of finding matter to justify you to your friends here, as well as to myself; because I always wished you well, and because I have been more than once instrumental to your service. When I first came acquainted with you we were both private clergymen in a neighborhood; you were afterwards chancellor of St. Patrick's; then was chosen dean, in which election I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the government and you to make you easy, and Dr. Synge chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give me the curacy of St. Nicholas Without; but you thought fit, by concert with the archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build another church; against which it became me to say nothing, being a party concerned and injured; although it was generally thought by others, as well as myself, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent to build a church with the revenue of the minister. I desire no thanks for being instrumental in your next promotion, because, as things then stood, I consulted my own advantage. However, upon the queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you, very unwisely, because, upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly that

I would always respect you, but never hope for the least friendship from you. But trying to forget all former treatment I came like others to your house; and since you were a bishop have once or twice recommended persons to you who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character, which availed so little that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being instrumental to place merit and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and as I was ever averse from mingling with multitudes and strangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hospitality rather than purchase a share of it at so dear a rate. This is the history of my conduct with regard to your lordship; and it is now a great comfort to me that I acted in this manner, for otherwise, when those two abominable bills for enslaving and beggaring the clergy (which took their birth from hell) were upon the anvil, if I had found your lordship's name among the bishops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to discover such marks of indignation, horror, and despair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a person of your station; for I call God to witness that I did then, and do now, and shall forever firmly believe, that every bishop who gave his vote for either of these bills did it with no other view (bating further promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals until the day of judgment, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion (an argument not to be conquered), or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves, when I saw a bishop whom I had known so many years fall into the same snare, which word I use in partiality to your lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt in almost the whole bench to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops; and it is my constant rule never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with.

In the beginning of my letter I told your lordship of a desire to

know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from some of whom I received the following account: That you have the great tithes of two livings in your diocese, which were left to some fanatic knight whose name I forget. It seems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourself, which was to give up those tithes to the two incumbents (the fanatic's lease being near out), either for a very small reserved rent, or entirely, provided you could do so without lessening the revenue of the see. And the condition was that your tenants among them should raise the rents one hundred and fifty pounds, which was what the fanatic paid you for both the said parishes. It is affirmed that sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants, much approving so generous a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same fanatic for three hundred pounds fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to be two: the first is, that you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, that you were dissuaded from it by some of your brethren as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence if it should be followed by others. This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggaring bills. I profess to your lordship that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point than a resolution to justify you to the world as far as the truth will give me power. I am, &c.

TO MRS. CÆSAR.

MADAM,—Among a few little vexations, such as beggary, slavery, corruption, ignorance, want of friends, faction, oppression, and some other trifles of the like nature, that we philosophers ought to despise, two or three ladies of long acquaintance, and at a great distance, are still so kind as to remember me; and I was always proud and pleased to a great degree that you happened to be one, since constancy is, I think, at least as seldom found in friendship as in love. Mrs. Barber, when I see her, is always telling me wonders of the continual favors you have conferred on her, and that, without your interposition, the success of her errand would have been hardly worth the journey; and I must bear the load of this obligation without the least possibility of ever returning it, otherwise than my

best wishes for the prosperity and health of you and your family; for in spite of all your good words I am the most insignificant man of this most insignificant country. I have been tied by the leg (without being married) for ten months past, by an unlucky strain, which prevented the honor and happiness I proposed to myself of waiting on you often during this last summer; and another year at my period of life is like an inch in a man's nose; yet I flatter myself that next spring I may take one voyage more, when you will see me altered in every disposition of body and mind, except in my respects for you and all that belong to you. There is one part of Mr. Pope's compliment which I cannot make you, for I could not with the strictest search find one letter too many in any of your words, although I found a thousand words too few in your letter; therefore I accepted and understood it only as a billet just written, while Mrs. Barber stood by in her hood and scarf, just ready to take her leave and begin her journey, and what is worse, I suspect that she was forced to solicit you long because she wanted a certificate under your hand to convince me that she was not an impostor.

I will not say one word in Mrs. Barber's behalf, for she will always continue to deserve your protection, and therefore she may be sure you will always continue to give it her.

I hope Mr. Cæsar is in good health, and desire he will accept the offer of my most humble service, with my hearty wishes for your whole family. I am, with true respect, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant.

TO MRS. CÆSAR.

Dublin, July 30, 1733.

MADAM, — I could not let Mrs. Barber leave us for good and all without honoring her with the carriage of a letter from your old humble and constant lover; she hath been afflicted with so many repetitions of the gout that her limbs are much weakened and her spirits sunk; neither can I well blame her, considering her grand affair of subscriptions must needs have slackened in her absence. Neither could she be in much disposition to increase her volumes, for health and good-humor are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the poetical trade; but I hope your countenance and protection will recover her spirits, and her hopes, and her genius. I imagine she looks on you as her chief patroness; because, although she be

abundantly grateful to all her protectors, yet I observe your name most often in her mouth. I wish it were in my power to take the same journey; but neither my health nor the bad state of my private affairs will give me power or leave; I cannot make shift nor bear fatigue as I used to do. To live in England half as tolerably as I do here would ruin me. I must have two servants and three horses, and dare drink nothing but wine; and my ragged church-rents would never be paid in my absence. My lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope press me with many kind invitations; but the former is too much a philosopher; he dines at six in the evening, after studying all the morning until the afternoon; and when he hath dined to his studies again. Mr. Pope can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and hath always some poetical scheme in his head. Thus the two best companions and friends I ever had have utterly disqualified themselves for my conversation and my way of living. Mr. Pope, who had often promised to pass a summer season with me here if he outlived his mother, soon after death waived the fairest opportunity of performing his promise two months ago, of coming over with ease, and in company of dean Cotterel and his sister; he said we should kill him with eating and drinking. I had a very convenient apartment for him in the deanery-house; he would have all the civilities of this town; and Mrs. Barber will tell you that we never want a dozen or more of very valuable persons, and of both sexes, with whom to converse; I chid him soundly in my last letter for his want of friendship or resolution. You see, madam, I am full of talk, but you are to blame, for I imagine myself in your company, which is indeed no great compliment; and, upon second thoughts, it is not true, for I should be much better pleased to be your hearer. However, I should certainly ask you a thousand questions concerning yourself and Mr. Cæsar and your whole family. I have received so much friendship and so many civilities from you both that I shall ever own my obligations, which are much increased by Mrs. Barber's feeding my vanity with telling me that you did not receive her worse for her being recommended by me; yet I confess her expressions were in somewhat stronger terms. Pray God bless you and your family. I desire you will present my most humble service to Mr. Cæsar. I am, with the greatest respect, madam, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BARBER,

LORD-MAYOR OF LONDON.

July, 1733.

My Lord, — Although I never read news I often hear of your lordship's actions and speeches, particularly your and the city address to the house of commons for throwing out that execrable bill of excise, and your defence of the city in the answer you gave to the recorder on the subject of riots. I hope you will always remember that you learnt these honest principles under an honest ministry, and in what has been since called the worst of times, which I pray God we might live to see again. Our friend Mrs. Barber is recovering of her gout, and intends in a few weeks to return to London. My lord Orrery, although almost a stranger to her, and very much embroiled in his affairs by a most villanous agent, has been extremely generous to her in easing her of one part of her load; and I hope by the success of her poems she will be made tolerably easy and independent, as she well deserves for her virtue and good sense. My lord Orrery is the delight of us all. But we wish him hanged for coming among us since he cannot stay with us. Your chaplain writes to me very seldom, and I never can get him to answer me how he lives; I gave him credit upon a friend in London for any small sums of money, which I find he has received most of; so that I am afraid his salary, perquisites, or fees, or whatever else he is to live by, is not to come in till the end of his office. I hope he continues to behave himself well; and indeed I think him a very valuable young man. As to myself, my private affairs are in so ill a posture, and my head so disordered by returns of my old giddiness, that I cannot yet venture to take those journeys that I used to make nothing of, and God knows whether I shall be able to dine with your lordship in your mayoralty. Doctor Delany lives very happy and hospitably, entertains his old friends, and has nothing to fight with but envy, which he despises, and does not in the least deserve, but by those from whom it is a blessing. I think I have named all your acquaintance here; and I presume you will hardly trouble yourself to acquire more.

Your lordship hath now got over more than half your difficulties. I doubt not but you will finish the rest with equal reputation, so that the year of your mayoralty will be long remembered with honor.

I must desire leave to tell your lordship that I have not known a

more bashful, modest person than Mrs. Barber, nor one who is less likely to ply her friends, patrons, or protectors, for any favor, or is more thankful for the smallest. Therefore I hope you will continue to do her any good office that lies in your way without trouble to yourself. And among other things I desire you will advise her to be more thrifty; for she carries her liberality as much too high as our friend sir Gilbert did his avarice. I thought I did a fine thing to subscribe for ten copies of her poems; and she contrived to send me presents that, in my conscience, are worth more than the money I subscribed.

Having not heard lately of your being ill, I hope you have recovered your health entirely; and I pray God preserve it. I am, with true respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Dublin, August 20, 1733.

My Lord,—I lately received a letter from Mrs. Barber, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your lordship; and seems in pain to know how far she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators; and she thinks this the more incumbent on her from the surprising instances of your generosity and favor that she has already received, and which she has been so unfashionable to publish wherever she goes. This makes her apprehend that all she can say to your lordship's advantage will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the style and title of gratitude.

I sent her word that I could be of no service to her upon this article; yet I confess, my lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her will impute her encomiums to a sincere but overflowing spirit of thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she has of herself: although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of setting out your lordship's character will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons: I mean the great favors you have already conferred on her; and God forbid that your character should not have a much stronger support. You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect of wise and good men; and

in due time, if Mrs. Barber can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confess the number is not great; but that is not your lordship's fault, and therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the topics she intends to insist on; your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compassion for this; the goodness of your nature, your humility, modesty, and condescension; your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions, and understandings; perhaps she may be so weak as to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm christian according to the doctrine of the church established in both kingdoms.

These and other topics I imagine Mrs. Barber designs to insist on in the dedication of her poems to your lordship; but I think she will better show her prudence by omitting them all. And yet my lord I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed in the choice of a patron; and at the same time declare my opinion that she deserves your protection on account of her wit and good sense, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read most of her poems; and believe your lordship will observe that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topics, but always with a scheme and method driving to some particular end; wherein many writers in verse and of some distinction are so often known to fail. In short, she seems to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected either from her sex or the scene she has acted in as the wife of a citizen; yet I am assured that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of his business. Poetry has only been her favorite amusement; for which she has one qualification that I wish all good poets possessed a share of, I mean that she is ready to take advice, and submit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.

I have at her entreaty suffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it public; for which I ought to desire your lordship's pardon: but she was of opinion it might do her some service, and therefore I complied. I am, my lord, with the truest esteem and respect, your lordship's most obedient servant

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

Wednesday, August 29, 1733.

If you are disposed to be easy and cheerful, I will send something for dinner to your lodgings, and eat it with you and Mrs. Ridgeway; with a bottle of wine, and bread. Speak freely, and send me word. But Mrs. Ridgeway shall take all the care upon her. If you do like this proposal, send word. I would dine a little after two.

TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

1733.

Madam,—You must shake off the leavings of your sex. If you cannot keep a secret and take a chiding you will quickly be out of my sphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; those who are otherwise may be very safe from any lectures of mine; I should rather choose to indulge them in their follies than attempt to set them right. I desire you may not inform your husband of what has passed, for a reason I shall give you when I see you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very sincerely your friend.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

January, 1734.

My Lord,—It has been my great misfortune that since your grace's return to this kingdom I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and gratitude for your favors as well as the honor of having been so many years known to you obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a necessity to write what I would rather have chosen to say in your grace's presence.

On Monday last week towards evening there came to the deanery one Mr. Bettesworth; who, being told by the servants that I was gone to a friend's house, went thither to inquire for me, and was admitted into the street parlor. I left my company in the back room and went to him. He began with asking me "whether I were the author of certain verses wherein he was reflected on." The singularity of the man, in his countenance, manner, action, style, and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once seen him about two or three years ago at Mr. Ludlow's country-house. But I could not recollect his name; and of what calling he might

be I had never heard. I therefore desired to know who and what he was; said "I had heard of some such verses, but knew no more." He then signified to me "that he was a serjeant-at-law and a member of parliament." After which he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphasis; said "I was mistaken in one thing, for he assured me he was no booby, but owned himself to be a coxcomb." However, that being a point of controversy wherein I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verses, he insisted, "that by his taste and skill in poetry he was as sure I wrote them as if he had seen them fall from my pen." But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me "that, since I would not own the verses, and that since he could not get satisfaction by any course of law, he would get it by his pen, and show the world what a man I was." When he began to grow overwarm and eloquent I called in the gentleman of the house from the room adjoining; and the serjeant, going on with less turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he has since reported; and likewise that he had a sharp knife in his pocket, ready to stab or maim me. But the master and mistress of the house, who knew his character and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a sufficient defence in such a case, as they afterward told me. He has since related to five hundred persons of all ranks about five hundred falsehoods of this conversation, of my fears, and his own brutalities, against all probability as well as fact; and some of them, as I have been assured, even in the presence of your grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peevish enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad for his own sake that he proceeded no farther, for the least uproar would have called his nearest neighbors first to my assistance, and next to the manifest danger of his life; and I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever since he has amused himself with declaring in all companies, especially before bishops and lords and members of parliament, his resolutions for vengeance and the several manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of some judicious friends that your grace owes the trouble of this letter; for though I may be dispirited

enough by sickness and years, yet I have little reason to apprehend any danger from that man; and those who seem to have most regard for my safety are no more apprehensive than myself, especially such as best know his character; for his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are of the two by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things except his words, his rhetorical actions, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known by abundance of experience to be perfectly harmless, and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt but, if he will be so good to continue steadfast in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honor and interests of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the university, and the rest of the kingdom.

What I have said to your grace is only meant as a poor endeavor to preserve myself in your good opinion and in the continuance of your favor. I am, with the highest respect, &c.

TO FRANCIS GRANT, ESQ.

Dublin, March 23, 1734.

SIR, — I return you my hearty thanks for your letter and discourse upon the fishery; you discover in both a true love of your country, and (excepting your civilities to me) a very good judgment, good wishes to this ruined kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the subject you treat. But you are more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser: for corruptions are apt to make me impatient and give offence, which you prudently avoid.

Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery just under our noses.

The last lord Wemyss told me he was governor of a castle in Scotland, near which the Dutch used to fish; he sent to them, in a civil manner, to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused; whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle, (for their boats were in reach of the shot,) and immediately they sent him more than he wanted.

The Dutch are like a knot of sharpers among a parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they have to their country; which, however, is no virtue in them, because it is their private

interest, which is directly contrary in England. In the queen's time I did often press the lord-treasurer Oxford, and others of the ministry, upon this very subject; but the answer was, "We must not offend the Dutch;" who at that very time were opposing us in all our steps toward a peace. I laughed to see the zeal that ministry had about the fishing at Newfoundland, (I think,) while no care was taken against the Dutch fishing just at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened indeed by a perfect accident to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her house at Leicester, and I was a year old before I was sent to England; and thus I am a Teague, or an Irishman, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England.

What I did for this country was from perfect hatred to tyranny and oppression, for which I had a proclamation against me of 300*l.*, which my old friend, my lord Carteret, was forced to consent to the very first or second night of his arrival hither. The crime was that of writing against a project of one Wood, an ironmonger, to coin 100,000*l.* in half-pence not worth a sixth part of the money, which was laid before the people in so plain a manner that they all refused it: and so the nation was preserved from immediate ruin.

I have done some small services to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many years upon me, and have too much sickness. I am out of favor at court, where I was well received, during two summers, six or seven years ago. The governing people here do not love me. For, as corrupt as England is, it is a habitation of saints in comparison of Ireland. We are sl——s and kn——s, and fools; and all, but bishops and people in employments, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to 200,000*l.*: the few honest men among us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of favor and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this house of commons now sitting here: and mentioning your scheme, showed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland. They agreed with me; but said that, if such a thing were proposed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.

I believe the people of Lapland or the Hottentots are not so miserable a people as we; for oppression, supported by power, will infallibly introduce slavish principles. I am afraid that, even in England, your proposal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind. If your scheme should pass into an

act, it will become a job; your sanguine temper will cool: r——s will be the only gainers. Party and faction will intermingle and defeat the most essential parts of the whole design. Standing armies in times of peace, projects of excise, and bribings at elections, are all you are like to be employed in, not forgetting septennial parliaments, directly against the old Whig principles, which always have been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with some others in a fishery here in the northern parts: they advanced 200*l.* by way of trial: they got men from Orkney to cure their fish, who understood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are so lazy and so knavish that it turned to no account, nor would anybody join with them; and so the matter fell, and they lost two-thirds of their money. Oppressed beggars are always knaves; and I believe there hardly are any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost 30,000*l.* a-year for ever in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland, but the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen that it was all returned back or sold for a fourth part of the value. This is our condition, which you may please to pity, but never can mend. I wish you good success with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, sir, with true esteem for your good intentions, your most obedient servant.

P. S. If I can be of any service to you in this kingdom, I shall be glad you will employ me.

TO MISS HOADLY.

[Daughter of the archbishop of Dublin.]

June 4, 1734.

MADAM,—When I lived in England, once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed. When (much against my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I published the same edict; only, the harvest here being not altogether so plentiful, I confined myself to a smaller compass. This made me often wonder how you came so long to neglect your duty; for, if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witnesses against you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was discovered by the squeaking; and therefore, you have been so politic as to send me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your present of butter was made with the same design, as a known court practice, to grease my fist that I might keep silence. These are great offences, contrived on purpose to corrupt my integrity. And besides, I apprehend, that if I should wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your side, and give out that I made them first; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept so many years in two kingdoms, at least make it a point of controversy. However, I have two ways to be revenged; first, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the sole daughter and child of his grace of Dublin, are so mean as to descend to understand housewifery; which every girl of this town, who can afford sixpence a-month for a chair would scorn to be thought to have the least knowledge in; and this will give you as ill a reputation as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a history, or handling a needle, or working in a field at Tallagh. My other revenge shall be this: when my lord's gentleman delivered his message, after I put him some questions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand; I said it properly belonged to me; and when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to swear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly spelt, and good plain sense. You now may see I have you at mercy; for upon the least offence given, I will show the paper to every female scrawler I meet, who will soon spread about the town that your writing and spelling are ungenteel and unfashionable, more like a parson than a lady.

I suppose by this time you are willing to submit, and therefore I desire you may stint me to two china bowls of butter a-week; for my breakfast is that of a sickly man, ricè gruel; and I am wholly a stranger to tea and coffee, and the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl last night, and I think my second is almost entire. I hope and believe my lord archbishop will teach his neighboring tenants and farmers a little English country management; and I lay it upon you, madam, to bring housewifery in fashion among our ladies; that, by your example, they may no longer pride themselves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with

the truest respect and esteem, madam, your most obedient and obliged, &c.

I desire to present my most, &c., to his grace and the ladies.

TO THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

August 31, 1734.

My Lord,—Although I have long had the honor to be an humble servant to your grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at least since her majesty's death. For this reason your grace will reasonably wonder to find a man wholly forgotten begin a commerce by making a request. For which I can offer no other excuse than that frequent application has been made to me by many learned and worthy persons of this city and kingdom, who, having heard that I was not unknown to you, seldom failed any opportunity of pressing me to solicit your grace, of whose generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a present of those ancient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late earl of Clarendon, during his government here, and are now in your grace's possession. They can be of no use in England, and the sight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuosi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wish they were of great intrinsic value, so as to be sold on the Exchange for 1000*l.*, because you would then part with them at the first hint, merely to gratify your darling passion of generosity and munificence: and yet, since they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the rest of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them at the humble request of many very deserving persons in this city and university. In return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honorable manner which so generous a patron of learning as your grace will be certainly pleased with. And at their request alone I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself as any way instrumental.

I entreat your grace's pardon for this interruption, and remain, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

November 1, 1734.

I have yours with my lord Bolingbroke's postscript of September 15; it was long on its way, and for some weeks after the date

I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well off, but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship, but I apprehend your want of health; and it has been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My lord Bolingbroke says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recalls you, we will for our own interest leave you to your own speculations. God be thanked, I have done with everything and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children, or schoolboys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous, healthy man: although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three treatises that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My lord B. said in his postscript that you would go to Bath in three days; we since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the newsmongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well, and so did some others whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend; for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your "Essay on Man:" and I would lay any odds that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice; I believe I told you before what the duke of Dorset said to me on that occasion, how a judge here who knows you, told him that, on the first reading those essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark; on the

second, most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased; on the third, he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My lord Bolingbroke's attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in anything he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live; it saves your money and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters, otherwise, between the weakness of my eyes and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my lord Bolingbroke to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

December 28, 1734

PRAY God bless you, and restore your health, and give you many happy new years. I send you your usual Christmas-box. I will see you as soon as I can. I am tolerably well, but have no security to continue so. We must all submit, both by piety and necessity. I am ever entirely yours. I send you two bottles of wine.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

January 14, 1735.

MY LORD, — I am assured that your grace will have several representations of an affair relating to the university here from some very considerable persons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuse the application made me by a very worthy person of that society who was commissioned by some principal members of the body to desire my good offices to your grace; because they believed you thought me an honest man, and because I had the honor to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their request related wholly to a dreadful apprehension they lie under of Dr. [John] Whetcombe's endeavor to procure a dispensation for holding his fellowship along with that church preferment bestowed on him by your grace. The person sent to me on this message gave me a written paper containing the reasons why they hope your grace

will not be prevailed upon to grant such a dispensation. I presume to send you an abstract of these reasons; because I may boldly assure your grace that party or faction have not the least concern in the whole affair; and as to myself, it happens that I am an entire stranger to Dr. Whetcombe.

It is alleged "That this preferment given to the doctor consists of a very large parish, worth near 600*l.* a-year, in a very fine country thirty miles from Dublin; that it abounds very much with papists, and consequently a most important cure, requiring the rector's residence, beside some other assistant; which being so rich, it might well afford.

"That as to such dispensations, they find in their college books but three or four instances since the revolution, and these in cases very different from the present: for those few livings which had dispensations to be held with a fellowship were sinecures of small value, not sufficient to induce a fellow to leave his college; and in the body of those dispensations is inserted a reason for granting them. That they were such livings as could be no hinderance in the discharge of a fellow's duty.

"That dispensations are very hurtful to their society; because they put a stop to the succession of fellowships, and thereby give a check to that emulation, industry, and improvement in learning which the hopes of gaining a fellowship will best incite young students with.

"That, if this dispensation should take place, it may prove a precedent for the like practice in future times; which will be very injurious to the society, by encouraging fellows to apply for dispensations when they have interest enough to get preferments, by which the senior fellows will be settled in the college for life; and thus, for want of a succession any other way than by death or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent students will be wholly lost.

"That a junior fellowship is of very small value, and to arrive at it requires good sense as well as long and close study; to which young students are only encouraged by hopes of succeeding, in a reasonable time, to be one of the seven seniors, which hopes will be quite cut off when those seniors are perpetuated by dispensations.

"That the fellows at their admittance into their fellowships take a solemn oath never to accept of any church preferment above a certain value, and distance from Dublin, as long as they continue

fellows; to which oath the accepting of a dispensation by Dr. Whitcombe is directly contrary, in both particulars of value and distance.

"That at this time there is a set of very hopeful young men, in long and close study, to stand for the first vacant fellowship, who will be altogether discouraged and drop their endeavors in the pursuit of learning, by being disappointed in their hopes of Dr. Whetcombe's leaving the college, and opening a way for one of them to succeed in a fellowship."

These, my lord, are the sum of the reasons brought me by a very worthy person, a fellow of that college, and recommended by some of the most deserving in that body; and I have shortened them as much as I could.

I shall only trouble your grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this subject.

The university, and in some sense the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgment for the honor your grace has done them, in trusting the care of one of your sons to be educated in the college of Dublin, which hopes to be always in your grace's favor: and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deserve at court, will ever desire to be protected in their rights.

Your grace will please to know, that a fellowship in this university differs much, in some very important circumstances, from most of those in either of the universities in England.

My lord George will tell your grace, that a fellowship is here obtained with great difficulty by the number of candidates, the strict examination in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is also disposed of with much solemnity: the examiners take an oath at the altar, to give their vote according to their consciences.

The university is patron of some church preferments, which are offered to the several fellows downward to the lowest in holy orders.

I beg your grace to consider, that there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their sons to merchandise: that not many great employments, in church or law, fall to the share of persons born here: that the last resource of younger sons is to the church: where, if well befriended, they may chance to rise to some reasonable spiritual maintenance: although we do not want instances of some clergymen well born and

of good reputation, who have been, and still are, curates for thirty years: which has been a great discouragement to others who have no other means left to provide for their children.

Your grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your most deserved favor with his majesty, to make Dr. Whetcombe easier in his preferment, by some addition that no person or society can have the least pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your person and virtues, that you will please to let Dr. Whetcombe content himself for a while with that rich preferment, (one of the best in the kingdom,) until it shall lie in your way further to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowship, he took an oath never to accept a church living thus circumstantiated, and hold it with his fellowship, it will be thought hardly reconcilable to conscience to receive a dispensation.

I humbly entreat your grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you; wherein I have no sort of interest except that which proceeds from an earnest desire that your grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without incurring the least censure from the world, or giving the least cause of discontent to any deserving person. I am, &c.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Deanery-house, Dublin, March 1, 1735.

My very good and old Friend,—I received lately a very acceptable present which you were pleasend to send me, which was an engraved picture of you, very handsomely framed, with a glass over it. I take your remembrance of me very kindly, and give you my hearty thanks. I have no other way to show my gratitude at present than by desiring another favor from you, which, however, will be less expensive. Mr. Singleton, the king's prime-sergeant here, is one of the first among the worthiest persons in this kingdom; of great honor, justice, truth, good sense, good nature, and knowledge in his faculty; this gentleman, whom I have the honor to know, although his business be too great to allow me the happiness of seeing him as often as I desire, hath commanded me to recommend the bearer, Mr. Richardson, agent to the Derry society, whereof you are a member. From such a recommendation as the prime-sergeant's I will engage that Mr. Richardson is a very deserving man, and that whatever he desires of you will be perfectly just and reasonable.

And now, my good friend, give me leave to inquire after your health, which I hope is much better than mine. Are you often in your coach at Highgate and Hampstead? Do you keep cheerful company? I know you cannot drink, but I hope your stomach for eating is not declined; and how are you treated by the gout? These and many more particulars I desire to know.

The people who read news have struck me to the heart by the account of my dear friend doctor Arbuthnot's death; although I could expect no less by a letter I received from him a month or two ago. Do you sometimes see Mr. Pope? We still correspond pretty constantly. He publishes poems often and better than ever, which I wonder at the more, because he complains, with too much reason, of his disorders. What a havoc has death made among our friends since that of the queen! As to myself, I am grown leaner than you were when we parted last, and am never wholly free from giddiness and weakness, and sickness in my stomach, otherwise I should have been among you two or three years ago, but now I despair of that happiness. I ride a dozen miles as often as I can, and always walk the streets, except in the night, which my head will not suffer me to do. But my fortune is so sunk that I cannot afford half the necessaries or conveniences that I can still make a shift to provide myself with here. My chief support is French wine, which, although not equal to yours, I drink a bottle to myself every day. I keep three horses, two men, and an old woman, in a large empty house, and dine half the week, like a king, by myself. Thus I tell you my whole economy, which, I fear, will tire you by reading. Pray God keep you in health and happiness; and do me the justice to believe that I am, with true esteem and friendship, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant.

You see by my many blottings and interlinings what a condition my head is in.

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq.

Dublin, March 8, 1735.

Sir,—Mr. Stopford going to England upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire, that I should do myself the honor of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall never have the happiness to see you, yet my ambition to have some small place in your memory will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an

epitaph for forty years hence, in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum.* You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so: but you preserved your spirit of liberty when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must entirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the Gothic system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of Europe. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be the next. Such has ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntarily at his chariot-wheels. But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in discovering our utter detestation of all proceeding here and there. *Hæc est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.* I am under the displeasure of the court for fixing up a true Whig epitaph in my cathedral, over the burying-place of old Schomberg, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent; wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who has an appeal before the house of lords; wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the law, who, by a miracle, was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family (wherein you have my constant prayers), and deserving friends. I have often said that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor 40,000*l.* a-year, I would command you to settle 1000*l.* of it on me to live in your next neighborhood; but as for our friends at Twickenham and Dawley, I have told them plainly

that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer, Mr. Stopford, has such infinite obligations to you for your favors to him, and is, in all respects, so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him at my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are, in the modern sense, a friend to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has just politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate or an exciseman.

You will hear perhaps that one Faulkner has printed four volumes, which are called my works: he has only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine that after my death the several London booksellers would agree among themselves to print what each of them had by common consent; but the man here has prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in Scotland. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor, I believe, ever shall. You will find Mr. Stopford the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to yours. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavors for the preservation of your country, and remain, with the truest respect, sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant.

You will see by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

TO WILLIAM FITZHERBERT, Esq.

March 19, 1735.

Sir,—I had some days ago a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never saw, but by the name subscribed I found it came from a younger son of yours, I suppose your second. He lays before me in a very particular manner the forlorn condition he is in by the severities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies when he was first brought up to town, at

fourteen years old, but he appeals to Dr. Sheridan for the improvement he made in the doctor's school, and to his tutor for his behavior in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his class, by which it appears that he passed for one of the four best scholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very small hand, where he gives a history of his life from the age of fourteen to the present time. It is written with so much spirit, nature, and good sense, as well as appearance of truth, that having first razed out the writer's name, I have shown it to several gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning, and taste, who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that so hopeful a youth should not have proper encouragement, unless he has some very disagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far Dr. Sheridan came to see me; I read your son's letter to him, and he was equally pleased with it, and justified the progress the young man had made in his school. I went this evening to visit a lady who has a very great esteem and friendship for you and Mrs. * * * * *: she told me "That the young man's great fault was too much pertness and conceit of himself, which he often showed in your house and even among company," which I own is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not easily cured; yet I think if I had a son who had understanding, wit, and humor, to write such a letter, I could not find in my heart to cast him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do toward amendment: and in the meantime give him no cause to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is contented to stand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool, and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, shall be an aggravation to me to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one-and-twenty years; and what he alleges seems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, physic, or divinity, although in his letter he pretends to have studied the first on your promise to send him to the Temple, but your mind altering, and you rather choosing to send him to Leyden, he applied himself to study physic, and made some progress in it; but for many months he has heard nothing more from you, so that now he is in utter despair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in William-street,

with only the liberty to dine at your house, and no further care taken of him.

Sir, although I have seldom been in your company, it is many years since I had the honor of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honor, truth, knowledge, modesty, good-nature, and candor. As to your lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes; she has the character of being a very polite and accomplished person, and therefore, very probably, her son's rough, overweening, forward behavior among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me in his letter to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join in contributing some allowance to support him at Leyden. I think it would have been well if he had been sent to sea at the proper time, or had now a commission in the army. Yet if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I confess myself so very partial as to be extremely sorry if he should not deserve and acquire the favor of you and your lady; in which case, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of such a son. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr. King, but if I can learn from those who have, I shall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr. Sheridan has done.

I entreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domestic point where I have no information but from one side; but I can faithfully assure you that my regard is altogether for the service and ease of you and your lady and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is seldom without some bent toward virtue, and therefore deserves some indulgence. Most of the great villains I have known (which were not a small number) have been brutes in their understandings as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I shall therefore conclude with the sincere profession of being, with great esteem and truth, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

TO MR. THOMAS BEACH.

Merchant in Wrexham, Denbighshire.

To be left at the Customhouse, and given to Stephen Lovel, esq., collector of the customs in Chester.

Dublin, April 12, 1735.

SIR,—After the fate of all poets, you are no favorite of fortune, for your letter of March 31st did not come to my hands till two days after sir William Fownes's death, who having been so long afflicted with the stone and other disorders, besides great old age, died about nine days ago. If he had recovered I should certainly have waited on him with your poem, and recommended it and the author very heartily to his favor. I have seen fewer good panegyrics than any other sort of writing, especially in verse, and therefore I much approve the method you have taken: I mean that of describing a person who possesseth every virtue, and rather waiving that sir William Fownes was in your thoughts, than that your picture was like in every part. He had indeed a very good natural understanding, nor wanted a talent for poetry; but his education denied him learning, for he knew no other language except his own; yet he was a man of taste and humor as well as a wise and useful citizen, as appeared by some little treatise for regulating the government of this city; and I often wished his advice had been taken. I read your poem several times, and showed it to three or four judicious friends, who all approved it, but agreed with me that it wanted some corrections. Upon which I took a number of lines, which are in all 299, the odd number being occasioned by what they call a triplet, which was a vicious way of rhyming, wherewith Dryden abounded, and was imitated by all the bad versifiers in Charles II.'s reign. Dryden, though my near relation, is one I have often blamed as well as pitied. He was poor, and in great haste to finish his plays, because by them he chiefly supported his family, and this made him so very incorrect: he likewise brought in the Alexandrine verse at the end of his triplets. I was so angry at these corruptions that about twenty-four years ago I banished them all by one triplet, with the Alexandrine, upon a very ridiculous subject. I absolutely did prevail with Mr. Pope, and Gay, and Dr. Young, and one or two more, to reject them. Mr. Pope never used them till he translated Homer, which was too long a work to be so very exact in; and I think in one or two of his last poems he has, out of laziness, done the same thing, though very seldom. I

now proceed to what I would have corrected in your poem. Line 6, for *han't*, read *want;* I abhor those *han'ts* and *won'ts*, &c., &c.; they are detestable in verse as well as prose. L. 46, for *whilst*, put *while*. L. 83, *derives*, I doubt there is no verb deponent, but always active. L. 106, "If *Noll* usurps, or *James;*" *Noll* is too much a cant word for a grave poem; and as to *James*, he was a weak, bigoted papist, desirous, like all kings, of absolute power, but not properly a tyrant. L. 109, *And midst*, harsh and rough, the elision unluckily placed. L. 115, 116, I cannot suffer an ill rhyme, such as *seen* and *scene* (I *forgot* the triplet in L. 108, which I wish were clipped of one of its three wings): and L. 110, *to Glory*, I wish it were *in Glory*. L. 118. *Does*. This word should be avoided as a mere expletive. L. 155, *Does*. The same fault. L. 161, *The Ingrate*. This verse is not right measure, but sounds very ill. L. 121, *Cheerful*, &c. This verse wants a verb, as *are*, or some other. 204, *Does*. L. 217, for *pervade* it should be *pervades*. L. 218, *and* grows, Quere, is not *or* more proper? L. 278, Cuzzoni *famed*. This is an expletive, not a proper epithet. L. 289, *That* dares. The word *that*, as it is placed, spoils the whole line, and is not proper, for the right word should be *who*. L. 294, *Reascend*. I know not the reason for this word. Why not rather *ascend!* I slipped 290, *Than;* I suppose you only meant *then*. You will do right to read over your poem carefully, and observe where there be any more oversights of the same kind with those I have noted, and to be corrected, which you can do better than any other person. A friend can only see what is amiss, but the writer can mend it more easily. All you desire in relation to sir William Fownes is at an end by his death, otherwise I should gladly have performed it in the best and most effectual manner I was able. As to the publishing it here, I utterly differ from you. No printer in this beggarly town, and enslaved starving kingdom, would print it without being paid his full charge of his labor, nor would he be able to sell two dozen unless he could afford it for a penny. I would rather advise you to have it published in London by Motte or Lintot, or any other bookseller there who deals in poetry. It would bear a shilling price; but as I presume you are not much known as a poet in that great city, you should get some person of consequence to recommend it.

As to what things were printed here on supposition they were mine, the thing was done directly against my inclinations, out of

the disdain I had of their being published in so obscure and wretched a country. But I would have been well enough satisfied if the booksellers in London could have agreed among themselves to print them there. And I believe they now repent they did not, because every printer there hath a property in their copy; and what things are supposed to be mine belonged to several booksellers, who might have shared equally, according to what copies they held. I have been called away till evening; however, my paper could afford me but little more room if I had staid. I am, with true esteem, sir, your most humble servant.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

May 5, 1735.

MADAM,—I find your ladyship seems not very much pleased with your office of secretary, which, however, you must be obliged to hold during the duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which for your comfort, considering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome petitioner to his grace, and intend to be less; and, as I have always done, will principally consider my lord duke's honor. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only cousin I suffer to see me. When I had credit for some years at court I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of whom not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor fosterers, nor dependers, so that if I lived now among the great they might be sure I would never be a solicitor out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that case I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power; and if they were good for anything I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing so much as an honest, judicious recommender, which, in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. Sheridan is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms contrived by his grace's most cautious deputies.

My letter is but just begun; the larger half remains; and your ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary's employment. The countess of Kerry, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday: she told me that Mr. Deering, late deputy-clerk of the council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr. John Fitzmaurice. Her

eldest son, lord Fitzmaurice, has for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife. The case has been tried in both kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated, and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the earl of Kerry and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who has lately married very honestly and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but has no employment; therefore his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this, of deputy-clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here that the purchase of the deputy-clerk's office is the usual perquisite of the chief-clerk, with the consent of the chief governor, with which my lord and lady Kerry would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the earl of Kerry's is one of the most ancient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger, and only son of which he has any hopes, might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person. I own this proposal of mine is more suitable to the corruption of the times than to my own speculative notions of virtue; but I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the passion I have to my lady Kerry, &c.

D. never writes to me. No man alive can convince Talaldcrahla; and when we come next it is the same thing with Berby and Barnard. Plurality of dinners and dignities he has; and so Mandragoras confirms it to all members in an episode of sage and brandy.

TO MR. POPE.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford [afterwards bishop of Cloyne], who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion by the villany of agents and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had; nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power in both nations (it is here in perfection already), although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public and personal to myself, has given me such a kind of despondency that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the doctor have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have

been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you and have done from my lord Bolingbroke. To show in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health; but in the meantime how unhappy am I that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy! The old duke of Ormond said he would not change his dead son (Ossory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you, my absent friend, for the best present friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to lord Bolingbroke, called "A Dissertation upon Parties." I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the bishop of Marseilles. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world than the whole pack of (modern) parsons in a lump. I am ever entirely yours.

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

Dublin, May 12, 1735.

SIR, — Mr. Stopford landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honor me with. I have not yet seen him, for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and has a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the duke of Dorest very well, having known him from his youth, and he has treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused; yet I wish he would a little more consider that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastic, wherein my lord Carteret acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they

call a parliament, will imitate yours in everything, after the same manner as a monkey does a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in England. It has continued longer than in any other monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the Goths, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the court will restore what their luxury has destroyed; I have nothing to object. But let me suppose a chief minister, from a scanty fortune almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavor making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharper calls it, before luck began to change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country-side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can ever be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the Roman emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the same may be said of the Ottomans by their janissaries; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister I would go further, and endeavor to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old Greece, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavors to preserve the liberty of your country at the expense of your quiet, and of making all the villains in England your enemies. For you stand almost alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes have been closed; and may he continue you as his chief instrument by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr. Pope, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you against all your enemies; I mean those of your country, for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well-doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in England by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by anything I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer [Mr. George Faulkner] applied to my friends, and got many things from England. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great minister, and was not sorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing when I might be in no danger of post officers. I am, sir, with the truest respect and esteem, your most obedient and obliged humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects to Mrs. Pulteney.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN TOWERS.

Prebendary of St. Patricks, at Powerscourt, near Bray.

SIR, — I cannot imagine what business it is that so entirely employs you. I am sure it is not to gain money, but to spend it; perhaps it is to new cast and contrive your house and gardens at 400*l.* more expense. I am sorry it should cost you twopence to have an account of my health, which is not worth a penny; yet I struggle, and ride, and walk, and am temperate, and drink wine on purpose to delay, or make abortive, those schemes proposed for a successor; and if I were well I would counterfeit myself sick, as Toby Matthews, archbishop of York, used to do when all the bishops were gaping to succeed him. It is one good sign that giddiness is peculiar to youth, and I find I grow giddier as I grow older, and, therefore, consequently I grow younger. If you will remove six miles nearer I shall be content to come and spunge upon you, as

poor as you are; for I cannot venture to be half a day's journey from Dublin, because there is no sufficient medium of flesh between my skin and my bones, particularly in the parts that lie upon the saddle. Therefore, be pleased to send me three dozen ounces of flesh before I attempt such an adventure, or get me a six-mile inn between this town and your house. The cathedral organ and backside are painting and mending, by which I have saved a sermon; and, as the rogues of workmen go on, I may save another.

How, a wonder, came young Acheson to be among you? I believe neither his father nor mother knew anything of him; his mother is at Grange with Mrs. Acheson, her mother, and I hear is very ill of her asthma and other disorders, got by cards, and laziness, and keeping ill hours. Ten thousand sacksful of such knights and such sons are, in my mind, neither worth rearing nor preserving. I count upon it that the boy is good for nothing. I am, sir, with great truth, your obedient humble servant.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

June 8, 1735.

MADAM,—I trouble you sooner than usual in acknowledging your letter of May 27th, because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forgot the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head; and if I live two years longer I shall first forget my own name and last your ladyship's. I gave my lady Kerry an account of what you said in relation to her son, with which she is fully satisfied. I detest the house of lords for their indulgence to such a profligate, prostitute villain as Curll; but am at a loss how he could procure any letters written to Mr. Pope; although, by the vanity or indiscretion of correspondents, the rogue might have picked up some that went from him. Those letters have not yet been sent hither; therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England upon the queen's death I burnt all the letters I could find that I had received from ministers for several years before. But as to the letters I receive from your ladyship, I neither ever did nor ever will burn any of them, take it as you please; for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten. It is true I have kept some letters merely out of friendship, although they sometimes wanted true spelling and good sense, and some others whose writers are dead; for I live like a monk, and hate to

forget my departed friends. Yet I am sometimes too nice; for I burnt all my lord ****'s letters upon receiving one where he had used these words to me, "all I pretend to is a great deal of sincerity;" which indeed was the chief virtue he wanted. Of those from my lord Halifax I burnt all but one, which I keep as a most admirable original of court promises and professions. I confess also that I have read some passages in many of your letters to a friend, but without naming you, only "that the writer was a lady," which had such marks of good sense that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your ladyship very much surprises me with one passage in your letter, which, however, I do not in the least understand; where you say you "have been honored in print by amorous, satirical, and gallant letters," where there was no word but your bare name mentioned. I can assure you this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the least syllable of, and wish you would explain it. No, madam, I will never forgive your insolent niece, without a most humble submission under her own hands; which, if she will not comply with, I shall draw up letters between us and send them to Curll.

I will tell your ladyship a cause I have of complaint against the duke of Dorset. I have written to him about four times since he was lieutenant; and three of my letters were upon subjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myself; but he was never pleased to return me an answer; which omission (for I disdain to call it contempt) I can account for only by some of the following reasons. He is either extremely busy in affairs of the highest importance; or he is a duke with a garter; or he is a lieutenant of Ireland; or he is of a very ancient noble extraction; or so obscure a man as I am, is not worth his remembrance; or, like the duke of Chandos, he is an utter stranger to me; and it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I wrote to his grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favorite party, and yet a very honest gentleman; which last circumstance, with submission to your ladyship, is what I seldom grant; and the matter desired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a request made him by a senior fellow of this university, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write by some considerable members of the same body, which it highly concerned,

as well as his grace's honor; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious consequence not only to the university but the kingdom; and for that reason it is thought his grace has chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction than mine. I do assure you, madam, that I have not been troublesome to my lord duke in any particular; since he has been governor, my letters have been at most but once a-year, and my personal requests not so many; nor any of them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties, yet I have utterly waived intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have some influence to be troublesome; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of perfect despair; although I have sometimes wished that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the channel, which would gain abundance of hearts both to the crown and his grace. My paper is so full that I have not room to excuse its length. I remain your ladyship's, &c.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

June, 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle ling with your tack ling in a purr ling stream, or pad ling and say ling in a boat, or sad ling your stum ling horse with a sap ling in your hands, and snare ling at your groom, or set ling your affairs, or tick ling your cat, or tat ling with your neighbor Price; not always toy ling in your school. This dries ling weather we in Dub ling are glad of a dump ling, and bab ling is our dare ling. Pray do not look as cow ling at me when I come, but get a fat ling for my dinner, or go a fow ling for fill ling my belly. I hope none of your townsfolks are bub ling you. Have you a bow ling green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old ay ling, and yet you see I am now as crib ling. Can you buy me an am ling nag? I am bat ling for health, and just craw ling out. My breakfast is cut ling sand sugar to cure the curd ling of my blood. My new summer coat is cock ling already, and I am cal ling for my old one. I am cob ling my riding shoes and cur ling my riding periwig. My maid's hens keep such a cack ling, and chuck ling, that I scarce know what I write. My mare

is just foe ling, for which my groom is grum ling and grow ling, while the other servants are gob ling and gut ling, and the maids gig ling, and the dogs how ling. My bung ling tailor was tip ling from morning to night. Do you know drive ling Doll with her drab ling tail, and drag ling petticoat, and gog ling eyes; always gag ling like a goose, and hob ling to the alehouse, hand ling a mug, and quarry ling and squab ling with porters, or row ling in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle ling pinner. Mr. Wall walks the streets with his strip ling boy, in his sham ling gait, as cuff ling for the wall, and just ling all he meets. I saw his wife with her pop ling gown, pill ling oranges and pick ling cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer spark ling, you may find her twat ling with the neighbors, her nose trick ling, and spaw ling the floor, and then smug ling her husband.

A lady whose understanding was sing ling me out as a wit ling or rather a suck ling, as if she were tick ling my fancy, tang ling me with questions, tell ling me many stories, her tongue toe ling like a clapper; says she, an old man's dar ling is better than a young man's war ling. I liked her dad ling and plain deal ling; she was as wise as a gose ling or a duck ling, yet she counted upon gull ling and grave ling me. Her maid was hack ling flax and hum ling her mistress, and how ling in the Irish manner: I was fool ling and fiddle ling and fade ling an hour with them. We hear Tisdall is puss ling the curates, or mud ling in an alehouse, or muff ling his chops, or rump ling his band, or mum ling songs, though he be but a mid ling versifier at best, while his wife, in her mac ling lace, is mull ling claret, to make her husband maud ling, or mill ling chocolate for her breakfast, or rust ling in her silks, or net ling her spouse, or nurse ling and swill ling her grand-children, and a year ling calf, or oil ling her pimple ling face, or set ling her head dress, or stif ling a f— to a fizz ling, or boy ling sowins for supper, or pew ling for the death of her kit ling, or over rue ling the poor doctor. As to madame votre femme, I find she has been coup ling her daughters; I wish she were to live upon a cod ling, or a chit or ling. She has as mile ling countenance, which is yet better than as well ling belly; I wish she were to go a bull ling and begin with a bill ling, and then go to hick ling. She hath been long as cram ling for power, and would fain be a fond ling, and delights in a fop ling, when she could be a fur ling her sails, and fill ling her belly, or game ling about Cavan, or gall ling her com-

pany. Why do not you set her a truck ling, with a vengeance, and use her like an under ling, and stop her ray ling, rat ling, rang ling behavior? I would cure her ram ling and rum ling; but you are spy ling all, by rig ling into her favor, and are afraid of ruff ling her. I hear you are fell ling your timber at Quilca; you love to have a fee ling of money, which is a grove ling temper in you, and you are for shove ling it up like a lord ling, or rather like a star ling. I suppose now you are vail ling your bonnet to every squire. I wish you would grow a world ling, and not be strow ling abroad, nor always shake ling yourself at home. Can I have stabe ling with you for my horse? Pray keep plain wholesome table ling for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz ling cloth and reel ling yarn, and unravel ling thread without stay ling it. Set the boys a race ling for diversion; set the scullion a rid ling the cinders without rife ling them. Get some scrub to teach the young boys their spell ling, and the cow-boy to draw small beer without spill ling or pall ling it; have no more pis to ling lads; employ yourself in nay ling your broken stools. Whip all the libel ling rogues who are loll ling out their tongues, and kind ling quarrels, and rave eye ling their school-fellows, and stick ling with their seniors, and snuff ling in a jeer, and scraw ling on the school walls, and scut ling to the pie house, and yawl ling and yell ling to frighten little children, and fowl ling the house for mischief sake, and grape ling with the girls. Pray take care of spy ling your younger daughters, or sty ling them pets.

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN.

In Spain.

HONORED SIR, — I think you are the only person alive who can justly charge me with ingratitude; because, although I was utterly unknown to you, and become an obscure exile in a most obscure and enslaved country, you were at the pains to find me out, and send me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained some very ingenious friends, as well as myself: I mean not only your poetry in Latin and English, but your poetical history in prose of your own life and actions inscribed to me; which I often wished it were safe to print here, or in England, under the madness of universal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power.

I have been often told that you have a brother and some near relations in this country; and have oftener employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But, I suppose on account of their religion, they are so prudent as to live in privacy; although the court has thought it better in point of politics (and, to keep the good will of cardinal Fleury, has thought it proper), to make the catholics here much more easy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can assure you that those wretches here, who call themselves a parliament, abhor the clergy of our church more than those of yours, and have made a universal association to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have further thanks to give you for your generous present of excellent Spanish wine, whereof I have been so choice that my butler tells me there are still some bottles left. I did very often ask some merchants here who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford something that might be acceptable in Spain; but could not get any satisfaction. The price I am sure would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my desire; to which you answered in a disinterested manner, "that you only desired my works." It is true, indeed, that a printer here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which passed for mine, as well as several single papers in verse and prose, that he could get from my friends; and desired my leave to publish them in four volumes. He reasoned, "that printers here had no property in their copies; that mine would fall into worse hands; that he would submit to me and my friends what to publish or omit." On the whole, I would not concern myself, and so they have appeared abroad, as you will see them in those I make bold to send you. I must now return to mention wine. The last season for it was very bad in France: upon which our merchants have raised the price twenty per cent. already, and the present weather is not likely to mend it. Upon this I have told some merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy, that when the warmth of summer happens to fail in the several wine countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and those of the south of Italy, will be at least as ripe as those of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would desire our merchants to deal this year in those warmer climates; because I hear that in Spain French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spanish grape may fail for want of

its usual share of sun. In this point I would have your opinion; wherein if you agree, I will direct Mr. Hall, an honest catholic merchant here, who deals in Spanish wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like French claret as he can get; for my disorders, with the help of years, make wine absolutely necessary to support me. And if you were not a person of too considerable a rank (and now become half a Spaniard), I would try to make you descend so low as to order some merchants there to consign to some of ours, directed to me, some good quantity of wine that you approve of; such as our claret drinkers here will be content with; for when I give them a pale wine (called by Mr. Hall cassalia) they say it will do for one glass, and then (to speak in their language) call for honest claret.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, July 12, 1735.

Dear Mr. Alderman, — I write to you at the command of a gentleman for whom I have a perfect friendship and esteem, and the request he desires me to make appears to me altogether reasonable. The gentleman I mean is doctor Helsham, the most eminent physician of this city and kingdom. There is a person of quality, an intimate friend of the doctor's, my lord Tyrone, formerly sir Tristam Beresford, who is a tenant to the Londonderry Society. His lordship is going to build two houses upon their estate; and to assist him in so good a work, I desire that when the particulars of the request shall be laid before the society, you, who are the governor, will please, if you find them just and reasonable, to forward them as far as lies in your power; by which you will oblige me and several worthy persons, particularly my friend Dr. Helsham.

Do you sometimes honor poor Mrs. Barber with a visit? We are afraid here that the gout has got too strong a possession of her, and pray let me have some account of your own health: I wish we three valetudinarians were together, we should make excellent company: but I can drink my pint of wine twice a-day, which I doubt both of you could not do in a-week. I long excessively to be in England, but am afraid of being surprised by my old disorder in my head, far from help, or at least from conveniency; and I dare not so much as travel here without being near enough to come back in the evening to lie in my own bed. These are the effects of living too long: and the public miseries of this kingdom add to my dis-

ease. I am, dear sir, with true esteem and friendship, your most obedient humble servant.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

Dublin, August 14, 1735.

My Lord,—The bearer, Mr. Faulkner, our famous printer, goes in an hour to see Kilkenny and Cashell, to gather up his country debts. Ten to one your grace may owe him a dozen shillings, and your town coffee-house (if you have one) a dozen more. But his pretences to me for writing, are the honor of being admitted to your grace by a line in my hand. I am not in fear of his shaming me as others have done; however, I would not have you leave your manuscripts scattered about your room, for he would be terribly tempted to beg them, and return them back next winter in four volumes, as he served me; although I never let him touch or see one. He has the name of an honest man, and has good sense and behavior. I have ordered him to mark narrowly whatever you are doing, as a prelate, an architect, a country gentleman, a politician, and an improver, and to bring me a faithful account when he returns; but chiefly about your health, and what exercise you make use of to increase or preserve it. But he is in haste to be gone, and I am forced to conclude. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient humble servant.

TO LORD HOWTH.

Dublin, August 14, 1735.

My Lord,—The bearer, Mr. Faulkner, came to me just an hour before he was taking a journey to Kilkenny and Cashell, and desired I would write by him to your lordship and the archbishop, only to let your lordship know that he is an honest man, and the chief printer; and that I know him, and treat him with indulgence, because I cannot help it. For, although he printed what I never would have done, yet he got the consent of my friends, and so I shall get nothing by being angry with him. He hopes, as a citizen, to be admitted to your lords and ladies in the country, and I am contented you shall make him welcome; but take care you put no manuscripts in his hands; otherwise, perhaps, there will be the works of the right hon. &c., and of my lady and the giant, neatly bound, next winter. My lady Acheson has not been well since she left the town; but her mother is almost perfectly cured, except the

loss of her eye. I owe my lady Howth a letter, I believe. I desire my most humble service to her and the giant. I have time to say no more, but that I am your lordship's most obedient servant.

TO ALDERMAN BARBER.

September 3, 1735.

SIR,—The bearer, Mr. Faulkner, tells me he has the honor to be known to you, and that I have credit enough to prevail on you to do him all the good offices that lie in your way. I presume he goes about some affairs that relate to his own calling, which would be of little value to him here, if he were not the printer most in vogue, and a great undertaker, perhaps too great a one: wherein you are able to be the best adviser, provided he be not too sanguine, by representing things better than he probably may find them in this wretched, beggarly, enslaved country. To my great grief, my disorder is of such a nature, and so constantly threatening, that I dare not ride so far as to be a night from ——: and yet when the weather is fair I seldom fail to ride ten or a dozen miles. Mr. Faulkner will be able to give you a true journal of my life; that I generally dine at home, and alone, and have not two houses in this great kingdom where I can get a bit of meat twice a-year. That I very seldom go to church for fear of being seized with a fit of giddiness in the midst of the service. I hear you have likewise some ailments to struggle with, yet I am a great deal leaner than you; but I have one advantage, that wine is good for me, and I drink a bottle to my own share every day to bring some heat into my stomach. Dear Mr. Alderman, what a number of dear and great friends have we buried, or seen driven to exile, since we came acquainted! I did not know till six months after that my best friend, my lady Masham, was gone. I would be glad to know whether her son be good for anything, because I much doubted when I saw him last. Tell me, do you make constant use of exercise? It is all I have to trust to, though not in regard to life, but to health: I know nothing wherein years make so great a change as in the difference of matter in conversation and writing. My thoughts are wholly taken up in considering the best manner I ought to die, and how to dispose of my poor fortune for the best public charity. But in conversation I trifle more and more every day, and I would not give threepence for all I read, or write, or think in the compass of a year.

Well, God bless you, and preserve your life as long as you can reasonably desire. I take my age with less mortification, because, if I were younger, I should probably outlive the liberty of England, which, without some unexpected assistance from Heaven, many thousands now alive will see governed by an absolute monarch.

Farewell, dear sir; and believe me to be, with true esteem, your most obedient humble servant.

TO MR. POPE.

September 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner, the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curll. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done! You have given no offence to the ministry, nor to the lords, nor commons, nor queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that has so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honor and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or satire, but mere innocent friendship; yet I am loath that any letters from you and a very few other friends should die before me; I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest, as well as in haste, to have one epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height; I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend: *orna me*. A month ago were sent me over, by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, esq.; they are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me, and I think among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honor to know Dr. Rundle; he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying

nothing, for he answers your character; I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind — shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world: but oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues. Adieu.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

September 12, 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them: Sunday's a pun day, Monday's a dun day, Tuesday's a news day, Wednesday's a friend's day, Thursday's a cursed day, Friday's a dry day, Saturday's the latter day. I intend something of equal use upon the months: as January, women vary. I shall likewise in due time make some observation upon each year as it passes. So for the present year:

> One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
> When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive.

And for the next:

> One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
> When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.

Perge:

> One thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven,
> When the Whigs are so blind they mistake hell for heav'n.

I will carry these predictions no further than to year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at an end, or the fine-all cat-a-strow-fee.

> The last is the period, two thousand and one,
> When m— and b— to hell are all gone.

When that time comes, pray remember the discovery came from me.

It is now time I should begin my letter. I hope you got safe to Cavan, and have got no cold in those two terrible days. All your

friends are well, and I as I used to be. I received yours. My humble service to your lady and love to your children. I suppose you have all the news sent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One dean Cross, an eminent divine, we hear is to be bishop of Cork. Stay till I ask a servant what Patrick's bells ring for so late at night—You fellow, is it for joy or sorrow? I believe it some of our royal birthdays. O, they tell me it is for joy a new master is chosen for the corporation of butchers. So farewell.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

September 30, 1735.

YESTERDAY was the going out of the last lord-mayor, and to-day the coming in of the new, who is Alderman Grattan. The duke was at both dinners, but I thought it enough to go to-day, and I came away before six, with very little meat or drink. The club [the Irish parliament] meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the air of such rascals; but whither to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind misgives me, that you are neither in humor nor capacity to receive me a guest. I had your law-letter. Those things require serious consideration: in order to bring them to a due perfection, a wise man will prepare a large fund of idioms, which are highly useful when literally translated by a skilful, eloquent hand, and except our *Latino-Anglicus*, is the most necessary as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we must take special care of infusing the most useful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for instructing princes and great ministers, distributing out praises and censures with the utmost impartiality and justice. This is what I have presumed to attempt, although very conscious to myself of my inferior abilities for such a performance. I begin with "lady;" and because the judicious Mr. Locke says it is necessary to settle terms before we write upon any subject, I describe a certain female of your acquaintance, whose name shall be "Dorothy;" it is in the following manner: "Dolis astra per, astra mel, a sus, a quoque et; atra pes, an id lar, alas ibo nes, a præ ter, at at lar, avi si ter, age ipsi, astro lar, an empti pate, arse lar, aram lar, an et, ades e ver, ast rumpet, ad en, a gam lar, agrum lar, ac ros pus, afflat error, ape e per, as noti nos, ara ver, adhuc stare, asso fis ter, avi per, ad rive lar, age

lar, apud lar, a fis lar, a fis ter, a far ter, as hi ter, annus lar, a mus lar, arat lar, a minximus, a prata pace, a gallo pèr, a sive." Most learned sir, I entreat you will please to observe, (since I must speak in the vulgar language,) that in the above forty-three denominations for females, many of them end with the domestic deity Lar, to show that women were chiefly created for family affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other author hath made the same remark. I have likewise begun a treatise of geography (the Angloanglarians call it erroneously Jog Ralph I.) "Mei quo te summo fit? Astra canis a miti citi; an dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos is more populus. An tego is a des arti here." I have a third treatise to direct young ladies in reading. "Ama dis de Gallis a fine histori, an dy et Belli anis is ab et er. Summ as eurus Valent in an Dorso ne isthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore do mæsti cani males o falli que nat ure; na mel I, ac at arat, amesti fanda lædi; I mæ ad amo usto o; a lædi inde edi mite ex cæptas a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari sono dius orno?"

I believe some evil spirit has got passession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the duke of Dorset, or with any one bishop or man of power. I did but glance a single word to the duke about as proper a thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other discourse. You say one word of my mouth will do, &c. I believe the rhyme of my word would do just as much. Am I not universally known to be one who dislikes all present persons and proceedings? Another writes to desire that I would prevail on the archbishop of Dublin to give him the best prebend of St. Patrick's. Let bishop Clayton allow the resignation, since Donnellan is provided for. I mentioned to the duke that Donnellan should be dean of Cork, on purpose to further the resignation of old Caulfield, but it would not do, though Caulfield seems to have some hopes, and it is bishop Clayton's fault if he does not yield, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

October 21, 1735.

I ANSWERED your letter relating to Curll, &c. I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I write nothing but nature and friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observed that not only Voiture, but

likewise Tully and Pliny, writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balsae did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting: now I must tell you that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world: but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves. It pleases me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of your philosophy; your muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a-day, yet is my health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come home to my bed at night: my best way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you know me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my lord ——? methinks I am inquiring after a tulip of last year. — "You need not apprehend any Curlls meddling with your letters to me; I will not destroy them, but have ordered my executors to do that office." I have a thousand things more to say, *longæ vitas est garrula*, but I must remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I spend to tell you so; I am, ever dearest sir, your, &c.

TO MR. MOTTE.

November 1, 1735.

SIR,—Mr. Faulkner, in printing those volumes, did what I much disliked, and yet what was not in my power to hinder; and all my friends pressed him to print them, and gave him what manuscript copies they had occasionally gotten from me; my desire was, that those works should have been printed in London, by an agreement between those who had a right to them. I am, sir, with great truth, your most humble and affectionate servant.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Those parts of the letter distinguished by inverted commas (" ") were written by Dr. Sheridan.

November 8, 1735.

MADAM,— November 3, to Dunshallan, 12 long miles, very weary; November 4, to Kells, 16 miles, ten times wearier; the 5th,

to Crosskeys, 17 long miles, fifty times wearier; the 6th, to Cavan, five miles, weariest of all: yet I baited every day, and dined where I lay; and this very day I am weary, and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at Cavan, the doctor's Canaan, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side Scotland. Let the doctor do his part.—"Not quite so bad, I assure you, although his teal was spoiled in the roasting: and I can assure you that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would wear golashes as I do, he would have no cause of complaint. As for my wife and daughter, I have nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope, when the weather mends, that everything will be better, except the two before-mentioned. Now the dean is to proceed."—In short, but not literally in short, I got hither, not safe and sound, but safe and sore. Looking in my equipage I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it Spanish liquorice, enough to serve this whole county who had coughs for nine years. My beast told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go sometimes to the deanery, and see how the world goes there. The doctor is a philosopher above all economy, like philosopher Webber. I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day a fine teal to a cinder: for the wife and daughter said they did not know but I loved it well roasted. The doctor, since his last illness, complains that he has a straitness in his breast and difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother Helsham this post for his. Write me no news of the club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading.—"Dear madam, I beg you may rather think me like the devil, or my wife, than Webber. I do assure you that my house, and all about it, is clean in potentia. If you do not understand so much logic, Mr. Harrison will tell you; but I suppose you ignorant of nothing but doing anything wrong. Be pleased to send me one of your fattest pigeons in a post letter, and I will send you in return a fat goose, under cover to one of the club. The dean may say what he pleases of my ay con O my; but I assure you I have this moment in my house a quarter of fat beef, a fat sheep, two mallards, a duck, and a teal, beside some fowl in squadrons. I wish you were here. Ask the dean if I have not fine ale, table drink, good wine, and a new

pair of tables. Now hear the dean."—It grows dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what the doctor last wrote: but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldest master and miss? with your clerk and schoolboy? So God bless you all. If the doctor has anything more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assurance that I am ever, with great affection, yours, &c.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for me at Dr. Sheridan's in Cavan; but let a clubman frank it, as I do this. Mr. Rochfort is my franker: yours may be general —— or some other (great beast of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole journey, over puppied their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf. — "The devil a lie I wrote, nor will I write to the end of my life. May all happiness attend you and your family. I am, with all good wishes and affection, your most obedient humble servant.

"You were plaguy saucy, who did not like my nuts: I do assure you my dog Lampey cracks them; the dean is my witness."

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, November 15, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,— . . . . . I wrote the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle: what I meant was, to boast of having written to you first, and given you a full account of my journey. I enclosed it in a cover to Mr. Rochfort, in which I desired he would send it to your house: the doctor had his share in the letter; although we could not give satisfaction to all your questions, I now will to some. My leg is rather worse; but an honest man, an apothecary here, says it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger: but I ventured to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the easier because the weather is so foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I ever saw, particularly the mistress, daughter, and servants of this house. My puppy butler is very happy by finding himself among a race of fools almost as nasty as himself. I must now put you upon travelling. You must inquire where Shele my wine-merchant lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packed up. It must be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he assured me) before I left Dublin: for these a carrier will be ready next week, to bring them hither. The deanery woman must be

ready, and Kenrick and Laud must assist; and the carrier must take them from Shele's cellar, ready packed up. My service to Miss Harrison. Pray send her hither by the first carrier, and give her eighteenpence to bear the charges, of which I will pay threepence, and the doctor intends paying another penny. By the conduct of this family I apprehend the day of judgment is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife against the husband, &c. I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you shall change my name to Dr. Shift. We abound in wild-fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, &c. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house, but the way is soft and so fond of our shoes that it covers them with its favors. My first attempt was to repair the summer-house, and make the way passable to it; whereupon Boreas was so angry that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The doctor is at school, when he comes I will inquire who is this romantic chevalier Tisdal. As to Waller's advertisement, if I were in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here. My service to Miss Harrison and the doctor, and my love to the two boys. I shall still enclose to John Rochfort, except he fails in sending you my letters. Service to Mrs. Morgan; I hope her husband's man has prevailed to be of the club. Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the doctor.

"Beg a duck? beg a dozen. You shall not beg, but command. The dean may talk of the dirtiness of this town; but I can assure you that he had more upon his shoes yesterday than is at the worst in our corporation, wherever he got it. As for my part, I am tired of him, for I can never get him out of the dirt, and that my stairs and the poor cleanly maids know very well. You know that he talks ironically."

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, November 18, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,—We were undone for want of your answer, and thought that Mr. Rochfort was at his country-seat, to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never anything of so small a

kind was so vexatious to me as this broken shin. If I had apprehended the consequences, I would not have stirred from Dublin until it was cured. It has prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot say I am better. But the surgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the doctor, has been with me this morning, saw the sore, and says it is in a good way; and that he will consult with the apothecary, and soon make me well. It smarts more to-day than ever; but the surgeon said it was because some powder called precipitate (an like you) was put on this morning, to eat off the black skin in the middle of the sore. It digests every day, but I cannot digest it. I shall lose my health by sitting still, and my leg in a chair, like a Grattan in the gout. I wish I had stayed at home, and you had been my surgeon. To say truth, this town and country are so disagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health; our house, and shoes, and streets, are so perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from the town. The rest would have come but for some unexpected impediment. In some days after, I invited the principal men in town to sup with me at the best inn here. There were sixteen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty shillings. They were all very modest and obliging. Wild-fowl is cheap, and all very good, except the ducks, which, though far from sea, have a rank taste from the lakes. It is nothing to have a present of a dozen snipes, teal, woodcocks, widgeon, duck, and mallard, &c. You would admire to see me at my endeavors to supply deanery conveniences. The cursed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying. You are a little too jocose upon Mr. Harrison's countenance. I hope he has no return of illness, nor is more lean than I left him. He must borrow an hour more from his studies, and bestow it on exercise and mirth; otherwise he may be like the miser, who, by not affording himself victuals, died a dozen years the sooner, by which he lost many a thousand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheasants, and drank burgundy every day. I must now repeat the commission I mentioned. The old woman, Kenrick, and Laud, must find out Shele the wine-merchant; a carrier will go next week to the deanery, be taught to find out Shele with Kenrick. Shele must, as he promised, pack up twelve dozen of his claret which has been bottled three months already. This must be given to the carrier by Shele,

and ready put up in some hampers as he will contrive. I hope Mr. Rochfort will be in town to send you this letter. I am ever yours; with my love to the girls and boys.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 22, 1735.

DEAR MADAM, — Having answered your long letter, which was improved by the doctor's (Mr. Harrison's) additions, I now tell you that a Monday next, which will be the 24th instant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed, by another letter to you, to manage the business of sending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr. Shele has ready bottled, and must see it packed up in his best manner in hampers or hogsheads, as I mentioned in my last, and that the wine was bottled (as he says) two months before I came away. Kenrick and Laud and the women will be your assistants. The fellow will be with you by Wednesday night or Thursday morning, and I will write by him. I cannot say my shin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack-surgeon attend me; but they see no danger, and promise I shall recover in a few days. Meantime, I dare neither walk nor ride; and yet I think my stomach is better, and so may continue until I grow weary of snipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild-duck, fieldfare, &c. My service to your he and she brats. Let Kenrick, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and Laud and the women may be prepared; this will save me a letter to him. I am ever *entièrement à vous.*

Cavan, November 22, 1735.

I SHALL never be quiet; a country author unknown has sent me a manuscript of two hundred pages for my judgment. Pray send me the three quires of paper in quarto, for the doctor has swallowed up mine, and we have none left.

"I can assure you, dear madam, with pleasure, that the dean begins to look healthier and plumper already; and I hope will mend every day. But to deal plainly with you, I am a little afraid of his good stomach, though victuals are cheap, because it improves every day, and I do not know how far this may increase my family expenses. He pays me but two crowns a-week for his ordinary; and I own that I am a little too modest to grumble at it; but if you would give him a hint about wear and tear of goods, I make no doubt but his own discretion would make him raise his price. Pray do this (as

you do all other things) in the handsomest manner you can. I am to you, and yours, as much yours as the dean afo[illegible]

I desire you will hint to the doctor that he would [illegible] four shillings a-week from the ten, which he most exorbitantly makes me pay him; but tell him you got this hint from another hand, and that all Dublin cries shame at him for it.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, November 28, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,—I take advantage a day before the post to write to you; and this is the first day I have ventured to walk this fortnight past, except yesterday, when I dined with my surgeon at the barrack. This morning I visited four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs. Donaldson was one. My whole journey has been disappointed by this accident, for I intended to have been a constant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thousand domestic conveniences wanting; but one pair of tongs in the whole house; the turf so wet that a tolerable fire is a miracle; the kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the house back and fore door always left open, which, in a storm, our constant companion, threatens the fall of the whole edifice; madam as cross as the devil, and as lazy as any of her sister sows, and as nasty. These are some of our blind sides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating-room (which is his study), there finishes his meal, and has share of a pint wine; the other pint is left till night. Then we have an honest neighbor, Mr. Price, who sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the doctor sometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat we are hard put to it. It is true, our beef and mutton are very good; but for the rest we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouse, snipes, woodcocks, plover, silver-eels, and such trash, which, although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined Dublin dean. I expect before this letter goes that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I shall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He set out from hence on Tuesday, but I suppose cannot return till next week. I had, several days ago, a letter from Mrs. Sican, and another from her French son, an excellent good one; when you go that way tell her of this, with my

service, and that I will write to her soon. Your letters have been so friendly, so frequent, and so entertaining, and oblige me so much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget that you are a cousin, and treat you as a friend. If Apollo has entirely neglected my head, can you think he will descend to take care of my shin? Earthly ladies forsake us at forty, and the muses discard us at fifty-five. I have mentioned that rascal R—— to Dr. Delany, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the doctor will not cast him off he will justly expose himself to censure.

I wish you would speak to your dearly beloved monster, Mr. L——, when he comes to town, about my Laracor agent, to pay me some money, and to reproach G—— for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favorites, and L—— another; I hope I am not the third.

I have just spoken about the thread to Mrs. Sheridan, who tells me that what you desire is to be had here every market-day; and that Mrs. Donaldson understands it very well. "To carry on the thread of the discourse, I discovered the little dirty b—h, the fire-maker, to be the opener of the doors, and the leaver of them so; for which the dean had her lugged this evening by the cookmaid; for which he paid her a threepence, and gave the little girl a penny for being lugged; and because the cook did not lug her well enough he gave her a lugging to show her the way. These are some of our sublimer amusements. I wish you were here to partake of them. The only thing of importance I can tell you is"—(Ay, what is it? He shall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. It is true that the legion club is sinking the value of gold and silver to the same with England, and are putting four pounds a hogshead more duty on wine! The cursed vipers use all means to increase the numbers of absentees. Well, I must go to the market about this thread. It is now Nov. 29; I fear the doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr. Morgan's heathenish christian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finish a letter to Mrs. Cican; I desire you will call on her sometimes. My love to your brats. I have settled with Mrs. Donaldson about the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit stockings for your dear self. Let the doctor conclude I am ever, &c. "Madam, I have only room to tell you that I will see you the 12th or 13th of December) excuse a long parenthesis: your most obedient and"—

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, December 6, 1735.

DEAR MADAM, — I have yours of November the 29th. The doctor, who is always sanguine, reckoned upon the wine as sure as if it had been in his cellar under the stairs; but I, who am ever desponding, told him I was sure there would be some disappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough still to hold us a reasonable term, at one bottle a-day between us, at least if he would leave off inviting young Mr. Price, Parson Richardson, Mr. Nash, Mr. Jacob, surgeon of the troop, squire Fleming of Balhaynockhye, Dr. O'Neil, Dr. Fludd, parson Charlton of Evacthonyeul, besides the rest of our Cavan gentry and neighborhood. I will not have the wine sent by any carrier on purpose: it would be a confounded expense: but we will wait until a further opportunity by Marcus Tully, the genuine orator and carrier of our city. I refused a long time to show the doctor that part of your letter which reflects upon, not only his countrymen but his townsmen, and fifty to one but upon one of his own or madam's cousins; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that Tully is an honest carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment had been for your tenant, with his half-year's rent. I am sorry that it was on account of some scrub drapier of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all rogues, and I shall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrack-surgeon prescribed the very same medicine that you advised for my shin. My leg is so well that I have been twice riding, and walk in the town, that is to say in the dirt, every day. We have now a fine frost, and walk safe from dirt, but it is like a life at court, very slippery. I do not like to see my money laid out in cleaning curtains and covering chairs; but since, as you say, you are pleased to be at that expense, I thankfully submit. The doctor will be with you on Friday next: he goes to see the grand monde, and beg subscriptions to build a schoolhouse. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to stay with madam and her daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when the days grow longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies' dinners. In spite of all I could say, I was kept so late by their formality on Thursday last, that I was forced to ride five miles after nightfall on the worst road in Europe or county of Cavan. The doctor cannot have time to write a word: he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred

pounds arrears, by which means I shall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him, to bear my charges back. My shin cost me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I desire the room and bed I lie in may be often aired. The doctor will not lie at the deanery, because it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers. I approve your name of cub; but may your male cub never sit in the club! I will not pay the three shillings and fourpence for a wife, as you propose, because I can get one here for two thirteens. Mrs. Donaldson is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I dare not come to town till Miss Harrison gives me a general discharge. I desire to know her utmost demands. My chief amusement here is backgammon. Dr. Sheridan is a peevish bungler, and I sometimes win his money. Mr. Price is an expert civil gamester, and I always lose to him. This is the state of my affairs. The doctor is come up, and says he will not write a word, because he is busy, and will see you soon. *Entre nous*, I will not stay when the doctor is gone; but this is a secret; and if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three days after him. So I close this letter, and remain *entièrement à vous*, &c.

My humble service to the bearer and his lady. God ever bless you and your fire-side.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

December 30, 1735.

My Lord,—Your grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a-year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a-year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more on his behalf. Now, by plain arithmetic it follows that one hundred and ten pounds remain: and this arrear I have assigned to one Mr. John Jackson, a cousin-german of the Grattans, who is vicar of Santry, and has a small estate, with two sons and as many daughters, all grown up. He has lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now dis-

posing of the *débris* of two bishoprics, among which is the deanery of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a-year, which will make this gentleman easier; who, besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think that your grace, to whom God has given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club, to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting anything for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favor of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that, although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse: which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding new arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote Scripture: Although the children's meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the children's table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. Jackson is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish, about four miles from hence, where he has built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he has not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say. Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanery, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in England; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none, as dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living, consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor and others better endowed; but all in tithes. Mr. Jackson cannot leave his present situation, and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace when I say you will oblige great numbers even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favor, or any other that will answer the same end. *Multa*, &c., *veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi* (*nam multo plures sumus*), *ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hanc decedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of

my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

January 8, 1736.

Mr. Faulkner,—I am answering a letter I had from Mr. Pope when I was at Cavan. My absence and sickness, since I retired, have hindered me from writing to him. He complains of his unluckiness that you could never find him at home, which, he says, since his mother's death, he is often absent from. I here will transcribe a paragraph which relates to you, and I desire you will return an answer to it time enough for me to send a letter to-night, and I will insert the sum of it.

"As to his (Mr. Faulkner's) design about my works, I beg you will desire him to postpone it until he sees the duodecimo edition of them here with the first volume, published by Lintot: for that, joined to the rest by Gilelver, will make the completest hitherto extant, and is revised by me. I guess they will be out at Christmas."

Pray, let me know what answer I shall make to Mr. Pope: write it down and send it by any messenger, the sooner the better, for I am an ill writer at night. I am yours, &c.

I think you may send your answer by the bearer, for it need not take above two lines.

TO MR. POPE.

February 7, 1736.

It is some time since I dined at the bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me, with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life, both as a philosopher and a Christian; particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have stayed too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual

rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickell was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

I read to the bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning, and conversation, and humanity; but he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you: pray be so kind as to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain, and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray let my lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honor an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is, more or less, too constant; I sleep ill and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own; I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden is, that has so lately sprung up in your favor. Give me also some account of your neighbor [Mr. Pulteney] who wrote to me from Bath: I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise Christian governments, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewell, my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

TO MR. POPE.

February 9, 1736.

I CANNOT properly call you my best friend because I have not another left who deserves the name, such a havoc have time, death,

exile, and oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-servants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if anybody cared for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscall their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit or am acquainted with any lord, temporal, or spiritual, in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What has sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated *Singula de nobis anni*, &c. You have put them in a strong and admirable light; but however I am so partial as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honor I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarried.—I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving: for youth is the season of virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue when they leave you and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future ministers and future kings.—As to the new lord-lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

February 18, 1736.

My dear Madam,—I pity you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myself, and my prayers are not wanting: but I pity not him. I count already that you and I and the world must lose him: but do not lose yourself. I was born to a million of disappointments; I had set my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no business in so corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from Christianity which will assist you when humanity fails: I wish I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my shame be it spoken. I shall also lose a sort of a son as well as you; only our cases are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preserve yourself for them I am ever your most affectionate and obedient, &c.

TO MISS HARRISON.

February 23, 1736.

Dear Miss Harrison,—I am in all possible concern for your present situation: I heartily wish you could prevail on your mother to remove immediately to some friend or neighbor's house, that she may be out of the sight and hearing of what must be done to-day. I wish your eldest brother Whiteway would take care to carry her to some part of the town where she might continue until your house may be put in order, and everything that might renew the memory of melancholy objects be removed. Let your brother Whiteway write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother. I am ever, &c.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

February 25, 1736.

Dear Madam,—In the midst of your grief and my own for the same misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole course of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourself, but the greater part of those who are left, and by the same law of nature have an equal title to your care. I wrote on Monday to Miss Harrison, that she would beg you, in my name, to remove some hours to a neighbor, that your ears might not be harassed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield; and, at the same time, she much feared she must lose you too. Some degree of wisdom is required

in the greatest calamity, because God requires it; because he knows what is best for us; because he never intended anything like perfect happiness in the present life; and because it is our duty, as well as interest, to submit. I will make you another proposal, and shall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the scene that will be always putting you in mind of your loss. Your daughter can manage the house and sometimes step to see you. All care should be taken of you, and Dr. Robinson will visit you with more ease if you have occasion for him. Mrs. Ridgeway shall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let Miss Harrison return me an answer, and things shall be ready for you. I am ever, with true esteem and affection, dear madam, your most obedient servant and cousin.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

My common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my deafness; and indeed it is that only which discourages me from all thoughts of going to England: because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest gout, I would catch an interval to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends.

As to what you say of your letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal: those things are all tied up, indorsed, and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read; no mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more.

I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your epistles; not from any other ambition than the title of a friend, and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health, and leisure, and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience; you are, and will be some years to come, at the age when invention still keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity: but your subjects are much more difficult when confined to verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of morality in

o masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said that the loss of friends was a tax upon long life; it need not be very long, since you have had so great a share; but I have not above one left; and in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling understandings. How should I know Cheselden? On your side, men of fame start up and die before we here (at least I) know anything of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of lord Bolingbroke's genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author and useful to the world. Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbor Mr. Pulteney. It is affirmed that he hath been very near death: I love him for being a patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, my ailments amount to a prohibition; although I am, as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*, yet I have no spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while everybody owes me, and nobody pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary; a race of young dunces and atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four-fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many that a king's seven milions of guineas would not support me.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

April 24, 1736.

I HAVE been very ill for these two months past with giddiness and deafness, which lasted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered, but still am weak and indolent, not thinking anything worth my thoughts; and although (I forget what I am going to say, so it serves for nothing) — I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs. Whiteway, who is upon all occasions so zealous to vindicate, is one whom I desire you to chide; for during my whole sickness she was perpetually

plaguing and sponging on me; and though she would drink no wine herself, yet she increased the expense by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, some I reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry fellows. Mr. J. R—— never fails; I did within two days past ring him such a peal in relation to you, that he must be the d—l not to consider it; I will use him the same way if he comes to-morrow (which I do not doubt) for a pint of wine. I like your project of a satire on Fairbrother, who is an errant rascal in every circumstance.

"Every syllable that is worth reading in this letter you are to suppose I wrote: the dean only took the hints from me, but he has put them so ill together that I am forced to tell you this in my own justification. Had you been worth hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have shown you a poem on the '*Legion Club.*' I do not doubt but that a certain person will pretend he wrote it, because there is a copy of it in his hand lying on his table; but do not mind that, for there are some people in the world will say anything. I wish you could give some account of poor *Dr. Sheridan;* I hear the reason he did not come to town this *Easter* is, that he waited to see a neighbor of his hanged."

Whatever is said in this page by Goody Whiteway, I have not read, nor will read; but assure you, if it relates to me, it is all a lie; for she says you have taught her that art, and as the world goes, and she takes you for a wise man, she ought to follow your practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own affairs and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? for, upon my conscience, you have half starved me.

"The plover-eggs were admirable, and the worsted for the dean's stockings so fine that not one knitter here can knit them."

We neither of us know what the other hath written; so one answer will serve if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our share, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that disorder be better.

"If the dean should give you any hint about money, you need not mind him, for to my knowledge he borrowed 20*l.* a month ago to keep himself alive."

I am sorry to tell you that poor Mrs. Whiteway is to be hanged on Tuesday next for stealing a piece of Indian silk out of Bradshaw's shop, and did not set the house on fire, as I advised her. I have written a very masterly poem on the "Legion Club;" which,

if the printer should be condemned to be hanged for it, you will see in a threepenny book; for it is two hundred and forty lines. Mrs. Whiteway is to have half the profit and half the hanging.

"The *drapier* went this day to the *Tholsel* as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a jacobite, God send hanging does not go round!"

TO BISHOP HORT.

May 12, 1736.

My Lord,—I have two or three times begun a letter to your lordship, and as often laid it aside; until, by the unasked advice of some friends of yours, and of all my own, I resolved at last to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer who suffered so much upon your lordship's account, confined to a dungeon among common thieves, and others with infectious diseases, to the hazard of his life; besides the expense of above 25*l.*, and beside the ignominy to be sent to Newgate like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do also very highly and personally concern me. For, your lordship declaring your desire to have that paper looked for, he did at my request search his shop, and unfortunately found it; and, although he had absolutely refused before to print it, because my name as the author was fixed to it, which was very legible, notwithstanding there was a scratch through the words; yet at my desire he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you sent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependants; but your friends were the only persons who gave out the report of its having been your performance. I read your lordship's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue "that he is in these dealings the adventurer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss." Indeed, my lord, the case is otherwise. He sells such papers to the running boys for farthings a-piece, and is a gainer by each less than half a farthing; and it is seldom he sells above a hundred, unless they be of such as only spread by giving offence, and consequently endanger the printer both in loss of money and liberty, as was the case of that very paper, which, although it be written with spirit and humor, yet, if it had not affected Bettesworth, would scarce have cleared above a shilling to Faulkner: neither would he have done it at all but at my urgency, which was the effect of your lordship's commands to me. But as

your lordship has since been universally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me, so it is as generally known that you never gave him the least consideration for his losses, disgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every person of my acquaintance whom I see at home or abroad; and particularly from one person too high to name, who told me all the particulars; and I heartily wished, upon your account, that I could have assured him that the poor man had received the least mark of your justice, or, if you please to call it so, your generosity, which I would gladly inform that great person of before he leave us.

Now, my lord, as God, assisting your own good management of a very ample fortune, has made you extremely rich, I may venture to say that the printer has a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honor, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his losses, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your lordship, against Faulkner's will, to be an occasion of his sufferings. And if you shall please to recompense him in the manner that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket; and as soon as I shall be informed of it, I shall immediately write to that very great person, in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character, for which I am sure he will rejoice, and so will all your friends, or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence.

Your lordship has too good an understanding to imagine that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewise mingled with pity to the innocent sufferer. And I hope you will consider that this case is not among those where it is a mark of magnanimity to despise the censure of the world; because all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a sparing temper, upon an occasion where common justice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude with assuring your lordship again, that what I have written was chiefly for your lordship's credit and service: because I am, with great truth, your lordship's most, &c.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, May 15, 1736.

MRS. WHITEWAY and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming that you had not sent a letter since you got to your Cabau

(for the V consonant was anciently a B), I mean Cavan: but, however, we mingled pity, for we feared you had run away from school, and left the key under the door. We were much disappointed that the spring and beginning of summer had not introduced the muses, and that your now walkable roads had not roused your spirits. We are here the happiest people in the universe; we have a year and a half before the club will meet to be revenged further on the clergy, who never offended them; and in England their parliament are following our steps, only with two or three steps for our one. It is well you have done with the church, but pray take care to get money, else in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin schools, as Popish and Jacobite. I took leave of the duke and duchess to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promise to bestow upon England 25,000*l.* a-year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, against the petition of all the merchants, shopkeepers, &c., to a man. May his own estate be lowered the other forty parts, for we now lose by all gold two and a half per cent. He will be a better (that is to say a worse) man by 60,000*l.* than he was when he came over; and the nation better (that is to say worse) by above half a million; beside the worthy method he hath taken in a disposal of employments in church and state. Here is a cursed long libel running about in manuscript on the Legion Club; it is in verse, and the foolish town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abused (as it is said) in the original; but others have added more, which I never saw, though I have once read the true one. What has Fowlbrother done to provoke you? I either never heard or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed, and the title shall be, "Upon a certain bookseller (or printer) in Utopia." Mrs. Whiteway will be here to-morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open-hearted letter very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

MRS. WHITEWAY HERE BEGINS.

"SIR,—I am most sincerely obliged to you for all the civil things you have said to me, and of me to the dean. I found the good effects of them this day: when I waited on him he received me with great good humor, said something had happened since he saw me last that had convinced him of my merit; that he was sorry he had treated me with so little distinction, and that hereafter I should not be put

upon the foot of an humble companion, but treated like a lady of wit, and learning, and fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr. Sheridan to part with his wife, he would make her his friend, his nurse, and the manager of his family. I approved entirely of his choice, and at the same time expressed my fears that it would be impossible for you to think of living without her; this is all that sticks with me. But considering the friendship you express to me for the dean, I hope you will be persuaded to consider his good rather than your own, and send her up immediately; or else it will put him to the expense of giving three shillings and fourpence for a wife; and he declares that the badness of pay of his tithes, since the resolutions of the parliament of Ireland, puts this out of his power."

I could not guess why you were so angry at Fowlbrother, till Mrs. Whiteway, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some works of yours and mine like a rogue: which is so usual to their trade that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on to desire that Mrs. Donaldson will let me know what I owe her, not in justice but generosity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the summer with you, if health would permit me; for I have some club enemies that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot; it is a death I have a particular aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk with servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers: however I would have them to be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. Richardson who (money excepted) is a very honest man. How is your breathing? As to myself, my life and health are not worth a groat. How shall we get wine to your cabin? I can spare some, and am preparing diaculum to save my skin as far as Cavan, and even to Belturbet. Pray God preserve you. I am, &c.

TO MR. BENJAMIN MOTTE.

Dublin, May 25, 1736.

SIR, — I lately received a long letter from Mr. Faulkner, grievously complaining, upon several articles, of the ill treatment he hath met with from you, and of the many advantageous offers he hath made you, with none of which you thought fit to comply. I am not qualified to judge in the fact, having heard but one side; only one thing I know, that the cruel oppressions of this kingdom

by England are not to be borne. You send what books you please hither, and the booksellers here can send nothing to you that is written here. As this is absolute oppression, if I were a bookseller in this town I would use all the safe means to reprint London books, and run them to any town in England that I could, because, whoever offends not the laws of God or the country he lives in commits no sin. It was the fault of you and other booksellers, who printed anything supposed to be mine, that you did not agree with each other to print them together if you thought they would sell to any advantage. I believe I told you long ago that Mr. Faulkner came to me and told me his intention to print everything that my friends told him they thought to be mine, and that I was discontented at it, but when he urged that some other bookseller would do it, and that he would take the advice of my friends, and leave out what I pleased to order him, I said no more but that I was sorry it should be done here.——But I am so incensed against the oppressions from England, and have so little regard to the laws they make, that I do, as a clergyman, encourage the merchants both to export wool and woollen manufactures to any country in Europe or anywhere else; and conceal it from the custom-house officers as I would hide my purse from a highwayman, if he came to rob me on the road, although England hath made a law to the contrary; and so I would encourage our booksellers here to sell your authors' books printed here, and send them to all the towns in England, if I could do it with safety and profit; because (I repeat it) it is no offence against God or the laws of the country I live in. Mr. Faulkner hath dealt so fairly with me that I have a great opinion of his honesty, although I never dealt with him as a printer or a bookseller; but since my friends told me those things called mine would certainly be printed by some hedge bookseller, I was forced to be passive in the matter. I have some things which I shall leave my executors to publish after my decease, and have directed that they shall be printed in London. For, except small papers, and some treatises writ for the use of this kingdom, I always had those of any importance published in London, as you well know. For my own part, although I have no power anywhere, I will do the best offices I can to countenance Mr. Faulkner; for although I was not at all pleased to have that collection printed here, yet none of my friends advised me to be angry with him; although if they had been printed in London by you and your partners, perhaps I might have pretended to some little profit. Whoever may have the hazard or

advantage of what I shall leave to be printed in London after my decease, I will leave no other copies of them here; but if Mr. Faulkner should get the first printed copy, and reprint it here, and send his copies to England, I think he would do as right as the London booksellers who load us with yours. If I live but a few years, I believe I shall publish some things that I think are important; but they shall be printed in London although Mr. Faulkner were my brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my thoughts on this matter, and so I remain, sir, your most humble servant.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, June 5, 1734.

You must pay your groat (as if you had been drunk last night) for this letter, because I am neither acquainted with any frank cur, nor the ——— of frank king. I am glad you have got the piles, because it is a mark of health and a strong constitution. I believe what you say of the Legion Club poem; for it plainly appears a work of a legion club, for I hear there are fifty different copies; but what is that to me? And you are in the right that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ so regular in your life, and therefore when you write to me always take care to have the piles; I mean any piles except those of lime and stone, and yet piles are not so bad as the stone. I find you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room shall be ready for you, though I shall never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in an evening; at all other times I shall be pestered with you. John R—— (for he does not deserve the name of Jack) is gone to his six-miles-off country-seat for the summer. I admire at your bill of 10*l.* odd; for I thought your first was double; or is it an additional one? When you satisfy me, I will send down to him with a vengeance: although except that damned vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable man. As to your venison, vain is one who expects it. I am checking you for your chickens, and could lamb you for your lambs.—*Addenda quædam.*

My wife a-rattling,
My children tattling.
My money spent is,
And due my rent is.
My school decreasing,
My income ceasing.
Would you get still more?
Go flatter Kilmore.

All people teaze me,
But no man pays me.
My worship is bit,
By that rogue Nisbit.
To take the right way,
Consult friend Whiteway.
Your geese are old,
Your wife a scold.

Mrs. Whiteway is ever your friend, but your old ones have forsaken you as mine have me. My head is very bad, and I have just as much spirits left as a drowned mouse. Pray do not you give yourself airs of pretending to have flies in summer at Cavan; and such a *no* summer as this: I, who am the best fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to show my skill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden improvements, for I know you too well. What you say of your leanness is incredible; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free (which nothing but exercise can give), you may be safe with as little flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter just before this was sealed; but I cannot answer it now.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

June 15, 1736.

MADAM,—I write this letter to your ladyship in the employment you have chosen of being a go-between the duke of Dorset and me. I must preface this letter with an honest declaration that I never proposed any one thing to his grace wherein I did not chiefly consult his honor and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honor to know him from a boy, as I did your ladyship from a child; and yet, excepting great personal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favor of getting one church preferment for any friend except one too inconsiderable to mention. I wrote to and told my lord duke that there was a certain family here called the Grattans, and that they could command ten thousand men; two of them are parsons, as you Whigs call them, another is lord mayor of this city, and was knighted by his grace a month or two ago. But there is another cousin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be John Jackson, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own small estate, four miles from this town, and in his own parish; but he has four children. He only wants some little addition of 100*l.* a-year; for he has laid out 800*l.* to build upon his own small estate in his own parish, which he cannot leave; and we cannot spare him. He has lain a weight upon my shoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my lord duke as a most deserving person. His grace has now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. Ward, who died this morning, had a deanery of small value; it was a hedge deanery, my lord duke will tell you

what I mean; we have many of them in Ireland: but, as it does not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of 40*l.* or 50*l.* yearly rent, it will be a great ease to him. He is no party man, but a loyal subject. It is the deanery of Cloyne: he is well acquainted with the bishop, who is Dr. Berkeley; I have reasons enough to complain of my lord duke, who absolutely refused to provide for a most worthy man whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: and therefore, if he will not consent to give this poor deanery to Mr. John Jackson, I will fall out with him for ever. I desire your ladyship to let the duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a newspaper to me the other day, wherein your saucy niece is mentioned as married with 45,000*l.* to her fortune. I desire to present her with my most humble service, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your ladyship still preserves your health and good humor. Your virtues I am in no pain about; for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth as well as by constant practice. I pray God preserve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happiness hereafter.

I will (notwithstanding your commands to the contrary) be so bold to tell you that I am, with the greatest respect and esteem, madam, your ladyship's most obedient and obliged humble servant.

TO THE PROVOST AND SENIOR FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Deanery-house, July 5, 1736.

REV. AND WORTHY SIRS,—As I had the honor of receiving some part of my education in your university, and the good fortune to be of some service to it while I had a share of credit at court, as well as since, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excused for laying a case before you, and offering my opinion upon it.

Mr. Dunkin, whom you all know, sent me some time ago a memorial intended to be laid before you, which perhaps he hath already done. His request is that you would be pleased to enlarge his annuity at present, and that he may have the same right, in his turn, to the first church preferment vacant in your gift, as if he had been made a fellow, according to the scheme of his aunt's will; because

the absurdity of the condition in it ought to be imputed to the old woman's ignorance, although her intention be very manifest; and the intention of the testator in all wills is chiefly regarded by the law. What I would therefore humbly propose is this, that you would increase his pension to 100*l.* a-year, and make him a firm promise of the first church living in your disposal, to the value of 200*l.* a-year, or somewhat more. This I take to be a reasonable medium between what he hath proposed in his memorial, and what you allow him at present.

I am almost a perfect stranger to Mr. Dunkin, having never seen him above twice, and then in mixed company, nor should I know his person if I met him in the streets. But I know he is a man of wit and parts, which, if applied properly to the business of his function, instead of poetry (wherein it must be owned he sometimes excels), might be of great use and service to him.

I hope you will please to remember that, since your body hath received no inconsiderable benefaction from the aunt, it will much increase your reputation rather to err on the generous side toward the nephew.

These are my thoughts, after frequently reflecting on the case under all its circumstances; and so I leave it to your wiser judgments. I am, with true respect and esteem, reverend and worthy sirs, your most obedient and most humble servant.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

July 10, 1736.

I RECEIVED your two letters. The first is mingled with Latin and English, one following the other; now I scorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the sake of order, I will begin with answering your second letter before the first, because it deserves one on account of your presents from bogs, rivers, mountains, mosses, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c. Mrs. Whiteway was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every curiosity; she swears the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the smell. That your whole artichoke leaf shows its mother to be smaller than a nutmeg; and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to censure. Your raspberry she compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your purslain

passed very well with me, but she swore it was houseleek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine, but will have it that, for the credit of your town, you would have it born there, although Mrs. Donaldson confesses it was sent her in a box of brown sugar, and died as it entered the gates. Mrs. Whiteway proceeds further in her malice, declaring your nasturtium to be only a piss-a-bed; your beans as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten hogs in Leicestershire. In one thing she admires your generosity, that for her sake you would spare a drop or two of your canal water, which by the spongy bottom needs it so much. The only defects of them all were, that they wanted color, sight, and smell; yet as to the last, we both acknowledge them all to exhale a general fustiness, which, however, did much resemble that of your Cavan air.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

I RECEIVED your letter, which began with "lings." You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and sixty: a trifle! Find me ten more than mine and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve which are not entered in a letter, which I will send you when health permits, and I have nothing else to do, and that may be a twelvemonth hence, if my disorder will let me hold out so long. You were born to be happy, for you take the least piece of good fortune cheerfully. I suppose your arithmetic is that three boys a-week are a hundred and fifty-nine in a year; and seven guineas a-week are three hundred and sixty-five per annum. Can you reckon that the county, and the next, and Dublin, will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen shall be lodgers? Does the cheapness of things answer your expectation? Have you sent away your late younger-married daughter, and will you send away the other? Let me desire you will be very regular in your accounts; because a very honest friend of yours and mine tells me that, with all your honesty, it is an uneasy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts, by your frequent forgetfulness and confusion: for you have no notion of regularity; and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered, confused manner in which you have lived. Mrs. Whiteway thanks you for the good opinion you have of her, and I know she always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be able to travel. I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to see the bishop of Ossory. Yet I

dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some sudden turns are every day threatening me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a scheme of living with you, when the College-green club is to meet; for in these times I detest the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and slavish practices of those misrepresentative brutes; and resolve, if I can stir, to pass that whole time at Bath or Cavan. I say again, keep very regular accounts, in large books and a fair hand; not like me, who to save paper confuse everything. Your mind is honest, but your memory a knave, and therefore the Scotch mean the same thing by "minding" that we do by "remembering." "Sirrah," said I to a Scotch footman, "why did not you go that errand?"—"Because I did not 'mind' it," quoth Sawney. A curse on these twenty soldiers, drumming through my liberty twice a-day, and going to a barracks the government hath placed just under my nose. I think of a line in Virgil Travesty. "The d—l cut their yelping weasons." We expect lord Orrery and bishop Rundle next week. This letter was intended for last post, but interruptions and horses hindered it. Poor Mrs. Acheson is relapsed at Grange, and worse than ever: I was there yesterday and met Dr. Helsham, who hopes she was a little better.—16. Here has nobody been hanged, married, or dead, that I hear of: Dr. Grattan is confined by a boil; if you ask him where, he will sell you a bargain. My chief country companion now is Philosopher Webber: for the Grattans and Jacksons are neither to be found at home nor abroad, except Robin, who cannot stir a foot.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN STANLEY, BART.

Dublin, October 30, 1736.

Sir,—I have had for several months a strong application made me, by a person for whose virtue, honor, and good sense I have a great esteem, to write to you in behalf of one of your tenants here, whose case I send you enclosed; and if he relates it with truth and candor, I expect you will comply with his request, because I have known you long and have always highly esteemed and loved you, as you cannot deny: I know you will think it hard for me or any one to interfere in a business of property; but I very well understand the practice of Irish tenants to English landlords, and of those landlords to their tenants. Yet, if what Mr. Wilding desires is rightly represented, that he has been a great improver, his offers

reasonable, his gains by no means exorbitant, and his payments regular, you neither must nor shall act as an Irish racking squire. I have inquired about this tenant, and hear a good account of his honesty; and that worthy friend who recommends him to me durst not deceive me: so I fully reckon that you will obey my commands, or show me strong reasons to the contrary; in which case I will break with that friend and drive your tenant out of doors whenever he presumes to open his lips again to me on any occasion.

I have one advantage by this letter, that it gives me a fair occasion of inquiring after your health, and where you live, and how you employ your leisure, and what share I keep in your good will. As to myself, years and infirmities have sunk my spirits to nothing. My English friends are all either dead or in exile, or, by a prudent oblivion, have utterly dropped me; having loved this present world. And as to this country, I am only a favorite of my old friends the rabble, and I return their love because I know none else who deserve it. May you live long, happy, and beloved, as you have ever been by the best and wisest of mankind. And if ever you happen to think of me, remember that I have always been, and shall ever continue, with the truest respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant.

I know not the present state of your family; but if there be still near you the ladies I had the honor to know, I desire to present them with my most humble service.

I am now at the age of blundering in letters, syllables, words, and half-sentences, as you see, and must pardon.

TO MR. POPE.

December 2, 1736.

I THINK you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride: the first I can do tolerably, but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be

able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says,—*Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month at furthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begin to distinguish so confounded early that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherly, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, &c., and in spite of your heart you have owned me a contemporary. Not to mention lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborough: in short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life. May my friends be happy in this and a better life! but I value not what becomes of posterity when I consider from what monsters they are to spring. My lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000*l.* a-year about Cork and the neighborhood, and has more than three years' rent unpaid; this is our condition in these blessed times. I wrote to your neighbor about a month ago, and subscribed my name: I fear he has not received my letter, and wish you would ask him; but perhaps he is still a-rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave has restored his health. How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet my lord Bathurst, and lord Marsham, and Mr. Lewis remain; and being your acquaintance, I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. Patty Blount, and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero* is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales. My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not

forgive a blank of half an inch from you. I had reason to expect from some of your letters that we were to hope for more epistles of morality; and I assure you my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subject of such epistles are more useful to the public by your manner of handling them than any of all your writings; and although in so profligate a world as ours they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.

TO JOHN BARBER, ESQ.

ALDERMAN OF LONDON.

Dublin, December 8, 1736.

My Dear Old Friend,—I am glad of any occasion to write to you, and therefore business will be my excuse. I had lately a letter from Mrs. Warburton, the widow of him for whom I got a living in those parts where your society's estate lies. The substance of her request is a public affair wherein you and I shall agree; for neither of us are changed in point of principles. Mr. John Williams, your society's overseer, is worried by a set of people in one part of your estate, which is called Salter's Proportion, because he opposed the building of a fanatic meeting-house in that place. This crew of dissenters are so enraged at this refusal, that they have so incensed sir Thomas Webster, the landlord (I suppose under you) of that estate, against him, and are doing all in their power to get him discharged from your service. Mr. Warburton was his great friend. By what I understand those factious people presume to take your timber at pleasure, contrary to your society's instructions, wherein Mr. Williams constantly opposes them to the utmost of his power, and that is one great cause of their malice. Long may you live a bridle to the insolence of dissenters, who, with their pupils the atheists, are now wholly employed in ruining the church; and have entered into public associations subscribed and handed about publicly for that purpose. I wish you were forced to come over hither, because I am confident the journey and voyage would be good for your health; but my ill health and age have made it impossible for me to go over to you. I have often let you know that I have a good warm apartment for you, and I scorn to add any professions of your being welcome in summer or winter, or both: pray God bless you, and grant that you may live as long as you desire,

and be ever happy hereafter. Is our friend Bolingbroke well? He is older than either of us; but I am chiefly concerned about his fortune: for some time ago, a friend of us both wrote to me that he wished his lordship had listened a little to my thrifty lectures, instead of only laughing at them. I am ever, with the truest affection, dear Mr. alderman, your most hearty friend, and obedient humble servant.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

January 29, 1737.

MADAM,—I owe your ladyship the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made to my lord duke. I now dismiss you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble him either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy; his lessons are all prescribed him from court; and he is sure at a very cheap rate to have a majority of most corrupt slaves and idiots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him than it would be to the great Mogul; while the very few honest or moderate men of the Whig party lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments or church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own, but entirely by consulting his own honor, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of modestly standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of church and state.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties that great men lay under in the points of promises and employments; but a plain honest English farmer, when he invites his neighbors to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a piece for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth I shall only grieve silently when I hear of employments disposed of to the discontent of his grace's best friends in this kingdom; and the rather, because I do not know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the duke of Dorset.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyship's want of health has driven you to the Bath; the same cause has hindered

me from sooner acknowledging your letter. But I am at a time of life when I am to expect a great deal worse; for I have neither flesh nor spirits left, while you, madam, I hope and believe, will enjoy many happy years in employing those virtues which Heaven bestowed on you for the delight of your friends, the comfort of the distressed and the universal esteem of all who are wise and virtuous.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady Suffolk and your happy brother. I am, with the truest respect, madam, your, &c.

TO JOHN TEMPLE, ESQ.

Dublin, February, 1737.

SIR,—The letter which I had the favor to receive from you I read to your cousin Mrs. Dingley, who lodges in my neighborhood. She was very well pleased to hear of your welfare, but a little mortified that you did not mention or inquire after her. She is quite sunk with years and unwieldiness, as well as a very scanty support. I sometimes make her a small present as my abilities can reach, for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least.

Jervas told me that your aunt's picture is in sir Peter Lely's best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it if you will be so good as to order some mark of your favor to Mrs. Dingley. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt; and if I live any time I shall see that she keeps herself clear of the world; for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known.

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the state of your family. I know nothing of your lady, or what children you have, or any other circumstances; neither do I find that Mr. Hatch can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-house at Moor-park. I have heard it is very much changed for the better as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those words, *factura nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in the hollow ground just before the house; but I suppose the letters are widened and grown shapeless by time.

I know nothing more of your brother than that he has an Irish title (I should be sorry to see you with such a feather), and that some reason or other drew us into a correspondence which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my lord Castledurrow, who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by taking his son with him, that he designs to see us no more. I desire to present my most humble service to your lady, with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me. I am, sir, your most humble faithful servant.

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

March 7, 1737.

SIR,—I must begin by assuring you that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I here am; and still more so by the daily increase of ill health and old age; and yet I confess that the high esteem I preserve for your public and private virtues urges me on to retain some little place in your memory for the short time I may expect to live.

That I no sooner acknowledged the honor of your letter is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country with more than an old Roman spirit; which has reached this obscure enslaved kingdom so far as to have been the constant subject of discourse and of praise among the whole few of what unprostituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from Bath; and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers of the post-offices here and in London have grown weary of their curiosity by finding the little satisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians; I have esteemed many of them as learned, ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Cæsar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind, which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter we understand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. Stopford was with me last night; he is as well

provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman He engaged me to present his best respects and acknowledgments to you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes too far The sentence is not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morals and religion.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the duke of Dorset's having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us; particularly in his disposal of two bishoprics, and other church as well as civil preferments. I wrote a lady in London, his grace's near relation and intimate, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between (as she called herself) betwixt the duke and me, because I never design to attend him again; and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost anywhere met. I sent my letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the duke; and in it I made many complaints against some proceedings, which I suppose he has seen. I never made him one request for myself; and if I spoke for another, he was always upon his guard, which was but twice, and for trifles, but failed in both.

The father of our friend in France may outlive the son; for I would venture a wager that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in England, nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me with great kindness as well as gravity that I ought this spring to take a trip to England, and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an academic, *Nego consequentiam.* And besides, comparisons are odious. You are what the French call *plein de vie.* As you are much younger, so I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual detestation of all public persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of Mrs. Mapp while it was new to us; there was something humorous in it throughout that pleased everybody here. Will you engage for your friend Carteret that he will oppose any step toward arbitrary power? he has promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm, and yet some reports go here of him that have a little disconcerted me. Learning and good sense he has to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he has bestowed you, to be the

chief support of liberty to your country, and let all the people say Amen.

I am, with the truest respect and highest esteem, sir, yours, &c.

TO MR. GIBSON.

March 23, 1737.

MR. GIBSON,—I desire you will give my hearty thanks to Mr. Richardson for the fine present he has made me; and I thank you for your care in sending it to me in so good a condition. I have invited several friends to dine upon it with me to-morrow, when we will drink his health. He has done everything in the genteelest manner, and I am much obliged to him. I am your friend and servant.

TO JOHN BARBER, ESQ.

ALDERMAN OF LONDON.

Dublin, March 30, 1737.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN,—You will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, which he is to deliver to you, signed by the magistrates and chief inhabitants of Colrane. It seems your society has raised the rents of that town, and your lands adjoining, about three years ago, to four times the value of what they formerly paid; which is beyond all I have ever heard even among the most screwing landlords of this impoverished kingdom; and the consequence has already been that many of your tenants in the said town and lands are preparing for their removal to the plantations in America; for the same reasons that are driving some thousands of families in the adjoining northern parts to the same plantations; I mean the oppression by landlords. My dear friend, you are to consider that no society can, or ought in prudence or justice, let their lands at so high a rate as a squire who lives upon his own estate, and is able to distrain in an hour's warning. All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, that they may depend upon receiving their rents, and thereby be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. Thus bishops, deans, and chapters, as well as other corporations, seldom or never let their lands even so high as at half the value; and when they raise those rents which are scandalously low it is ever by degrees. I have many instances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as in that of my chapter. Although my own lands, as dean, be let for four-fifths under their value, I

have not raised them a sixth part in twenty-three years, and took very moderate fines. On the other side, I confess there is no reason why an honorable society should rent their estate for a trifle; and therefore I told Mr. Lloyd my opinion, that if you could be prevailed on just to double the old rent, and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner; for I am as much convinced as I can be of anything human that this wretched oppressed country must of necessity decline every year. If, by a miracle, things should mend, you may in a future renewal make a moderate increase of rent, but not by such leaps as you are now taking; for you ought to remember the fable of the hen who laid every second day a golden egg, upon which her mistress killed her to get the whole lump at once. I am told that one condition in your charter obliges you to plant a colony of English in those parts: if that be so you are too wise to make it a colony of Irish beggars. Some ill consequences have already happened by your prodigious increase of the rent. Many of your old tenants have quitted their houses in Colrane; others are not able to repair their habitations, which are daily going to ruin, and many of those who live on your lands in the country owe great arrears, which they will never be in a condition to pay. I would not have said thus much in an affair and about persons to whom I am an utter stranger, if I had not been assured, by some whom I can trust, of the poor condition those people in and about Colrane have lain under since that enormous increase of their rents.

The bearer, Mr. Lloyd, whom I never saw till yesterday, seems to be a gentleman of great truth and good sense; he has no interest in the case, for although he lives at Colrane his preferment is some miles farther; he is now going to visit his father, who lives near Wrexham, not far from Chester, and from thence, at the desire of your tenants in and near Colrane, he is content to go to London and wait on you there with his credentials. If he has misrepresented this matter to me in any one particular I shall never be his advocate again.

And now, my dear friend, I am forced to tell you that my health is very much decayed, my deafness and giddiness are more frequent; spirits I have none left; my memory is almost gone. The public corruptions in both kingdoms allow me no peace or quiet of mind. I sink every day, and am older by twenty years than many others of the same age. I hope, and am told, that it is better with

you. May you live as long as you desire; for I have lost so many old friends without getting any new, that I must keep you as a handsel of the former. I am, my long dear friend, with great esteem and love, your most obedient humble servant.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

April 9, 1737.

ABOUT a month ago I received your last letter, wherein you complain of my long silence; what will you do when I am so long in answering? I have one excuse which will serve all my friends; I am quite worn out with disorders of mind and body; a long fit of deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehension of giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done: into the bargain, I have not one rag of memory left; and my friends have all forsaken me except Mrs. Whiteway, who preserves some pity for my condition, and a few others who love wine that costs them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am just as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But, to speak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana*, *Tu clamas meretrix primus;* for we have all expected you here at Easter as you were used to do. Your muster-roll of meat is good, but of drink in sup port able. Yew wan twine. My stress Albavia has eaten here all your hung beef, and said it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is that Miss Molly hath issued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs. Harrison; which caused many speck you'll ash owns.——I am now come to the noli me tan jerry, which begg inns wyth mad dam.—So I will go on by the strength of my own wit upon points of the high est imp or taunts. I have been very curious in considering that fruitful word *ling;* which explains many fine qualities in ladies, such as *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling*, (seldom) *toy ling*, *mumb ling*, *grumb ling*, *cur ling*, *puss ling*, *buss ling*, *stow ling*, *ramb ling*, *quarry ling*, *tatt ling*, *whiff ling*, *dabb ling*, *doub ling*. These are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower; they have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, an dare ink you rabble.——Well, I triumph over you, Is corn urine cap a city. Pray, tell me, does the land of Quilca pay

any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of 50*l.* to be got? But before you make complaints of ill payments from your school I will declare I was never so ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors. I have finished my will for the last time, wherein I left some little legacy which you are not to receive till you shall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe to my executors. And I have made very honorable mention of you in the will as the consideration of my leaving these legacies to you.

Explain this proverb, *Salt dry fish, and the wedding gold, is the vice of women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time.

The old hunks Shepherd has buried his only son, who was a young hunks come to age.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here is a rhyme; it is a satire on an inconstant lover:—

You are as faithless as a Carthaginian,
To move at once, Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne.

A Specimen of *Latinitas Grattaniana.*

Ego ludam diabolum super duos baculos cum te
Voca super me cras.
Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.
Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.
Quid pestis velles tu esse apud?
Ego faciam te fumare,
Duc uxorem voni super.
Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.
Ego faciam te secare saltum.
Veni, veni, solve tuum scotum, et fac non plura verba.
Id est plus expensi quam veneratio.
Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem plenum.
Ut diabolus voluit habere id.
Quid est materia tecum?
Tu habes vetus proverbium super tuum latus: Nihil est nunquam in periculo.
Cape me apud illud, et suspende me
Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.
Tu venis in farti tempore.
Est formosus corporatus homo in facia
Esne tu super pro omni die?
Morsus: Esne tu ibi cum tuis ursis?
Ille est ex super suam servationem.
Tu es carcer avis.
Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me ad crinem
Ego dicam tibi quid: hic est magnus clamor, et parva lana.
Quid! tu es super tuum altum equum,
Tu nunquam servâsti tuum verbum.

Hic es diabolus et omne agere.
Visne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum
Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.
Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.
Ego possum facere id cum digito madido.
Profecto ego habui nullum manum in id.
Esne tu in aure nido?
Tu es homo extranei renis.
Precor, ambula super.
Ego feci amorem virgini honoris.
Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis stultum ita?
Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.
Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.
Fæminæ et linteum aspiciunt optimè per candelæ lucem.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

April 9, 1737.

SIR,—I have wondered, since I have had the favor to know you, what could possibly put you upon your civility to me. You have invited me to your house, and proposed everything according to my own scheme that would make me easy. You have loaded me with presents, although it never lay in my power to do you any sort of favor or advantage. I have had a salmon from you of 26lb. weight, another of 18lb., and the last of 14lb.: upon which my ill-natured friends descant that I am declining in your good-will by the declining of weight in your salmon. They would have had your salmon double the weight: the second should have been of 52lb., the third of 104lb., and the last of 208lb. It seems this is the way of Dublin computors, who think you country gentlemen have nothing to do but to oblige us citizens, who are not bound to make you the least return further than, when you come hither, to meet you by chance in a coffeehouse, and ask you what tavern you dine in, and there pay your club. I intend to deal with you in the same manner; and if you come to town for three months I will invite you once to dinner, for which I shall expect to stay a whole year with you; and you will be bound to thank me for honoring your house. You saw me ill enough when I had the honor to see you at the deanery. Mrs. Whiteway, my cousin, and the only cousin I own, remembers she was here in your company, and desires to present her humble service to you; and no wonder, for you sent so much salmon that I was forced to give her a part. Some ten days ago there came to see me one Mr. Lloyd, a clergyman who lives, as

I remember, near Colrane. He had a commission from the people in and about that town, which belongs to the London Society. It seems that three years ago the society increased their rents from 300*l.* to 1200*l.* a-year; since which time the town is declined, the tenants neglect their houses, and the country tenants are not able to live. I writ a letter by him to alderman Barber, because their demands seem very extravagant; but I had no other reason for doing so than the ample commission he had from the town of Colrane. I wish I knew your sentiments in this affair. I never saw the gentleman before; but the commission he had encouraged me so far that I could not refuse him the letter. Although I was ill enough when I saw you, I am forty times worse at present, and am no more able to be your guest this summer than to travel to America. I have been this month so ill with a giddy head, and so very deaf, that I am not fit for human conversation: besides, my spirits are so low that I do not think anything worth minding; and most of my friends with very great injustice have forsaken me. I find you deal with Faulkner. I have read his "Rollin's History." The translator did not want knowledge enough, but is a coxcomb by running into those cant words and phrases which have spoiled our language and will spoil it more every day. Your presents are so numerous that I had almost forgot to thank you for the cheese; against which there can be no objection but that of too much rennet, for which I so often wish ill to the housewife. I am, sir, with true esteem, your most obedient humble servant.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dublin, April 30, 1737.

SIR,—If it had pleased God to restore me to any degree of health, I should have been setting out on Monday next to your house; but I find such a weakly decay, that has made it impossible for me to ride above five or six miles at farthest, and I always return the same day heartily tired. I have not an ounce of flesh or a dram of spirits left me; yet my greatest load is not my years but my infirmities. In England, before I was twenty, I got a cold which gave me a deafness that I could never clear myself of. Although it came but seldom, and lasted but a few days, yet my left ear has never been well since; but when the deafness comes on I can hear with neither ear, except it be a woman with a treble and a man with a counter-tenor. This unqualifies me for any mixed

conversation: and the fits of deafness increase; for I have now been troubled with it near seven weeks, and it is not yet lessened, which extremely adds to my mortification. I should not have been so particular in troubling you with my ailments, if they had not been too good an excuse for my inability to venture anywhere beyond the prospect of this town.

I am the more obliged to your great civilities because I declare, without affectation, that it never lay in my power to deserve any one of them. I find by the conversation I have had with you that you understand a court very well for your time, and are well known to the minister on the other side The consequence of which is, that it lies in my power to undo you, only by letting it be known at St. James's that you are perpetually sending me presents and holding a constant correspondence with me by letters. Another unwary step of yours is, inviting me to your house, which will render your election desperate, by making all your neighbor squires represent you as a person disaffected to the government. Thus I have you at my mercy on two accounts, unless you have some new court refinements to turn the guilt upon me. I wrote a long letter some weeks ago: but I could not find by the messenger of your last salmon that he knew anything of that letter; for you take, in every circumstance, a special care that I may know nothing more than of a salmon being left at the deanery. Thus there is a secret commerce between your servant and my butler. The first writes a letter to the other—says the carriage is paid, that the salmon weighs so much, and was sent by his master to me. If some of our patriots should happen to discover the management of this intrigue, they would inform the privy council, from which an order would be brought by a messenger to seize on the salmon, have it opened, and search all its entrails to find some letter of dangerous consequence to the state. I believe I told you in my former letter that Mr. Lloyd, a clergyman, minister of Colrane, but who lives four miles from it, came to me upon his going to England, to see his old father in Chester, and from thence goes to London to wait upon the society. He showed me very ample credentials from the magistrates of Colrane to deliver to the society, upon some hard things that colony lies under. It seems, about three years ago their lease was out; the rent was 300*l.* a-year; but upon the renewal it was raised to 1200*l.*, which was beyond what I have known in leases from corporations. I had never seen or heard of Mr. Lloyd. He

is middle aged, and walks with a stick as if he were infirm. I wrote by him to alderman Barber, putting the case as Mr. Lloyd gave it me, who says that the townsfolks and tenants of the estate round Colrane would be content to double the rent; but that the present prodigious addition had made the townsfolks let their buildings decay, and the country tenants were in despair. I then wondered you came to mention nothing of this to me, since you are concerned for the society. If Mr. Lloyd has not fairly represented the matter he has not behaved himself suitable to his function: however, pray let me know the truth of the matter, and how he came to be employed: only I find that he is not known to any of my acquaintance that I have seen since.

Pray God preserve you, sir, and give you all the good success that I am convinced you deserve.

I am with true esteem and gratitude, your most obedient and obliged servant.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

May 22, 1737.

I WILL on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22, as you will read above in this date) send to talk to Mr. Smith: but I distrust your sanguinity so much (by my own desponding temper) that I know not whether that affair of your justiceship be fixed, but I shall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the duke and his clan against the lowering of gold, which is just a kind settlement upon England of 25,000*l.* a-year for ever; yet some of my friends differ from me, though all agree that the absentees will just be so much gainers. I am excessively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our nostrils, but our lungs. You must in summer ride every half-holiday, and go to church every Sunday some miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy, but they intend far to outdo the original. I wish I were to be born next century, when we shall be utterly rid of parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your bishop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of reverend. I did write him lately a letter with a witness, relating to his printer of "Quadrille," (did you ever see it?) with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promises (against his nature) to consider him, but interposed an exception, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs. Whiteway gives

herself airs of loving you; but do not trust her too much, for she grows disobedient, and says she is going for to get another favorite. In short, she calls you names, and has neither Mr. nor Dr. on her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spite of me; and, between ourselves, she sets up to be my governor. I wish you had sent me the christian name of Knatchbull, and I would have written to him; but I will see him on Monday, if he will be visible. The poem on "Legion Club" is so altered and enlarged, as I hear, (for I only saw the original,) and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the true number. I hear it is charged to me, with great personal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some say they will wait for revenge to their next meeting. Others say the privy-council will summon the suspected author. If I could get the true copy I would send it you. Your bishop (Dr. Hort) writes me word that the real author is manifest by the work. Your loss of flesh is nothing if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace, *Non omnis moriar;* for half my body is already spent.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

It is true I owe you some letters, but it has pleased God that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability, for I can walk six or seven miles and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together. This deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that has hindered me from venturing to the Bath and to Twickenham; for deafness, being not a frequent disorder, has no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come, like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which, by your way of reckoning, I must always be, for yours are always guineas and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your epistles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all

mortals on the subject of morality, even in the poetical way: and should have wondered more if nature and education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy.

All the letters I can find of yours I have fastened in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles endorsed; but, by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I can find no copies; and yet I keep them with all possible care: but I have been forced, on three or four occasions, to send all my papers to some friends, yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles to some faithful friends; however, what I have are not much above sixty. I found nothing in any of them to be left out: none of them have anything to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men, by your religion and the whole tenor of your life; while I am raging every moment against the corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this, such is my weakness.

I have read your "Epistle of Horace to Augustus:" it was sent me in the English edition as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for ironies in it; the sour folks think they have found out some: but your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain that the profession of friendship to me in the same poem will not suffer you to be thought a flatterer. My happiness is that you are too far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you are a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I died the object of court and party hatred.

Pray who is that Mr. Glover who wrote the epic poem called "Leonidas," which is reprinting here, and has great vogue? We have frequently good poems of late from London. I have just read one upon "Conversation," and two or three others. But the crowd do not encumber you, who, like the orator or preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavor, which is too weak to finish the paper: I am, my dearest friend, yours sincerely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

June 14, 1737.

My Lord,—I had the honor of a letter from your lordship, dated April the 7th, which I was not prepared to answer until this time.

Your lordship must needs have known that the history you mention, of the "Four last Years of the Queen's Reign," was written at Windsor, just upon finishing the peace; at which time your father and my lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding with each other that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanery (after the peace was made) I could not stay here above a fortnight, being recalled by a hundred letters to hasten back, and to use my endeavors in reconciling those ministers. I left them the history you mention, which I finished at Windsor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England I found their quarrels and coldness increased. I labored to reconcile them as much as I was able: I contrived to bring them to my lord Masham's, at St. James's. My lord and lady Masham left us together. I expostulated with them both, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor next day with my lord-treasurer; I pretended business that prevented me; expecting they would come to some * * * *. But I followed them to Windsor; where my lord Bolingbroke told me that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate; they grew more estranged every day. My lord-treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May before the queen died I had my last meeting with them at my lord Masham's. He left us together; and therefore I spoke very freely to them both; and told them "I would retire, for I found all was gone." Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, "I was in the right." Your father said, "All would do well." I told him "that I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it was impossible to be of any use." I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkshire; there stayed until the queen's death; and then to my station here; where I stayed twelve years, and never saw my lord your father afterward. They could not agree about printing the "History of the Four last Years:" and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determined to publish it in London, to the confusion of all those rascals who have accused the queen and that ministry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Protestant succession. I was then in the greatest trust and confidence with your father the lord-treasurer, as well as with my lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the administration. I had all the letters from the secretary's office during the treaty of peace: out of those, and what I learned from the ministry, I formed that history, which I am now going to

publish for the information of posterity, and to control the most impudent falsehoods which have been published since. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the most virtuous minister and the most able that ever I remembered to have read of. If your lordship has any particular circumstances that may fortify what I have said in the history, such as letters or materials, I am content they should be printed at the end by way of appendix. I loved my lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the score of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country, although I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it; and, to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances; and desire to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford and your daughter the duchess. As to the history, it is only of affairs which I know very well; and had all the advantages possible to know, when you were in some sort but a lad. One great design of it is, to do justice to the ministry at that time, and to refute all the objections against them, as if they had a design of bringing in popery and the pretender: and further to demonstrate that the present settlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my lord your father. I can never expect to see England: I am now too old and too sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness. I live a most domestic life; I want nothing that is necessary; but I am in a cursed, factious, oppressed, miserable country; not made so by nature, but by the slavish, hellish principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it.

Farewell, my lord. I have tired you and myself. I desire again to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford and the duchess your daughter. Pray God preserve you long and happy! I shall diligently inquire into your conduct from those who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right: let me hear that you persevere so. Your task will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily weary of it already: and so should be in England, which, I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enslaved country. I am, with the truest love and respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most obliged, &c.

TO MR. LEWIS.

July 23, 1737.

DEAR FRIEND, — While any of those who used to write to me were alive I always inquired after you. But since your secretaryship in the queen's time I believed you were so glutted with the office that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an absent useless acquaintance; and I find I owe yours to my lord Oxford. The history you mention was written above a year before the queen's death. I left it with the treasurer and lord Bolingbroke when I first came over to take this deanery. I returned in less than a month; but the ministry could not agree about printing it. It was to conclude with the peace. I stayed in London above nine months; but not being able to reconcile the quarrels between those two, I went to a friend in Berkshire, and, on the queen's death, came hither for good and all. I am confident you read that history; as this lord Oxford did, as he owns in his two letters, the last of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were universally condemned. This I knew would be done; and the chief cause of my writing was, not to let such a queen and ministry lie under such a load of infamy, or posterity be so ill informed, &c. Lord Oxford is in the wrong to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his ministry; which is so drawn that his greatest admirers will rather censure me for partiality; neither can he tell me anything material out of his papers which I was not then informed of; nor do I know anybody but yourself who could give me more light than what I then received; for I remember I often consulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the original delivered to lord Oxford or to you; for the person who has it will not trust it out of his hands; but I believe would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands, although perhaps that may be too late. If my health would have permitted me for some years past to have ventured as far as London I would have satisfied both my lord and you. I believe you know that lord Bolingbroke is now busy in France writing the "History of his Own Time;" and how much he grew to hate the treasurer you know too well; and I know how much lord Bolingbroke hates his very memory. This is what the present lord Oxford should be in most

pain at, not about me. I have had my share of affliction sufficient in the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot and poor Gay and others; and I heartily pity poor lord Masham. I would fain know whether his son be a valuable young man; because I much dislike his education. When I was last among you sir William Wyndham was in a bad state of health; I always loved him, and I rejoice to hear from you the figure he makes. But I know so little of what passes that I never heard of lady Blandford, his present wife.

Lord Bathurst used to write to me, but has dropped it some years. Pray is Charles Ford yet alive? for he has dropped me too; or perhaps my illness has hindered me from provoking his remembrance; for I have been long in a very bad condition. My deafness, which used to be occasional and for a short time, has stuck by me now several months without remission; so that I am unfit for any conversation except one or two Stentors of either sex; and my old giddiness is likewise become chronical, although not in equal violence with my former short fits.

I was never so much deceived in any Scot as by that execrable Lord Kinnoul, whom I loved extremely, and now detest beyond expression.

You say so little of yourself that I know not whether you are in health or sickness, only that you lead a mere animal life; which, with nine parts in ten, is a sign of health. I find you have not, like me, lost your memory, nor I hope your sense of hearing, which is the greatest loss of any, and more comfortless than even being blind; I mean in the article of company. Writing no longer amuses me, for I cannot think. I dine constantly at home in my chamber with a grave housekeeper whom I call sir Robert; and sometimes receive one or two friends and a female cousin, with strong, high, tenor voices. I am, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

I SENT a letter to you some weeks ago, which my lord Orrery enclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer; but it will be time enough when his lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days, and then he will take with him all the letters I preserved of yours, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but the dates are more early than my two last journeys to England, which makes me

imagine that in one of those journeys I carried over another cargo. But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorders of deafness and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which I am told are to be printed here. Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom), but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your letters; he will not allow such a difference between the two climates, but will assert that North Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other northern shires, have a more cloudy, ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is that there might be collected from them the best system that ever was writ for the conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their follies and vices. It is some recommendation of this kingdom and of the taste of the people that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for slavery, corruption, atheism, and such trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other vice. I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by those scribblers who send over their trash in prose and verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms. I now am daily expecting an end of life; I have lost all spirit and every scrap of health; I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you I will never be silent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold

a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my lord Orrery see you often; next to yourself I love no man so well; and tell him what I say if he visits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you and preserve you long for a pattern of piety and virtue.

Farewell my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honor, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be, yours, &c.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR, ALDERMEN, SHERIFFS, AND COMMON-COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CORK.

Deanery-house, Dublin, August 15, 1737.

GENTLEMEN, — I received from you some weeks ago the honor of my freedom in a silver box, by the hands of Mr. Stannard, but it was not delivered to me in as many weeks more, because I suppose he was too full of more important business. Since that time I have been wholly confined by sickness, so that I was not able to return you my acknowledgment; and it is with much difficulty I do it now, my head continuing in great disorder. Mr. Faulkner will be the bearer of my letter, who sets out this morning for Cork.

I could have wished, as I am a private man, that in the instrument of my freedom you had pleased to assign your reasons for making choice of me. I know it is a usual compliment to bestow the freedom of the city on an archbishop, or lord-chancellor, and other persons of great titles, merely upon account of their stations or power; but a private man, and a perfect stranger, without power or grandeur, may justly expect to find the motives assigned in the instrument of his freedom on what account he is thus distinguished. And yet I cannot discover in the whole parchment scrip any one reason offered. Next, as to the silver box; there is not so much as my name upon it, nor any one syllable to show it was a present from your city. Therefore I have, by the advice of friends, agreeable with my opinion, sent back the box and instrument of freedom by Mr. Faulkner, to be returned to you, leaving to your choice whether to insert the reasons for which you were pleased to give me my freedom, or bestow the box upon some more worthy person whom you may have an intention to honor, because it will equally fit everybody. I am with true esteem and gratitude, gentlemen, your most obedient and obliged servant.

TO MR. COPE.

Deanery-house, November 11, 1737.

SIR,—I was just going to write to you when your clerk brought me your note for £36, which was more by a third part than I desired, and for which I heartily thank you. I have been used since my illness to hear so many thousand lies told of myself and others, and so circumstantially, that my head was almost turned; and if I gave them any credit it was because one thing I knew perfectly, that we differed entirely in our opinions of public management. I did and do detest the lowering of the gold, because I saw a resolution seven years old of your house of commons of a very different nature, and have since seen tracts against it, which to me were demonstrations; and am assured, as well as know by experience, that I have not received a penny except from you. However, although I know you to be somewhat of what we call a giber, yet I am convinced by your assertions that I was ill informed; and yet we differ so much in the present politics that I doubt it will much affect the good will you formerly seemed to bear me. I grant that the bishops, the people in employments of all kinds who receive salaries, and some others, will not lose a penny by lowering the money, because they must still have their pay; and if your estate be set much under value you will be no sufferer, though I and thousands of others will soundly feel the smart, and particularly the lower clergy, who I find are out of everybody's good graces, but for what reasons I know not. I hear your house is forming a bill against all legacies to the church or any public charity, which puts me under a great difficulty, because by my will I have bequeathed my whole fortune to build and endow an hospital for lunatics and idiots. I wish I had any certainty in that matter. You mistook me in one expression: what I said was, that I wished all who were for lowering the gold were lowered to the dust; and I might explain it so that it would bear the sense of causing them to repent in dust and ashes. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Deanery-house, December 15, 1737.

MR. FAULKNER,—The short treatise that I here send you enclosed was put into my hands by a very worthy person [Alexander Macaulay, esq.], of much ancient learning, as well as knowledge in the laws of both kingdoms. He is likewise a most loyal subject

to king George, and wholly attached to the Hanover family, and is a gentleman of as many virtues as I have anywhere met. However, it seems he cannot be blind or unconcerned at the mistaken conduct of his country in a point of the highest importance to its welfare. He has learnedly shown, from the practice of all wise nations in past and late ages, that tillage was the great principle and foundation of their wealth, and recommends the practice of it to this kingdom with the most weighty reasons. He mentions the prodigious sums sent out yearly for importing all sorts of corn, in the miserable moneyless condition we are now in. To which I cannot but add that, in reading the resolutions of the last sessions, I have observed in several papers that the honorable house of commons seem to be of the same sentiment, although the increase of tillage may be of advantage to the clergy, whom I conceive to be as loyal a body of men to the present king and family as any in the nation; and by the great providence of God it is so ordered that, if the clergy be fairly dealt with, whatever increases their maintenance will more largely increase the estates of the landed men and the profits of their farmers.

I desire you, Mr. Faulkner, to print the treatise in a fair letter and a good paper. I am your faithful friend and servant.

TO DR. CLANCY.

Deanery-house, Christmas-day, 1737.

SIR,—Some friend of mine lent me a comedy, which I am told was written by you: I read it carefully, with much pleasure, on account both of the characters and the moral. I have no interest with the people of the playhouse, else I should gladly recommend it to them. I send you a small present, in such gold as will not give you trouble to change; for I much pity your loss of sight, which if it pleased God to let you enjoy, your other talents might have been your honest support, and have eased you of your present confinement. I am, sir, your well-wishing friend and humble servant.

I know not who lent me the play; if it came from you I will send it back to-morrow.

This letter and the packet were sealed with the head of Socrates.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Deanery-house, Dublin, January 6, 1738.

SIR,—I have often mentioned to you an earnest desire I had, and still have, to record the merit and services of the lord-mayor, Humphrey French, whom I often desired, after his mayoralty, to give me an account of many passages that happened in his mayoralty, and which he has often put off on the pretence of his forgetfulness, but in reality of his modesty: I take him to be a hero in his kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his successors, as far as their genius can reach. I desire you therefore to inquire among all his friends whom you are acquainted with, to press them to give you the particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general conduct of his life, wherever he had any power or authority in the city, but particularly from Mr. Maple, who was his intimate friend, who knew him best, and could give the most just character of himself and his actions.

When I shall have got a sufficient information of all these particulars, I will, although I am oppressed with age and infirmities, stir up all the little spirit I can raise to give the public an account of that great patriot; and propose him as an example to all future magistrates, in order to recommend his virtues to this miserable kingdom. I am, sir, your very humble servant.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, January 17, 1738.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I have for almost three years past been only the shadow of my former self, with years and sickness, and rage against all public proceedings, especially in this miserable oppressed country. I have entirely lost my memory, except when it is roused by perpetual subjects of vexation. Mr. Richardson, who is your manager in your society of Londonderry, tells me he hears you are in tolerable health and good spirits. I lately saw him, and he said he intended soon to wait on you in London. He is a gentleman of very good abilities, and a member of parliament here. He comes often to town, and then I never fail of seeing him at the deanery, where we constantly drink your health. I have not been out of doors farther than my garden for several months, and, unless the summer will assist me, I believe there will be the end of my travels. Our friend Lewis has written to me once or twice, and makes the same complaint that I do, so that you are the heartiest

person of the three. I luckily call to mind an affair that many of my friends have pressed me to. There is a church-living in your gift, and upon your society lands, which is now possessed by one Dr. Squire, who is so decayed that he cannot possibly live a month. This living, I am told, is about £120, or something more a-year; I remember I got it for him by the assistance of sir William Withers and you; and since it is now likely to be so soon vacant, I insist upon it that if Dr. Squire dies you will bestow it to Mr. William Dunkin, a clergyman upon whose character I have lately taken him into my favor. He is a gentleman of much wit, and the best English, as well as Latin, poet in this kingdom: he has £100 a-year from our university, to be continued till he is provided for. He is a pious regular man, highly esteemed; but our bishops, like yours, have little regard for such accomplishments while they have any dunces of nephews or cousins. I therefore charge you to use your influence and authority that Mr. Dunkin may have this church-living upon the decease of Dr. Squire; because you know that my talent was a little (or rather too much) turned to poetry; but he is wiser than I because he writes no satires, whereby you know well enough how many great people I disobliged, and suffered by angering great people in favor. Farewell, my dear friend of thirty years' standing. How many friends have we lost since our acquaintance began? I desire you will present my most humble service and respect to my lord and lady Oxford. I am ever, with great affection and esteem, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant.

My kind love and service to Mr. Pope when you see him, and to my old true friend, and yours, Mr. Lewis.

To show my memory gone, I wrote this letter a week ago, and thought it was sent, till I found it this morning, which is January 28, 1738.

TO MISS RICHARDSON.

January 28, 1738.

MADAM,—I must begin my correspondence by letting you know that your uncle is the most unreasonable person I was ever acquainted with; and next to him you are the second, although I think impartially that you are worse than he. I never had the honor and happiness of seeing you, nor can ever expect it, unless you make the first advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find

you follow your uncle's steps by maliciously bribing a useless man, who can never have it in his power to serve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendship with alderman Barber, who is governor of the London Society about your parts; whereon Mr. Richardson [of Kilmacduac] came to the deanery, although it was not in my power to do him the least good office further than writing to the alderman. However, your uncle came to me several times, and I believe, after several invitations, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him, but he had revenge in his breast, and you shall hear how he gratified it. First, he was told "that my ill stomach, and a giddiness I was subject to, forced me, in some of those fits, to take a spoonful of usquebaugh:" he discovered where I bought it, and sent me a dozen bottles, which cost him £3. He next was told "that, as I never drank malt liquors, so I was not able to drink Dublin claret without mixing it with a little sweet Spanish wine:" he found out the merchant with whom I deal, by the treachery of my butler, and sent me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid £6. But what can I say of a man who, some years before I ever saw him, was loading me every season with salmons, that surfeited myself and all my visitors, whereby it is plain that his malice reached to all my friends as well as myself? At last, to complete his ill designs, he must needs force his niece into the plot, because it can be proved that you are his prime minister, and so ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings that you have been his partaker and second in mischief by sending me half a dozen of shirts, although I never once gave you the least cause of displeasure. And what is worse, the few ladies that come to the deanery assure me they never saw so fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happiness they were not stockings, for then you would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, madam, I must deal so plainly as to repeat that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to such a degree that, if my health and a good summer can put it in my power to travel to Summerseat, I must take that journey on purpose to expostulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have seen some persons who live in your neighborhood, from whom I have inquired into your character; but I found you had bribed them all by never sending them any such dangerous presents; for they swore to me "that you were a lady adorned with all perfections, such as virtue, prudence, wit, humor,

excellent conversation, and even good housewifery;" which last is seldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take so ill your manner of treating me that I shall not believe one syllable of what they said, until I have it by letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man, and much less dare to write, for fear (as their expression is) of being exposed. So that, when I see any of your sex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies and ask pardon. And therefore, because princes are said to have long hands, I wish I were a prince with hands long enough to beat you at this distance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cause to change, in any single article, the opinion and idea I have of your person and qualities! may you ever long continue the delight of your uncle and your neighbors round, who deserve your good will, and of all who have merit enough to distinguish you!

I am, with great respect and the highest esteem, madam, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

March 8, 1738.

SIR, — Some of my friends wonder very much at your delaying to publish that treatise of "Polite Conversation," &c., when you so often desired that I should hasten to correct the several copies you sent me, which, as ill as I have been, and am still, I despatched as fast as I got them. I expected you would finish it immediately and send it to me; I hope you have observed all the corrections. I hear you have not above four or five pages remaining. I find people think you are too negligent; and if you delay longer what you fear may come to pass, that the English edition may come over before you have your own ready. I am your humble servant.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, March 9, 1738.

MY DEAR AND CONSTANT FRIEND, — I received yours of February 11th, and find with great pleasure that we preserve the same mutual affection we ever professed, as well as the same principles in church and state. As to what you hint, as if I were not cautious enough in making recommendations, you know I have conversed

too long with ministers to offend upon that article, which I never did but once, and that when I was a beginner. You may remember that, on Mr. Addison's desire, I applied to my lord-treasurer Oxford in favor of Mr. Steele, and his lordship gave me a gentle rebuke, which cured me for ever: although I got many employments for my friends where no objection could be made, yet I confess that Dr. Delany, the most eminent preacher we have, is a very unlucky recommender; for he forced me to countenance Pilkington, introduced him to me, and praised the wit, virtue, and humor of him and his wife; whereas he proved the fallest rogue, and she the most profligate whore in either kingdom. She was taken in the fact by her own husband: he is now suing for a divorce, and will not compass it; she is suing for a maintenance, and he has none to give her. As to Mr. Richardson, his father was a gentleman, and his eldest brother is a dean. Their father had but a small fortune; your manager was the younger son; he has an excellent understanding in business, with some share of learning; his prudence obliges him to keep fair with all parties, which, in this kingdom, is necessary for one who has to deal with numbers, as the business of your society requires. It is his interest to deal justly with your corporation, because people who envy his employment would be ready enough to complain; and yet, although he has a good estate, I have not heard him taxed with any unjust means in procuring it. He is a bachelor, like you and me, and lives with a maiden niece, who is a young woman of very good sense and discretion. He is a member of the house of commons, and acts as smoothly there as he does in the country. I am so long upon this because I believe it will give you a true notion of the man; and if you find, by his management, that he gives you, who are the governor, any cause of complaint, let me know the particulars, which I will farther inquire into. I must next say something of Mr. Dunkin. I told you he was a man of genius, and the best poet we have, and you know that is a trade wherein I have meddled too much for my quiet, as well as my fortune; but I find it generally agreed that he is a thorough churchman in all regards. His aunt, to whom he was legal heir, bequeathed her whole estate to his university, only leaving him an allowance of 70*l.* per annum to support him till he was better provided for; but I prevailed on the provost and fellows to make it 100*l.* a-year. Yesterday I sent for Mr. Dunkin, and catechized him strictly on his principles, and was

fully satisfied in them by himself, as I was before by many of his friends; therefore I insist that you shall think of nobody else, much less of Mr. Lloyd, who is not to be compared in any one view. Dr. Squire may linger out for some time, as consumptive people happen to do, but is past hopes of recovery. My dear friend, I cannot struggle with disorders as well as you, for, as I am older, my deafness is very vexatious, and my memory almost entirely gone, except what I retain of former times and friends, besides frequent returns of that cruel giddiness which you have seen me under, although not as yet with so much violence. You, God be praised, keep your memory and hearing, and your health is much better than mine, besides the assistance of much abler physicians. If you know Dr. Mead, pray present him with my most humble service and grateful acknowledgments of his favors. Dear Mr. Alderman, why do you make excuses for writing long letters? I know nobody who writes better, or with more spirit, with your memory as entire as a young man of wit and humor. I repeat that you present my most humble service to my lord and lady Oxford, and my old friend Mr. Lewis. What is become of Mr. Ford? Is he alive? I never hear from him. We thank your good city for the present it sent us of a brace of monsters called blasters, or blasphemers, or bacchanalians (as they are here called in print), whereof Worsdail the painter, and one Lints (a painter too as I hear), are the leaders. Pray God bless you, my dear friend, and let us have a correspondence as long as I live. I am ever, most dear sir, your constant esteemer and most obedient humble servant.

I have five old small silver medals of Cæsar's, very plain, with the inscription: they were found in an old churchyard. Would my lord Oxford think them worth taking?

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, March 31, 1738.

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND IN THE BEST AND WORST TIMES,—Mr. Richardson is come to town, and stays only for a wind to take shipping for Chester, from whence he will hasten to attend you as his governor in London. I have told you that he is a very discreet, prudent gentleman, and I believe your society can never have a better for the station he is in. I shall see him some time to-day or to-morrow morning, and shall desire, with all his modesty, that he press you to write me a long letter if your health will permit,

which I believe is better than mine, for I have a constant giddiness in my head, and, what is more vexatious, as constant a deafness. I forget everything but old friendship and old opinions. I did desire you that you would, at your leisure, visit the few friends I have left; I mean those of them with whom you have any acquaintance, as my lord and lady Oxford, my lord Bathurst, the countess of Granville, my lord and lady Carteret, my lord Worsley, my dear friend Mr. Pope, and Mr. Lewis, who always loved both you and me. My lord Masham and some others have quite dropped and forgot me. Is lord Masham's son good for anything? I did never like his disposition or education. Have you quite forgot your frequent promises of coming over hither, and pass a summer in attending your government in Derry and Colrane as well as your visitation at the deanery? the last must be for half the months of your stay. Let me know what is become of my lord Bolingbroke — how and where he lives, and whether you ever expect he will come home. Here has run about a report that the duke of Ormond has an intention, and some countenance, to come from his banishment, which I would be extremely glad to find confirmed. That glorious exile has suffered more for his virtues than ever the greatest villain did from the cruelest tyrant. I desire and insist that Mr. Dunkin may have the church-living upon Dr. Squire's decease, who I am still assured cannot long hold out; and I take it for granted that Mr. Richardson will have no objection against him. God preserve and bless you, my dear friend. I am ever, with true esteem and friendship, your most obedient humble servant.

TO MISS HAMILTON OF CALEDON.

Deanery-house, Dublin, June 8, 1738.

MADAM, — Some days ago my lord Orrery had the assurance to show me a letter of yours to him, where you did me the honor to say many things in my favor; I read the letter with great delight, but at the same time I reproached his lordship for his presumption in pretending to take a lady from me who had made so many advances and confessed herself to be nobody's goddess but mine. However, he had the boldness to assure me that he had your consent to take him for a husband. I therefore command you never to accept him without my leave, under my own hand and seal. And as I do not know any lady in this kingdom of so good sense or so many accomplishments, I have at last, with a heavy heart, per-

mitted him to make himself the happiest man in the world; for I know no fault in him except his treacherous dealing with me.

Pray God make you happy in yourselves and each other, and believe me to be, with the truest esteem and respect, madam, your most obedient and obliged servant.

I have neither mourning paper nor gilt at this time, and if I had I could not tell which I ought to choose.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Thursday, July 13, 1738.

SIR,—I desire you will print the following paper in what manner you think most proper. You see my design in it; I believe no man had ever more difficulty or less encouragement to bestow his whole fortune for a charitable use. I am your humble servant.

It is known enough that the above-named doctor has, by his last will and testament, bequeathed his whole fortune (except some legacies) to build and endow an hospital, in or near this city, for the support of lunatics, idiots, and those they call incurables; but the difficulty he lies under is, that his whole fortune consists in mortgages on lands and other the like securities; for as to purchasing a real estate in lands, for want of active friends he finds it impossible; so that, much against his will, if he should call in all his money lent, he knows not where to find a convenient estate in a tolerable part of the kingdom which can be bought; and in the mean time his whole fortune must lie dead in the hands of bankers. The great misfortune is that there seems not so much public virtue left among us as to have any regard for a charitable design, because none but the aforesaid unfortunate objects of charity will be the better for it. However, the said doctor, by calling in the several sums he has lent, can be able, with some difficulty, to purchase three hundred pounds per annum in lands for the endowment of the said hospital, if those lands could be now purchased; otherwise he must leave it, as he has done in his will, to the care of his executors, who are very honest, wise, and considerable gentlemen, his friends; and yet he has known some of very fair and deserved credit prove very negligent trustees. The doctor is now able to lend two thousand pounds, at five per cent., upon good security, of which the principal, after his decease, is to be disposed of by his executors, in buying lands for the further endowment of the said hospital.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

August 5, 1738.

SIR,—It was not my want of friendship and esteem that hindered me from answering your several letters, but merely my disorders in point of health; for I am constantly giddy, and so deaf that your friend Mrs. Whiteway has almost got into a consumption by bawling in my ears. I heartily congratulate with you on your triumph over your Irish enemies by a *nemine contradicente*. I leave the rest of this paper to be filled by Mrs. Whiteway; and am, with true esteem and gratitude, your most obedient and obliged servant.

Pray tell my dear friend the alderman that I love him most sincerely; but my ill health and worse memory will not suffer me to write a long letter.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

August 8, 1738.

MY DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND,—I have received yours of July 27th; and two days ago had a letter from Mr. Pope, with a dozen lines from my lord Bolingbroke, who tells me he is just going to France, and I suppose designs to continue there as long as he lives. I am very sorry he is under the necessity of selling Dawley. Pray let me know whether he be tolerably easy in his fortunes; for he has these several years lived very expensively. Is his lady still alive? and has he still a country-house and an estate of hers to live on? I should be glad to live so long as to see his "History of his Own Times;" which would be a work very worthy of his lordship, and will be a defence of that ministry and a justification of our late glorious queen against the malice, ignorance, falsehood, and stupidity of our present times and managers. I very much like Mr. Pope's last poem, entitled "MDCCXXXVIII.," called Dialogue II.; but I live so obscurely and know so little of what passes in London, that I cannot know the names of persons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the duke of Ormond lives so well at ease and in so good health, as well as with so valuable a companion. His grace has an excellent constitution at so near to fourscore. Mr. Dunkin is not in town, but I will send to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my lord and lady Oxford; but his way of managing his fortune is not to be endured. I remember a rascally butcher, one Morley, a great land-jobber and knave, who was his

lordship's manager, and has been the principal cause of my lord's wrong conduct, in which you agree with me in blaming his weakness and credulity. I desire you will please, upon occasion, to present my humble service to my lord and lady Oxford and to my lord Bathurst. I just expected the character you give of young * * * * *. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr. Ford is alive; perhaps walking preserves him.

I very much lament your asthma. I believe temperance and exercise have preserved me from it.

I seldom walk less than four miles, sometimes six, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if it rains, I walk as much through the house, up and down stairs; and if it were not for the cruel deafness I would ride through the kingdom and half through England; pox on the modern phrase Great Britain, which is only to distinguish it from Little Britain, where old clothes and old books are to be bought and sold! However, I will put Dr. Sheridan (the best scholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible asthma. I wish you were rich enough to buy and keep a horse, and ride every tolerable day twenty miles.

Mr. Richardson is I think still in London. I assure you he is very grateful to me, and is too wise and discreet to give any just occasion of complaint, by which he must be a great loser in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not written as much this many a day. I have tired myself much; but, in revenge, I will tire you. I am, dear Mr. Alderman, with very great esteem, your most obedient and most humble servant.

TO MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, August 8, 1738.

My Dear Friend,—I have yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, uncapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post-office of both kingdoms, which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bung-

ling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. Blount is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem; I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal genius you describe, whose handwriting I know towards the end of your letter, has made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too soon gone to his forest abroad. He began in the queen's time to be my patron, and then descended to my friend.

It is a great favor of Heaven that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliments on that score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second dialogue that you lately sent me to equal almost anything you ever writ; although I I live so much out of the world that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which I presume are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's; I mean the court exclusive.

I can faithfully assure you that every letter you have honored me with these twenty years and more are sealed up in bundles and delivered to Mrs. Whiteway, a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer. All these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease.

My lord Orrery is gone with his lady to a part of her estate in the north; she is a person of very good understanding as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my lord B.'s letter in the last page of yours.

My dear Lord,—I am infinitely obliged to your lordship for the honor of your letter and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess that I have more obligations to your lordship than to all the world beside. You never deceived me, even when you were a great minister of state; and yet I love you still more for your condescending to write to me when you had the honor to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history, and am vain enough to wish that my name should be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui:* if not I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honor to have your lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here in a postscript correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I have showed my cousin the

above letter, and she assures me that a great collection of your/my letters to me/you are put up and sealed, and in some safe hand. I am, my most dear and honored friend, entirely yours.

It is now August 24, 1738.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

August 31, 1738.

SIR, — I believe you know that I had a treatise, called "Advice to Servants," in two volumes. The first was lost, but this moment Mrs. Ridgeway brought it to me, having found it in some papers in her room; and truly, when I went to look for the second I could not tell where to find it: if you happen to have it I shall be glad, if not, the messenger shall go to Mrs. Whiteway. I am, your humble servant.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MR. SWIFT'S gimcracks of cups and balls, in order to my convenient shaving with ease and despatch, together with the prescription on half a sheet of paper, was exactly followed, but some inconveniences attended: for I cut my face once or twice, was just twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind, as I have done this twelvemonth past. I return him, therefore, all his implements, and my own compliments, with abundance of thanks, because he hath fixed me during life in my old humdrum way. Give me a full and true account of all your healths, and so adieu. I am ever, &c.

October 3d or 4th, or rather, as the butler says,
the 2d, on Tuesday, 1738.

My service to all your litter; I mean Mrs. Harrison, &c., but you will call this high treason. I am still very lame of that left foot. I expect to see as many of you as you please.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 27, 1738.

I NEVER liked a letter from you on your usual days of coming here, for it always brings me bad news. I am heartily sorry for your son's continuing his illness, and that you have now two patients in your house. In the meantime, pray take care of your health, chiefly your wicked colic, and Mrs. Harrison's disposition to a fever. I hope at least things will be better on Thursday, else I

shall be full of the spleen, because it is a day you seem to regard although I detest it, and I read the third chapter of Job that morning. I am deafer than when you saw me last, and indeed am quite cast down. My hearty love and service to Mrs. Harrison. I thoroughly pity you in your present circumstances. I am ever yours entirely. God support you.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, February 16, 1739.

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND, — The young gentleman [William Swift, esq.] who delivers you this lies under one great disadvantage, that he is one of my relations, and those are of all mortals what I despise and hate, except one, Mrs. Whiteway and her daughter. You must understand that the mother has the insolence to say that you have heard of her and know her character. She is a perfect Irish Teague, born in Cheshire, and lived, as I remember, at Warrington. The young gentleman who waits upon you has a very good countenance, has been entered three years at the Temple, (as it is the usual custom,) but I think was never yet in England, nor does he know any one person there. However, as it is easy to find you, who are so well known and so much esteemed, he will attend you with this letter, and you will please to instruct him in the usual methods of entering himself in the Temple. He is a younger brother, but has an estate of 100*l.* a-year, which will make shift to support him in a frugal way. He is also a very good person of a man, and Mrs. Whiteway says he has a virtuous disposition. My disorders of deafness, forgetfulness, and other ailments, added to a dead weight of seventy years, make me weary of life. But my comfort is, that in you I find your vigor and health increase. Pray God continue both to you. I am, my dear friend, with very great esteem and affection, your most obedient and most humble servant.

Do you ever see any of our old friends? If you visit Mr. Lewis I must charge you to present him with my kind and hearty service; and how or where is my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope?

I am very much obliged to you for the favor you have shown to Mr. Richardson. He is a very prudent good gentleman: if you see him pray make him my compliments. So, my dear friend, once more adieu.

TO THE REVEREND MR. KING.

Monday morning.

SIR, — I have often desired to talk with you about the Wednesday dinner, but could never see you. Mrs. Sican is to buy the dinner, for which I advanced a moidore and a double pistole. I hoped you would have written to Dr. Wilson, and taken some care about the wine, for I have none to spare. Pray let me know whether you are content to take your usual trouble on these occasions. I am your obedient humble servant.

TO THE HONORABLE THE SOCIETY OF THE GOVERNOR AND ASSISTANTS, LONDON, FOR THE NEW PLANTATION IN ULSTER, WITHIN THE REALM OF IRELAND, AT THE CHAMBER IN GUILDHALL, LONDON.

April 19, 1739.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN, — I heartily recommend to your very worshipful society the reverend Mr. William Dunkin for the living of Colrane, vacant by the death of Dr. Squire. Mr. Dunkin is a gentleman of great learning and wit, true religion, and excellent morals. It is only for these qualifications that I recommend him to your patronage; and I am confident that you will never repent the choice of such a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your commands. You have my best wishes and all my endeavors for your prosperity; and I shall, during my life, continue to be, with the truest respect and highest esteem, worthy sirs, your most obedient and most humble servant.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, April 19, 1739.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, — At last Dr. Squire is actually dead; he died upon the 14th day of this month, and now you have the opportunity of obliging me in giving Squire's living in Colrane to Mr. William Dunkin, who is an excellent scholar, and keeps a school in my neighborhood; besides, he is a very fine poet. My friend Mr. Richardson can give you a better account of him. It is true Mr. Dunkin is a married man; however, that is of no great moment; and in the northern country of Ireland, although it be the best inhabited part of the kingdom, a wife will be convenient. Yet

we two old bachelors (I own I am your senior) could never consent to take so good example, by endeavoring to multiply the world. I heartily thank you for your civilities to young Swift. It seems he is a relation of mine. And there is one Mrs. Whiteway, a widow, the only cousin of my family for whom I have any sort of friendship; it was she prevailed with me to introduce the young man to you. He is a younger brother, and his portion is only 100*l.* a-year English. You will oblige me if you can bear seeing him once a-quarter at his lodging near the Temple, where he designs to study the law; and so I have done with ever troubling you, my dear friend. Where is Mr. Lewis? Some months ago he wrote to me with many complaints of his ill health and the effect of old age, in both which I can overmatch you and him, beside my giddy head, deafness, and forgetfulness into the bargain. I hear our friend lord Bolingbroke has sold Dawley; I wish you could tell me in what condition he is, both as to health and fortune; and where his lady lives, and how they agree. If you visit my lord and lady Oxford and their daughter, who is now, as I hear, a duchess, or any other friend of ours, let them have the offers of my humble service. May you, my most dear friend, preserve your health and live as long as you desire! I am ever, with the greatest truth and esteem, your most obedient humble servant and entire friend.

I desire you will give my most hearty service to Mr. Pope; and let him know that I have provided for Mr. Lamb, whom he recommended to me, with a full vicar-choralship in my choir. And pray let me know the state of Mr. Pope's health.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, April 28, 1739.

Dear Sir, — The gentleman who will have the honor to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection, and with good reason, because they are a numerous race degenerating from their ancestors, who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion against king Charles I. This cousin of mine, who is so desirous to wait on you, is named Deane Swift, because his great-grandfather by the grandmother's side was admiral Deane, who, having been

one of the regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the Restoration.

I have a great esteem for Mr. Deane Swift, who is much the most valuable of any of his family: he was first a student in this university, and finished his studies in Oxford, where Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, assured me that Mr. Swift behaved himself with good reputation and credit; he hath a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors. He has a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr. Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family at Goodrich in Herefordshire. My grandfather was so persecuted and plundered two and fifty times by the barbarity of Cromwell's hellish crew, of which I find an account in a book called "Mercurius Rusticus," that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family. However, three of his sons had better fortune; for, coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates, of which Mr. Deane Swift has a good share, but with some incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honor of being known to you; which is all the favor I ask for him; and that, if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes. I am, my dearest friend, your most obedient and most humble servant.

TO MR. POPE.

May 10, 1739.

You are to suppose, for the little time I shall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and especially of anything that was told me last night or this morning. I have one favor to entreat from you. I know the high esteem and friendship you bear to your friend Mr. Lyttleton, whom you call "the rising genius of this age." His fame, his virtue, honor, and courage, have been early spread, even among us. I find he is secretary to the prince of Wales; and his royal highness has been for several years chancellor of the university in Dublin. All this is a prelude to a request I am going to make to you. There is in this city one Alexander M'Auley, a lawyer of great distinction for skill and honesty, zealous for the liberty of the subject, and loyal to the house of Hanover; and particularly to the prince of Wales, for his highness's love to both kingdoms.

Mr. M'Aulay is now soliciting for a seat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr. Coghill, a civilian, who was one of the persons chosen for this university: and as his royal highness continues still chancellor of it, there is no person so proper to nominate the representative as himself. If this favor can be procured by your good-will and Mr. Lyttleton's interest, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to represent this university.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. Lamb; he has at present but half a vicarship; the value of it is not quite 50*l.* per annum. You wrote to me in his favor some months ago; and if I outlive any one vicar-choral, Mr. Lamb shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it; and I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

TO MR. LYTTLETON.

June 5, 1739.

SIR, — You treat me very hard by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr. Lamb; which deserves mine and my chapter's thanks for recommending so useful a person to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. Deane Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr. Pope, that he might have the happiness to see and know so great a genius in poetry, and so agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (several years older than you) was much surprised to see his junior in so high a station as secretary to his royal highness the prince of Wales, and to find himself treated by you in so kind a manner. In one article you are greatly mistaken; for however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us in every particular as it is in the prince your master's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court politics; for, in a letter I wrote to Mr. Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr. M'Aulay to your favor and protection as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the prince, to prevail with the university to choose him for a member to represent that learned body in parliament in the room of Dr. Coghill, deceased.

I have been just now informed, that some of the fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance, to the prince of

Wales, pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. Tisdal; and therefore have desired his royal highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request, indeed, to demand from their chancellor what they think is dishonorable in themselves—to give up an engagement! Their whole proceeding on this occasion against their chancellor, heir of the crown, is universally condemned here; and seems to be the last effort of such men, who, without duly considering, make rash promises not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldness to desire that his royal highness may know from you the profound respect, honor, esteem, and veneration I bear toward his princely virtues. All my friends on your side the water represent him to me in the most amiable light; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms, when it shall please God to make him the restorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuse you highly for your ill-treatment of me, by wishing yourself in the number of my friends: but you shall be pardoned if you please to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You shall therefore make it up, in thinking favorably of me. Years have made me lose my memory in everything but friendship and gratitude: and you, whom I have never seen, will never be forgotten by me until I am dead. I am, honorable sir, with the highest respect, your most obedient and obliged humble servant.

TO THE EARL OF ARRAN.

1739.

My Lord,—I am earnestly desired by some worthy friends of mine to write to your lordship in favor of the bearer, Mr. Moore, minister of Clonmel, who will have the honor to present this letter to your lordship. Those rectoral tithes of Clonmel were granted to the church by letters-patent from king Charles II., with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great ancestor, the first duke of Ormond, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Notwithstanding which, some of the former agents to your lordship's family have greatly distressed the incumbent ministers of Clonmel, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his present grace the duke your brother, whom God long preserve. But your lordship's present agent being extremely vigilant of all your lordship's interests, has lately renewed the claim of the Ormond family to

those tithes, and was, at the last assizes, after a long hearing of six hours, nonsuited. The living of Clonmel is one of the largest, and yet the poorest, parishes in this kingdom; being, upon the whole, (including the valuation of the houses,) scarce worth 100*l.* a-year; out of which a curate-assistant being absolutely necessary on account of its extent, a salary of 40*l.* must be paid.

My lord, your lordship's family has been always distinguished for their favor and protection to the established church under her greatest persecutions; nor have you in the universal opinion ever degenerated from them. Those tithes in and about Clonmel are very inconsiderable, having never been let for above 24*l.* a-year, made up of very small pittances collected from a great number of the poorest people; so that the recovery of them by an expensive lawsuit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr. Moore is recommended to me by several persons of great worth, (as I have already observed), and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble request, therefore, to your lordship is, that the minister of Clonmel may, without disturbance, enjoy that small addition to his support which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always understood and believed that the duke your brother's retiring has not lessened your fortune, but increased it; and as to his grace, unless all our intelligence be false, he is as easy as he desires to be. I heard of several persons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his grace is perfectly easy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earnestly desire your lordship to resign those poor scraps of tithes in and about Clonmel to Mr. Moore and his successors, in a legal form, for ever. Your loss will be at most but 24*l.* a-year, and that with a thousand difficulties infinitely below your generosity and quality. I am, &c.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

December 4, 1739.

SIR,—I cannot find a manuscript I wrote, called "Directions for Servants," which I thought was very useful as well as humorous. I believe you have both seen and read it. I wish you could give me some intelligence of it, because my memory is quite gone; therefore let me know all you can conjecture about it. I am, sir, your very humble servant.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

December 31, 1739.

MADAM,—It is impossible to have health in such desperate weather: but you are worse used than others. Every creature of either sex are uneasy; for our kingdom is turned to be a Muscovy, or worse. Even I cannot do any good by walking: is not warmth good against rheumatic pains? I hope dean Swift will be able to assist you both. I wish for a happy turn in the weather. I am doubly desolate, and wish I could sleep until the sun would comfort us. Would neither your son nor daughter save you the pains of writing on your back? You are much more friendly to me than a thousand of them. Adieu. I am ever yours.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,—I am truly and heartily glad that you are a little mended, and can lie on your belly or side, not altogether on your back. You are much in the right not to stir, and so was Croker not to suffer you. I am not yet worse for the cold weather, but am angry at it. I am heartily sorry for yourself and daughter; but Mr. Swift dares not be sick, for his chief business is to look after you and your daughter. I walk only in my bedchamber and closet, which has also a fire. I am ever yours.

New-Year's-day, 1740.

I wish you may have many, and all healthy ones.

CERTIFICATE TO A DISCARDED SERVANT.

Deanery-house, January 9, 1740.

WHEREAS the bearer served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard, I then discharged him as such; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter choose to employ him.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

January 18, 1740.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been many days heartily concerned for your ill health; it is now twenty-five days since we have found nothing but frost and misery, and they may continue for as many more. This day is yet the coldest of them all. Dr. Wilson and I are both very uneasy to find no better message from you. I received, as I was going to dinner, the enclosed letter from your

beloved of ——, which I shall make you happy with. It will show you the goodness, the wisdom, the gratitude, the truth, the civility, of that excellent divine, adorned with an orthography (spelling) fit for himself. Pray read it a hundred times, but return it after you have read it a hundred times. My love and service to your son and daughter; let them both read the enclosed.

I would not lose your lover's letter for 100*l.* It must be sent back by the bearer. Let me know the exact number of lies that are in it; but I fear that that will take up your time too much. I am ever yours.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

February 3, 1740.

THE bad account I had of your health for many days or rather weeks, has made me continually uneasy to the last degree; and Mr. Swift, who was with me so long yesterday, could not in conscience give me any comfort: but your kind letter has raised my spirits in some measure. I hope we have almost done with this cursed weather, yet still my garden is all in white. I read your letter to Dr. Wilson, who is somewhat better, and he resolves to apply your medicine, I mean your improvements of what you prescribe to add to his surgeon's method. I am ever, dear madam, entirely yours.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

April 29, 1740.

DEAR MADAM,—I find that you and I are fellow-sufferers almost equally in our healths, although I am more than twenty years older. But I am and have been these two days in so miserable a way, and so cruelly tortured that can hardly be conceived. The whole last night I was equally struck as if I had been in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this instant unable to move without excessive pain, although not the one thousandth part of what I suffered all last night and this morning. This you will now style the gout. I continue still very deaf. Dr. Wilson's left eye is still disordered, and very uneasy. You have now your family at home: I desire to present them with my kind and hearty service. I am ever entirely yours, &c.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

May 13, 1740.

DEAR SIR,—I could never believe Mrs. Whiteway's gasconades in telling me of her acquaintance with you. But my age and per-

petual disorders, and chiefly my vexatious deafness, with other infirmities, have completed the utter loss of my memory; so that I cannot recollect the names of those friends who come to see me twice or oftener every week. However, I remember to wish you a long lasting joy of being no longer a bachelor, especially because the teaser at my elbow assures me that the lady is altogether worthy to be your wife. I therefore command you both (if I live so long) to attend me at the deanery the day after you land; where Mrs. Precipitate, alias Whiteway, says I will give you a scandalous dinner. I suppose you will see your governor, my old friend, John Barber, whom I heartily love; and so you are to tell him. I am, dear sir, your most obedient and obliged servant.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

I HAVE been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family: I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be. I am, for those few days, yours entirely.

If I do not blunder it is Saturday,
July 26, 1740.

If I live till Monday I shall hope to see you, perhaps for the last time.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

January 13, 1741.

DEAR MADAM, — Your son, who was with me yesterday, and stayed the whole afternoon till near ten o'clock, gave me a very melancholy account of your ill health, extremely to my grief. I send a servant with this letter, and you will please to employ Mr. Swift to answer it, because I am in very great pain about you; for the weather is so extremely sharp that it must needs add to your disorders. Pray let your son or daughter write a few lines to give me some sort of comfort. My cold is now attended with a cough this bitter cold weather; but I am impatient until your son or daughter gives me some hopes. I am ever your assured friend, and most humble servant.

APPENDIX;

CONTAINING

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES BY SWIFT, NOT PUBLISHED IN THE PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

APPENDIX;

CONTAINING

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES BY SWIFT, NOT PUBLISHED IN THE PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

A FURTHER SEARCH

INTO THE CONDUCT OF THE ALLIES AND THE LATE MINISTRY, AS TO PEACE AND WAR;

CONTAINING ALSO,

A REPLY TO THE SEVERAL LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF THE STATES-GENERAL; WITH A VINDICATION OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT IN THEIR LATE RESOLVES AND ADDRESS RELATING TO THE DEFICIENCIES OF THE DUTCH. 1712.

THE reception a former work of this kind has met with in the world, and the little which has been said against it as to matters of fact, must be acknowledged to be all owing to the truth, coming with an irresistible force upon the minds of men, and which always carries its own evidence along with it; when we have met with the enemy descanting upon it, we have heard them, even in the midst of a thousand curses and hard names which they cast upon the author, yet at every pause cry out, Damn the circumstance! I doubt there is too much truth in it, though I hate the design of making it public. This makes it clear which has often, and upon many other occasions, been said, that our late people had a kind of popery in their politics, viz., that much of their success consisted in keeping the people blind and ignorant in the main and most essential points of their affairs, and which it was most necessary for them to know; that they were so far from knowing what usage they had received abroad from their allies, that when they came to be a little rightly informed, they could not frame ideas of so much knavery in their heads, or think it possible that any people who called themselves allies could at the same time carry themselves in such a manner to those for whom they had made the least professions of any respect, or for whose common safety they had the least concern.

As the truth of what has been thus spoken is hereby acknowledged and confessed by the enemy, which is the best kind of evidence; so the seasonableness of making that truth public in the manner it hath been by the former tract, and as it shall or may be in this, is justified and cleared beyond all possibility of objection by the late public resolutions of the honorable house of commons, where it comes into the world with the sanction and authority of the great representative of the nation; it is true, the particulars in the votes amount to a most excessive height; and though it was known and believed by many to be very great, yet I must confess few imagined them to be so surprising, the account so large, and the particulars so many as they appear to be; also one thing is obtained by this report of the house of commons, which the credit of a single author was by no means sufficient for, viz., that the Dutch had any share in the deficiency, and in the injuries which this nation has suffered under the weight of this confederacy; many would be brought by the power of reasoning and the force of demonstrations, which are things all people are not equally furnished to resist; they would, I say, be brought to confess, that there might have been defects in general, and that those effects appeared in the affairs of the empire, the Portuguese, and such like—anything but the Dutch; but such an ascendant had the influence of the politics, and the confederacy of the late administration, with the parties concerned, obtained over the people, that though anything would go down with them against other people, yet if the dear Dutch came into the dispute, nothing could be borne with, but all the rest was the pure effect of Jacobitism and the French.

How fatal this has been to us I may hereafter have leisure to examine, and every day is like to discover more and more of it to us; indeed all things were mounted to such a violent prepossession upon us in favor of the Dutch, that we began to think even our own constitution stood in need of further security from them, and politicly brought the Dutch into our national concerns; thus making ourselves beholden to them for a guarantee or safety to the succession of Hanover, that this might be a handle to our doing other things for them so exorbitant in their own nature, as that no nation, but such as depended upon them for something very weighty and significant, would ever consent to, or could upon other pretence be persuaded into; yet this was not all, for when we had brought our people to stoop to so mean a thought as that our succession, ratified

by both kingdoms, and incorporated by both the parliaments of England and Scotland in the late solemn treaty of union, could receive any addition of strength from abroad more than that of the interest and alliance of so powerful a prince as his electoral highness of Hanover and his allies; that we stood in need of that incoherent article of a Dutch guarantee; when I say we had stooped so low as to level our constitution to the common notion of leagues and treaties between other and differing nations, and that it should receive a further sanction, thereby, it was not hard then to fill the heads of the poor people with a belief, that whoever made the least objection against anything hereafter, which either the Dutch might do by us or which we might do by them, acted therein against the Protestant succession. This was a point so well gained by the Dutch that, on the faith of a man, if they gained it for nothing, it was the best bargain they made during the whole war; and if our late managers granted it so also, they must either have given up their senses to the Dutch, or had most despicable thoughts of the strength of Great Britain, and our being able to support our own settlement; or, which I speak most unwillingly, there must have been some private bargain driven, of which I shall venture to say no more, but that I hope no Englishman could be found that would be guilty of it.

To waive therefore a reflection so unwelcome, let us go back to the observation before, viz., this threefold end we have seen it answer to the Dutch; what end it will ever answer to us remains a mystery, and will in all probability remain so for many years to come if not for ever; the ends which I say it answered for the Dutch were three:—

I. The barrier treaty, which, with the separate article, was joined as the advance money of a loan by way of what our people called prompt-payment, and which the Dutch had the confidence to palm upon us as a small matter, and a thing due to them for the great kindness done for us by them in taking upon them to secure our succession. I am not ignorant of that weak and foolish use which the enemies of peace made of that objection spoken of in the other forementioned tract, p. 21, viz., "That it may not be right, in point of policy or good sense, that a foreign power should be called in to confirm our succession by way of guarantee, but only to acknowledge it, otherwise we put it out of the power of our own legislature to change our succession, without the consent of that prince or state

who is guarantee. However, our posterity may hereafter, by the tyranny and oppression of any succeeding princes, be reduced to the fatal necessity of breaking in upon the excellent and happy settlement now in force."

This by all means they will have as an aim taken for the pretender, as if, because we ought not to put it out of the power of our legislature to limit the succession, whatever necessity may happen, even when this race may be all in their graves, that therefore we have an immediate alteration of the succession in our view; these people who contend thus forget the mighty noise we have had from them about parliamentary limitations, a word the Whigs have made so sacred that it has been like the Magna Charta of their liberties, and with which they run down the hereditary right of their princes, as if there had been nothing at all in it but tyranny and arbitrary government, till at length it was happily discovered, that they were very well consistent together; and that they who best understood hereditary right had proved it to be agreeable to parliamentary limitation, and then all was well again. But after all this bustle, was it to be imagined that the same people could so easily give up the parliament's right of limiting the succession to a foreign nation; and by making a league of guarantee for the succession legitimate the impertinence of strangers, who may hereafter meddle with our constitution, and may tell a British parliament they have no power to alter or meddle with the settlement of the crown, for that it is already settled, and they are guarantees of it? What has been, may be; and what may be, may be supposed to be. If then any of the family of Hanover should tyrannise, or abdicate, or the same or like circumstances should happen as have happened before, the parliament would be disabled from declaring the throne vacant and filling up the same with such other of the family as they find convenient; which, according to all the Whig principles which we have so often heard of, is inseperable from the constitution, and much more sacred than anything which has been hereditary in the world. I do not incline to concern these papers with the popular disputes which have troubled the world so much and so long about the difference between hereditary and parliamentary right; how far they are the same, or which is best furnished with authorities and originals, whether of divine or civil right. It is enough to take hold here of the Whigs' own argument, and allowing all they have said on this head to be orthodox, whether it really be so or no, it

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must necessarily follow that this parliamentary right cannot, or ought not to be given out of our hands, and put by a treaty into the hands of foreigners; so that it shall be in their power to put the negative into our next limitation of the crown. If this be [illegible] away our liberties, I would be glad to know what it is to keep them; if there be any choice of tyrants, and if it weighs anything, when our privileges are given up, who is it they should be given up to? I confess myself more willing to be a slave at home than abroad, and to be tyrannised on by a prince of our own than by a foreign nation; and if there were no other reason for that than this, it would be sufficient to justify the choice, viz., that there are more ways to avoid the mischief of it; that an oppressing prince has sometimes changed his measures, or he may be restrained, or may die, and thereby a nation may be delivered; but such a convention as this, made with a foreign nation, engages that whole nation, upon all occasions, to embark itself and its whole strength in defence of the capitulation agreed on; and thus by this method the power of parliament in future limitations of the crown seems to be effectually given up. How the Whigs would have liked this doctrine if it had come from any one but themselves may be best guessed at by the warmth they showed about the league, said to be made by the late king James and the king of France, which put this whole nation into a flame; and with good reason so far as that league appeared; for what was it, or what could we imagine it to be, but a treaty of guarantee with the French, for the securing the succession of popery in England? Whereas the settling the religion and liberties of this nation was the undoubted right of the people in parliament, and so by the same rule must the succession of our princes be. The sum of all this is that by the Whigs' own arguments and their own principles, which they have always professed and adhered to, and by the same rule from which they acted in the Revolution, the accepting a guarantee for the securing the succession of the crown of this kingdom to any family, or branch of a family, race, or line whatsoever, is no less than giving up the privileges of the people, and divesting the parliament of the power of limiting the succession to the crown.

It may be remembered that in the late treaty of union with Scotland some secret overtures were made to have engaged the Dutch to be guarantees of that treaty; and though that proposal seemed to come from such hands as gave reason to believe it was rather a

design to destroy than secure the said treaty, the Dutch having at that time discovered willingness enough to have prevented the conclusion of that treaty, yet those that knew anything of the resentment at that time here against that proposal, as dishonorable to England and destructive of the constitution of both kingdoms, would wonder that ever the same ministry should so far change their notions as to admit the same guarantee in so nice an affair as the succession to their own crown, which they rejected with contempt in a treaty with the neighboring nation.

Secondly, another end answered by this treaty of guarantee, was giving an opportunity to the Dutch to play their own game with us with respect to other treaties, quotas, proportions of payments, ships, troops, and the like; of this so much has been said already, and is yet like to be said further in public, that I shall need say the less to it here, my design being rather to justify the resentment all honest men entertain at the mean politics and submissions of our people here, and to show the necessity of talking wiser for the future, than to animate people against any of our confederates.

I am as forward as any to agree that the advantages of a strict union among the confederates are very great, and that, as her majesty expressed it, the interests of the states of Holland be looked upon as our own; and this by no means hinders us from desiring that the Dutch should use us well; should show a reciprocal kindness, and should act with a mutual concern for the general confederated interest; and that we should not be willing to see them impose upon us in any of those particulars, or be easy and submit quietly to it when they do; and this is so much justice that none can object against, and what is the best, if not the only way to cultivate and maintain that friendship and good understanding on both sides, which is so much the interest of the confederacy in general, and of the Dutch themselves in particular. They who contend that the inquiring into these things seems to show a disregard to the confederacy in general, or to the several parties concerned in particular, seem to make severer satires upon the Dutch than they are aware of. The deficiences of the performance they cannot deny, the want of a due regard then to the confederacy must certainly lie rather in those that have been the cause of those deficiencies than those that have not; for who are most justly to be charged with slighting and disregarding the mutual interest of the confederacy, they that have failed in the performance of the conditions, or they

that complain of it in order to have them performed? Britain has all along shown, by a zeal fatal to herself, her willingness to push on the war with all imaginable vigor, in order to which, when her deficient allies, having less concern for the general good, have run the venture of miscarriage to shorten their expense, Britain, as if the whole charge of the war had been her due to pay, has zealously supplied both their quotas and her own; while she was willing to do thus, her confederates daily increased their deficiencies and her expense, as they might very well do, finding her so easy; and while she was willing to sit still and see herself thus used, it was very remarkable how augmentations and increase of forces was every year proposed by the confederates, as well in Flanders as in Spain, and none so forward as the emperor himself to increase the quotas of the troops and the charges of the war upon the rest of his confederates, quietly waiting for their supplying additional troops, and taking care to have very few of his own.

While we submitted to all these things the war went quietly on, but whether so successfully or no as it might have done if the allies had answered what we had reason to expect from them, is left for them to answer. At last the British court, entering into a more narrow inspection of things, have not thought fit so calmly to suffer the weight of the war to lie heavier upon one shoulder than another, and though equally willing to bear their share of the burden, yet not forward to carry that load which ought to lie upon other shoulders. They are now calling upon their confederates to consider a little the justice of their several treaties, and to look back and see what they are obliged to do, if they expect the war should be carried on any further; if they are diffident of the success of these remonstrances from their experience how fruitless the like have been before, and have therefore at the same time embraced the occasion that has offered towards putting an end to the war by an honorable peace, they will be justified in it before all the world, both now and for ever; when it shall be at the same time understood in what manner and for how many years this war has been carried on, nor can the artifices of an adverse party among us delude many in their suggesting to the world that the government here is in the interest of France, since they can have no other reason to back that suggestion than that they were not willing to carry on a war upon unequal terms, and in a confederacy with allies who would not perform their own conditions, and in which those who

expected the greatest advantages from it paid the least part of the expense towards it.

Thirdly, the third end which this general complaint against a peace has been calculated to answer, and which their party has taken care to make as popular as they can, is a general notion that those who are for a peace do it with a design, by the assistance of France, to introduce the pretender; however weak and inconsistent such a consequence may be, nothing is more certain than that many innocent and well-meaning people have been prevailed upon to believe it; and though the improbabilities of the thing in its own nature, and the steady zeal of the persons who they charge with it, and who have all along in a course of many years testified their abhorrence of that interest, and taken such steps against it as have been most effectual to the cutting off all hope both from him and his party, might suffice to any reasonable people; yet this seems to be one of those difficulties that can be solved only by a little patience and time; to those who will be convinced by argument, it seems sufficient that our putting a stop to a war which we carried on at so much disadvantage, and which had in view rather an utter impoverishing the nation than a timely reducing our enemies to reason, however, was not only necessary on many other accounts, but greatly our advantage on this account in special manner, that thereby we might be left in a condition to defend our constitution, and to preserve power to maintain our succession, as our parliament had thought fit to limit it, without the help of the Dutch, and without being put to so weak, so scandalous, and so dishonorable a shift as to accept of the guarantee of foreign states to preserve our own acts of parliament.

When I look further into this scandalous thing called a guarantee for our succession, methinks it represents to me our people on their knees to the Dutch, for the mighty favor of their taking us into their high and mighty protection; and, indeed, when this is compared with the manner with which the states of Holland carried on the Geertruydenbergh treaty, wherein the making a peace for us was also left wholly to or engrossed by the states of Holland, the thing seems very much of a piece. The barrier treaty also has much of the same manner in it, which being handled at large by itself, I say no more to here. I have observed that at the time when we began to talk here of peace, and when the French articles began to appear, we were mightily amused with the

Dutch making offers that they would take away the excuse from us of want of money or credit, and the Dutch would advance to us four millions sterling, to encourage us to carry on the war. That the Dutch made such an offer publicly in form is known to be a mistake, but that the Dutch might be willing to lend or to give as much as that amounts to, to have the sole direction of making the peace, that so their particular interest which they never forget, might be principally provided for, this there can be no greater question of; and the Dutch are not without cunning enough to make it so well worth their while as that such a sum of money should not be ill laid out. But those people should do well to consider two or three things which lie hid in this notion of the Dutch lending us so much money, and which by way of corollary may be of great use to us in the understanding of other parts of management on that side. (1.) That if the States of Holland for the carrying on the war could spare us so much money to encourage us that we might not make a peace without them, though this has not yet been thought of, then, however, all they thought fit to say in former times of their being impoverished and exhausted, and not in a condition to pay their quotas, must be a manifest fraud and cheat, and must be with design to put upon us the necessity of carrying it on upon unequal conditions; and this they could not have entertained a thought of without first being sensible that they had us at so much advantage as that they knew whenever they thought fit to ease their own charge they might put the hardship upon us. (2.) Since it was obtained by the acts of their other conduct that the Dutch had the sole direction of the peace, it followed then that we were under an obligation to carry on the war at their bidding, from whence it was most natural to believe that they were not dark-sighted enough not to make their other advantages. (3.) These things make it no longer a mystery why the Dutch would advance any sum of money for the encouraging us to carry on the war, because it followed that we should carry it on under the same inequalities and disadvantages which we did before; but now these things are detected, and if we should come to a necessity of carrying on the war, which God forbid, yet that it should be more than probable we may not only demand that they begin upon a new foot, and make up all their quotas for the time to come, but also may call upon them for what is past; also it is more than probable that they may then plead poverty with us, as they did before, and talk

no more of the great sums they would lend us. (4.) There is yet another remark to be made upon this head, viz., of the Dutch advancing such great sums of money to us: we have never found but these sums were to be all lent upon good parliamentary security, and on the interest current in England, and we might not be thought ungrateful to the lenders, if we asked them where was the advantage of all that; was it to us or to themselves? They must not know the Dutch so well as we have reason to know them, who expect to find them ever forgetful of their own interest in any proposal they may make. It is true we have complained of our being impoverished and exhausted, and not in a condition to carry on the war, especially at the rate which it hath been carried on at, without great inconveniences, and involving, mortgaging and anticipating for us and our posterity, at a rate which neither are like to see the end of: but what is our defect? We do not want lenders but funds to borrow upon; we have usurers enough among us to devour us, we want no help from the Dutch, we are not without a sort of men among us who, having little or no interest in the freehold, have amassed infinite sums of money in cash, with which they trade upon the rest, and live upon the blood and vitals of the government; these, like the eagles where the carcase falls, gather together, and if the parliament can but find funds, though they boast of having the power of credit in themselves, and often think of making themselves formidable by threatening the government that they will lend no money, and that they can ruin the public credit by refusing to advance their money, yet they can no more forbear than a vulture can forbear his prey; the funds are the carcase they feed on; they are as hungry for them as a lion that has been hunting and found no food, and in spite of their faith often pledged to their party and friends, to run down credit and lend no money, let but the ministry find a fund, and the parliament establish a lottery, or subscription, or loan, and they are ready to trample one another to death to get in their money. So that after all that hath been said of the Dutch lending us money, we see nothing to be said to it but what was said in answer to some bantering lines in the time of king Charles II., made upon the king, which his majesty by repartee answered himself thus:—

> "Charles at this time having no need,
> Thanks you as much as if he did."

It is apparent in our case we want no lenders; we have been de-

voured with harpies already, who think, as no doubt the Dutch would also think, and perhaps say so too, that the borrower is servant to the lender. But we must acknowledge we want funds to borrow, and where to find them, such excepted as will plunge us yet further and further into a gulf, whence no less than a hundred years can redeem us, is past the skill of the best advocates for a war to find out; indeed I cannot but wonder that, in all the noise the faction have made at these things, they have not descended to one argument against the difficulty of raising funds; they have indeed told us great things, *à la gasconade*, that there are funds enough—that England is vastly rich—that there is money enough—that we can with ease carry on the war this seven years, and such rhodomontade that they have surfeited the people with it for some time; but we do not see one of them that offers any scheme how, and upon what destructive ruinous fund, this money may be raised, that the people may judge whether what is alleged be true, yea or no; and whether those funds they shall so propose shall not be as fatal to the general good as those that have gone before; with such fallacious ways have the people been managed till they have led them on to the brink of inevitable ruin; and now, as if it were not enough that the nation hath for so many years been oppressed by the war, through the negligence or knavery of our confederates, we are modestly desired to proceed in the war upon the same foot. I confess this among our own people is a sign of some national stupidity and blindness which one would hardly think possible; but for our neighbors, whether the states-general or others, to desire it, seems to smell of something we want a word for in our tongue, and may be better expressed in French by *merveilleux surprenant*, and the like. I must needs say I have not yet met with any man so weak but what begins to feel the force of this argument enter into his soul. If the allies have not performed according to their agreement, they should be reminded of it; and if we cannot prevail with them to make up former defects, we ought at least to be careful that they comply punctually for the time to come. Can any people be so besotted to a party as to expect or desire that a nation already impoverished by the unfair impositions of her allies, and not able to carry on the war on the terms she hath done for some time, should not insist upon more justice for the future, that she may be able to hold it out?

Neither is this an unnecessary argument at this time, for if we

can carry on this war at the expense of three millions and a half yearly, instead of seven, then we are better able to go on two years upon the square with our allies, than one year upon the unequal foundation we have gone upon all along; so that to bring our allies to do us justice, and to exert themselves to the uttermost in carrying on the war, is the truest and best step towards the main point, viz., of carrying it on, if we are assured we shall no more be imposed upon: if we see the full quotas of troops in the field, the full numbers of ships in the Mediterranean, and all things in readiness in time, and fit for action; if anything will revive the drooping spirits of the nation it must be this; it must be that they have some hopes of not being cheated again, and that the powerful assistance of the allies will be a means of putting a happy and speedy end to the war that a safe peace may follow: and it is easy to find that nothing but this will do it; nothing else can persuade an exhausted nation to bleed anew but some assurance that they shall not be suffered by their allies to bleed to death—that there shall be some end of their sorrows and miseries, and that every hand is fairly engaged in bringing things to a happy end.

But these things seem to call for no further remark from us; they are so natural and plain in themselves that every child in these affairs may understand them; for if we must carry on the war, it must be needful that we suffer ourselves to be no more abused by our allies; if we are not to expect justice from our allies, then we must be unaccountably besotted if we carry on the war; nay, though a worse peace were to follow than her majesty hath good reason to expect from the negotiations now on foot.

But it may not be amiss to inquire here what prospect there appears of these things, and what hopes our allies do put us in, of expecting for the future better treatment; and that in pursuit of the war they will go on upon a different foot from that which they have hitherto gone upon; for if there was but some appearance of an amendment for the future, it might be some encouragement to us to think of prosecuting the ensuing campaigns with more comfort? but instead of this, all we yet see amounts to little that way, for at home all the fruit of the discovery shows only a kind of regret that it is made public, an inward fretting that the fact is too obvious, so that they cannot contradict it, and an envious warmth at the justice done their own country in it, because it touches upon the states-general, as if to touch them were fatal to us all; and

perhaps it may indeed be fatal to some projects the party had set on foot here, destructive enough to the liberty of their country, and of which a little time may give us a further view. This is clear, that in all the reply we have here to the detecting the hard usage we have met with from our allies issues in exclamations at our exposing the Dutch, and falling upon the Dutch, spreading reports that we design to fall out with the Dutch, and that we are for a peace with France, and a war with the Dutch; as if we must refrain a due inspection into our own affairs for fear of the effects it will or may have upon the Hollanders; it is no less the duty of every faithful representative to inquire how other nations may impose upon the people, and waste and destroy us, than it is how we are embezzled at home, for every breach of treaty is in this kind a depredation upon the people; and it is most reasonable that when they have thus discovered the fraud, and by who, as well as by what means the nation is exhausted and worn out, they should so far expose the matters of fact, and the persons, that the people may know by what means they are impoverished; this hath been the constant method and usage of parliaments, and the members of parliament could not have discharged the trust they have committed to them by the people they represent if they had omitted it. Nor can this be called exposing the Dutch; they lay open the truth: if that exposes the Dutch, or any other persons or states, the misfortune is their own to be liable to such a charge; but let such people answer what they would have had the house of commons have done when, upon inquiry into the state of the war, they found that we had not been fairly used by the confederates; if they had held their peace, had they not been criminally silent? had they not betrayed their country? had they not been accessory to all the frauds of the like kind which should have happened for the future? And what would the language of posterity have been, when they should have seen that the house of commons knew those things, but took no notice of them, or any care to have the nation informed of them? Must it not have been a just reproach upon them, as it is now upon those who knew it before, and yet took no notice of it, or made any application to former parliaments to have it redressed? But it is evident these people who make now such loud complaints of the reflections cast upon our allies appear more concerned that the matter is made public than that it is true; and are so far from desiring any cure for the disease, that they spend all their heat and

resentment at the discoveries of it; and it is to be observed from their conduct, that they make ten reflections upon the house of commons and the present ministry, for the industry and pains taken in finding out how, and by whom the nation has been abused, for one just remark upon the integrity and zeal in the war of those allies who have used us in such a manner. Whence such a spirit can proceed, and what reason can be given for it, is not so hard to find out as it is melancholy to reflect that so it should be.

I might go forward in this observation to expose the foundation from whence all this proceeds, and by which we should soon see for what uses and purposes some people are so desirous of pushing on the war; and how to do it they care not, upon what disadvantages and unequal conditions they did it; being willing to bear any part of the burthen, nay, all the burthen, so the beloved war were but to be pursued: the inquiry into this will open many scenes of private treachery not yet brought to light, and for that I purpose to do it in a tract by itself, I shall leave it to a fit occasion.

It falls next in view to interrogate the ministers at Utrecht how they proceed, and see thereby what measures the Dutch take to convince us that we shall have a better and more equal balance kept up among us in case the war is to be continued. But here you shall find measures calculated rather to compel the queen of Great Britain to carry on the war than to invite her majesty to it by assurances of performing treaties better than in the times past. This is a temper so different from what might be expected from a people who had so treated their allies, to us who complain of being so treated, that it is as before *merveilleux;* or, to put it plainer, a kind of throwing off the mask; as if we were obliged to submit to be cheated, after we had first discovered that it was so; and that what before was done covertly, and under the appearance of a treaty, was now to be done more effectually, openly, avowedly, and in the teeth of the rest of the allies.

This appeared upon the first conference after the French plenipotentiaries had delivered in their paper of explanation, as they called it, on the proposals of the peace which they had formerly given in. It came then to the turn of the allies to consider in what manner to deliver in their answer to the French proposals: this it was resolved should be by the confederate ministers delivering in their demands, or the several pretensions of their respective principals, without taking any notice of the project contained in the

paper given in by the ministers of France. It should have been noted here in the first place, that after all the Dutch had said, and after all that had been said to them, in order to come to this treaty, prepared to preserve a good understanding among the allies, and to bring the treaty to the desired conclusion, viz., a good peace, the Dutch ministers appeared there without any character, having neither powers as plenipotentiaries, nor as ambassadors, nor anything more than mere commissioners, empowered only to hear what was said, make report to their masters the States, and give back their answers, which one of the queen's common messengers may as well do on our side. Nor were the persons, the equipages, or the salaries allowed to their said commissioners any more than what was suitable to common messengers, whose business it was to carry a message and return with an answer; so that, in the conferences, either general or particular, there was no debating things with them, only just giving in what any one had to say, and all the answer these men could give was, that they would report it to their high mightinesses the States-general, and would bring their answer. The French plenipotentiaries presently objected against these powers, as not sufficient to admit the Dutch ministers into the conferences. The British plenipotentiaries, though they were sensible of the affront offered in it to their royal mistress, after such assurances on her majesty's part of her sincere intention to make the interest of all her allies to be as her own, yet willing to waive everything that might give an obstruction to the happy issue of the peace, did not insist on this; though they could not but complain that it greatly obstructed that happy concert of measures which they hoped might have been the constant fruit of the private conferences of the confederate ministers, which the Dutch, having no powers that extended any further than barely to hear and report, and bring back a resolution, were, for want of those powers, quite disappointed; so that the Dutch ministers might as justly be deemed and termed porters, as plenipotentiaries. Well, notwithstanding all this, the British plenipotentiaries, willing to promote the great end for which they assembled, which, as the lord bishop of Bristol expressed it, was, in the name of God, to bring the wars to a happy conclusion, in an equitable and honorable peace, all these obstructions were passed over on their side, and they labored to have the powers of the Dutch ministers accepted, as at last they were with some difficulty; and thus they proceed to the affair

of the demands, as above, which were to be delivered in on the 5th of March. The Dutch ministers, concealing the resolution taken at the Hague, to give in no demands, but the very immediate copy of the preliminaries last treated on, insisted that all the confederates' demands should be formed into one instrument, and be given in jointly by all the plenipotentiaries, as the general demands of the whole alliance. This, though something surprising in itself, yet was the less so, when it was more known that this was in order to execute the measures above noted, viz., of bringing in the preliminaries of Geertruydenbergh as the summary demands of the allies. But the British plenipotentiaries taking notice of it, insisted that this seemed to be destructive of the treaty itself,—that France had twice ventured to carry on the war rather than agree to these preliminaries, — that they had been declared impracticable, and could not be treated on here; and to insist on the very literal form of those preliminaries now, and prescribe the plenipotentiaries to treat on them, was to declare against a treaty at all. That this meeting was understood by all parties to be not a treaty of preliminaries in order to a treaty of peace, but a general treaty of peace itself, wherein the specific demands of every ally were to be heard, debated, and finally discussed, adjusted and answered to their satisfaction, which could by no means be done by preliminary articles which had in them several references to a further treaty, and some suggested demands left to be further discussed at another time; whereas they were now met to make a final and general conclusion of all demands and pretensions whatsoever, that there might be no more blood shed in the Christian world, that an end might be put to the miseries of Europe. It was also alleged that the said preliminaries had not been concerted with a due regard to the interest of all the allies: in especial manner it was asked what article there was to be found in them which regarded the interest of her Britannic majesty, further than what merely respected her title to the crown, and the banishment of the pretender; whereas there seemed a great deal of reason for admitting further demands for the security, and enlarging the commerce and possessions of her majesty and her subjects; for this reason, as well as in the behalf of the rest of the confederates, the said British plenipotentiaries insisted upon giving in the instrument of their demands in particular, every ally by themselves.

It must be something astonishing to such true lovers of their

country, who can look back on these things with unprejudiced judgments, to reflect on the temper reigning in this part of Europe at the time of the treaty aforesaid, when in all the numerous articles adjusted at the Hague, and afterwards debated again at Geertruydenbergh by the Dutch and French, the former left out nothing which concerned their own interest, security, or advantage; nay, engaged the British court to concern and engage themselves for their particular security and advantages; but not one word, clause, article, or debate, was ever thought of for the English, either as to the security of their commerce as it then stood, or the increase of it for the future. On the other hand, all the stress on the British side, and for which we were to think ourselves infinitely obliged to the Dutch, was to engage their assistance to keep out the pretender, and secure the succession of the crown of Great Britain to his electoral highness of Hanover; a thing which is so the universal resolution of all the people and parties in Britain, and to which they think all the opposition that can be made, from either French or any else, is so trifling and insignificant, that they cannot be sensible of the exceeding obligation on that behalf to their confederates, or of the great danger which they were in of the pretender, although no foreign assistance had been engaged on that behalf, esteeming the favorers of the pretender in Britain, notwithstanding their great clamors of a party among us, to be so few and so inconsiderable as that there is nothing to be feared from them: but supposing there had been more danger of the clause, viz., the succession, than we are willing to hope there is ground to apprehend, it cannot but be reminded that it is as much the interest of the States-General to secure that succession in the illustrious house of Hanover as it is even of Great Britain itself, and much more than it be supposed to be to Britain to secure to them the barrier of Flanders; for should the dominions of her Britannic majesty ever fall into the hands of a popish or French interest, or into the hands of a prince who is, or may be in the interest of France, the territories of the States-General being stript of the powerful assistance of the British troops by land and fleets by sea, must inevitably be exposed to the powerful invasion of French and British fleets united, and their trade in particular eaten up and destroyed, as was verified by woful experience to the said States in the year 1672, when, if the English court had not broken off from the said French alliance, the States-General had inevitably sunk under the power of France, and their

government been dissolved and destroyed. So that upon the whole it is manifest there was no need on our part to engage the Dutch to appear for the security of our succession to the house of Hanover; for that the sovereign law of their own preservation will always put them under a necessity of doing it, the contrary being most sure to be a great step in their injury, if not their evident destruction: it may be argued, that in rules of government we are not to depend upon this or that state being obliged by their own interest to assist us, but we are to regard what necessity, either for security of trade, common safety of government, or other political interests we are in, or may be in, of the assistance of the powers we are treating with, and if that necessity appears, it is a sufficient reason for us to secure that assistance. And this we have frequent examples of, as of the Dutch themselves treating with us in 1676, when notwithstanding it was the undoubted interest of England not to let Holland, upon any terms whatever, fall into the hands of France; and if ever the French do again make that attempt, we ought to assist the Dutch with all our troops and power; and that not so much from any care and kindness to them as a nation, but for our own interest and preservation; yet the Dutch, knowing the eyes of a nation are not always open to their own interest, thought fit to tie us to assist them in that case, and even articled with us for the proportion, viz., the number of ten thousand men. This is brought for a reason why, notwithstanding its being so much the interest of the States of Holland to preserve the succession of the house of Hanover to the crown of Great Britain, we ought also to bind them to it by treaty: but though we were to grant all this, it will not follow that this treaty should have such a price put upon it that the Dutch should demand of us all they want for this little equivalent; and the reasons above, though they should not be allowed to subsist against the treaty of guarantee itself, will certainly take off much of that high price which the Dutch have put upon it, as if we were under such infinite obligations to them to secure it for us, as that we were quite out of condition to defend it ourselves, or as if they had no concern, or were to receive no security, benefit, or advantage at all by it to themselves. Again, it might pass for some argument in this case, that if any power in Europe ought to have sought this guarantee from the States-General, it should have been the Elector himself, who on his part might probably have some more occasion to secure his passage over to England, and the march of any troops which

his highness might find necessary to bring with him, to assist his faithful people of Britain to place him on the throne, in case a French or popish interest should make opposition. Here indeed the States-General might be very useful allies, and his electoral highness would have thought very well of such a guarantee of the States; but it cannot be conceived that Britain can be under like necessity of such a security — the succession, which is their own act and deed, being universally approved by the whole nation, a few people excepted, who are contemptible either for their number or interest; so that on all these accounts it seems however a treaty of guarantee may be useful enough for our succession, and no harm in it; yet it cannot be a thing of that weight as to have so great a value set upon it, and that Britain should suffer herself so much to be imposed upon for it, as it is apparent to all the world she has been on that account.

We return now to the manner of the carrying on of the treaty of peace at Utrecht: the British plenipotentiaries having, as I said above, insisted upon the giving in the demands of the allies in a separate manner, have by this means an occasion of securing for the subjects of her majesty some other advantages than by the former treaty was thought of, and the people of Britain may now see, not only on what disadvantage for us the former treaty was negotiated, when we were to have our markets made for us by our Dutch neighbors; but they may see that all the noise that hath been made of the present ministry and of the present managers being in the interest of France, amounts only to this, that whereas the other gave up all our interest to the Dutch and the emperor, these men are careful that Britain may reap some advantages by the treaty, as well as the rest of the confederates.

Indeed it has been something wonderful in the common discourse of the people on these subjects, to find the generality poisoned by these self-denying notions, viz., that all which can be obtained from France must be given to the emperor and the Dutch, and the king of Portugal, but nothing to the queen of Great Britain; as if our strength were no acquisition, or our power any safety to the alliance; nay, rather, as if it were dangerous to the confederacy to entrust any part of that we have fought so long for, and bought so dear, to the queen of Great Britain. One would think the Dutch themselves went on that notion, when, as was apparent, they appeared uneasy and jealous at the preparations made by her majesty to send

a fleet and forces to Canada: while not knowing the design, they apprehended it to be for the taking possession of some place or other in the Spanish America; although by the —th article of the grand alliance it was agreed that her majesty might lawfully have done so if she had thought fit. These things, however of no other consequence, yet serve to let us see how different, as respecting us, the manner of the allies hath been in all the transactions of this war, and how different their views have been in all their steps towards a peace, from our constant behavior, in the same heads as they respected them; and that in all these occasions it has been the constant maxim of our confederates, that we were to have no share in anything, but that the Dutch, under a notion of a barrier and security to their frontiers, should make large acquisitions, both to their territory and their commerce, both which have been consented to from hence; whether it be to the honor or to the infamy of those who have given in to these measures is left to the impartial part of mankind to determine: it is evident that at length the just representations of the British ministers took place, and the Dutch, after much difficulty, have yielded that the demands of the allies be given into the French, although in one and the same instrument, yet in separate heads; and the British plenipotentiaries agree and propose to add at the end of every head this general one in satisfaction of all the rest of the allies, a clause sufficient to remove the scandal and reproach early cast upon the present management, viz., that they designed to make a separate peace, and had actually concluded the conditions thereof with France before the congress was to begin. I must crave pardon if I make these several instances of the usage her majesty hath met with from her allies rank in with their other conduct relating to forces and quotas which have already been made public, and altogether to come under the title of deficiencies; for if there had been a more disinterested conjunction of counsel and assistance of measures in the proceedings of the allies to and with her Britannic majesty and her ministers, no question this treaty had been with more ease brought on, with more mutual assistance to, and confidence in one another entered into, and perhaps the success might have been more promising also.

There seems to be no occasion here of entering into the clauses which the Dutch have obtained in any of their treaties and agreements with us, by which they have gained advantages in commerce particularly to our prejudice, because even the Dutch themselves

acknowledge them in their late letter to her majesty; only declaring that they do not design to take the advantage of those articles.

I am very willing to believe the States-General, especially while a good understanding among the allies, and particularly between them and us, is so necessary to them, would not make use of the advantages which were given them by that treaty; but this does by no means deny, nay, it not tacitly only, but even explicitly, as it seems to indifferent judgments, grants that such advantages are given to the Dutch by that treaty.

See the declaration of the Dutch on this head more particularly, as follows:—

"For having learned that the principal exceptions taken to the said treaty were, that it might prove prejudicial to the commerce of her majesty's subjects in the Spanish Netherlands; and that some had entertained an ill-grounded and erroneous opinion, that the States might design to take advantage by it to make themselves masters of the said Spanish Netherlands, their high mightinesses did declare positively, and by this letter do voluntarily repeat it, that it never was their intention, nor ever will be, to make use of the said treaty, or of their garrisons in the fortified places of the country, to prejudice in any manner the commerce of her majesty's subjects; but that their opinion is, that whatever relates to navigation and commerce there ought to be settled on an entire equality, that so her majesty's subjects may not be charged with higher duties of importation or exportation than theirs, to the end commerce may be carried on there by both nations on an equal foot."

Here the States-General acknowledge, that whatever relates to navigation and commerce in the Spanish Netherlands, ought to be settled on an entire equality: this is owning what her majesty has since claimed to be just, and yet that it has not been so is apparent also; and in the same letter they acknowledge it again by adding, "that if there be some articles of the said treaty which, without affecting the essentials of it, may be thought to want explanation, her majesty shall find them ready and willing to treat thereupon, with all the facility and condescension that can reasonably be required of them."

Now, however satisfactory such an offer is from the Dutch, who indeed cannot be supposed to be ignorant of the justice of her majesty's demands in this case, as not to come to a further explanation on these heads, yet all this adds to and confirms the complaint

against the conduct, at least of those employed from hence, who in behalf of their own country could pass such a treaty and sign such a convention, by which it appears, were not the Dutch willing to explain themselves upon it, there was effectually given up to them both the sovereignty and the commerce of the Spanish Netherlands, the last being exclusive of the English. There is no doubt to me that this was evident at that time, and therefore it is that I cannot place it to the account of ignorance or inadvertency; for the duke of Marlborough saw into it, and therefore how willing soever in other cases to oblige the Dutch, he had not so little concern for his own safety as not to know a British parliament would certainly one time or other call a treaty so dishonorable and prejudicial to Britain in question, and therefore, no doubt, whatever other reasons his grace might have also, he thought fit not to be drawn in to set his hand to it, but refused to be a party to it, though at that time a plenipotentiary from hence: but another hand and other management effected it; and now the Dutch are willing to explain these things to our satisfaction, which would admit of many remarks as to the former part of it which I omit, because satisfaction will be now obtained: only this cannot, in justice to the present ministry and parliament, be omitted, viz., that if this inquiry into these things had not been begun, those explanations had never been obtained, and the Dutch had been left in a capacity, when they thought fit, to exclude the subjects of Britain from all trade and commerce in the Spanish Netherlands; and had been enabled, whenever their occasions made it for their purpose, to have seized upon the Spanish Netherlands, and have made themselves entire masters thereof; so that the preventing these things seems wholly owing to the vigilance of the present ministry, and to the vigorous resolutions of the present parliament.

There seems indeed one clause in the said letter, which some people are very forward here to take hold of; insinuating that the Dutch complain of being tricked in England into a consent to a negotiation of peace, by being put in hopes that after they should do so, the other affair of the barrier should be adjusted to their satisfaction; the words are these, "that however, having not long since been informed, that in England some were of opinion that the said treaty in some articles might be prejudicial to her majesty's subjects, they commissioned M. Buys, their envoy extraordinary, then going to England, to inquire what those points were that might

be thought grievances, and authorized to treat about them with her majesty's ministers, and to remove, if possible, the difficulties by all the explanations that should appear necessary; which they were put in hopes would not be very hard to do, when once they should have consented to concur with her majesty as they did to procure a congress for the negotiation of a general peace. But that the misfortune was, that the said M. Buys, during his residence in England, was not able to finish that affair to reciprocal satisfaction; and that it having been remitted to the Hague, no way has hitherto been found to terminate it there neither; though their high mightinesses think they have shown all the readiness to comply with any just expedient that could reasonably be expected from them."

This seems to be very ill turned by a party among themselves, and implies, as they pretend, as if the British court had made light of the matter and promised to adjust it if the Dutch would do so and so; but that after the Dutch had complied and concurred with her majesty to procure a congress for the negotiation of a general peace, they could never obtain the promised condition, although they had shown "all the readiness to comply with any just expedient that could reasonably be expected from them."

This is a black charge, and had not the Dutch with much more integrity than these people anticipated this calumny, and given the true reason for their said concurring with her majesty, to be their disposition and persuasion of the absolute necessity there was in the present conjuncture for the cultivating and maintaining a good friendship, perfect confidence and union between their said states and her majesty, which, for the better authority, I give you also from their own letter, "that during the whole course of her majesty's glorious reign, they have had nothing more at heart than to cultivate and maintain with her a good friendship, perfect confidence and union, and to corroborate them the most they possibly could; having always judged them absolutely necessary, and especially in the present conjuncture. That they likewise judged that they could not give a better proof of this their disposition and persuasion than that which they lately gave in agreeing to the proposition which her majesty had caused to be made to them, to begin the negotiation of a general peace with the enemy, and in concurring with her majesty to facilitate the bringing together of the ministers of all the high allies to the congress at Utrecht."

This effectually contradicts what before is suggested, viz., that

they were induced "to concur with her majesty as they did, to procure a congress for the negotiation of a general peace." Upon their being put in hopes that it would not be very hard to do, after they had consented so to concur with her majesty; I say, this is so contradicted by what is said before, that I was tempted to doubt both the said paragraphs could not be in one and the same letter; and indeed it seems shocking to any reader, that their high mightinesses should say in one part of their letter that they concurred with her majesty, to give the best proof of their disposition to cultivate a good friendship, perfect confidence and union with her majesty; and in another part of the same letter to say that they concurred "with her majesty as they did to procure a congress for the negotiation of a general peace."

These considerations being too hard for my understanding, are left to the logical discussion of the party here, whose talent so eminently lies in equivocation and insignificant raillery; who, when they have chewed it and mumbled it, like an ass upon thistles, will bring it out the same thorny crabbed inconsistency that they found it.

But while we are leaving them to this difficult work, it may be needful to look further, for we have yet much more work cut out from Holland than in the foregoing piece; the States-General having received a new brush from the British parliament, are very solicitous to wash their negro skin as clean as they can from the imputations which have lain so plainly against them, but now they find it more difficult than they did before; for till now they had only pamphlets and general clamors to answer, such as the suspicions of the people, and the information of a few had made loud, and which began to make them uneasy; these were treated with some contempt by the states, and more by their friends here.

But the parliament, finding more truth in these things than perhaps they expected, and much more than the faction pretended, thought it required an extraordinary sanction to make them less disputed; and thought it just to make them public with an undisputed authority that the people ought to be undeceived, and that the quarrels about the truth of fact ought to cease among the people: for this reason, having caused all the particulars to be exactly and faithfully laid before them, by the report of the commissioners of the Admiralty, and other proper officers, and those particulars to be critically examined, they deduced from thence the matters

of fact as they really were, and making all the cases plain in which the government had been imposed upon by their allies, and the Dutch deficient among others, they came to several resolves about the same, and drawing those resolves up into general heads, referring to the particulars for their demonstration, they humbly represented all in an address to her majesty, and caused both the said resolves and the address to be printed for the conviction of all her majesty's good subjects; and to confute and silence a party who, as above said, had made it their business to ridicule all that had been said of these matters as false and empty notions infused into people's heads to raise ill blood and create prejudices against the Dutch. If these things, coming forth with such an undisputed authority, did a little surprise the world, and consequently open the eyes of the people, much more would they surprise the States-General, whose interest it had so long been to have the people of Britain kept as ignorant as possible of these matters; and finding it absolutely necessary that something should be said to puzzle the cause a little, and to furnish their friends with arguments for their defence, they issue a paper, entitled as follows:—"A Memorial, serving to prove that the States-General of the United Netherlands are unjustly charged by the resolutions or votes of the house of commons of the Parliament of Great Britain, and by the subsequent address of the said house of commons thereupon, presented to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, with having been deficient in divers respects during the present War, in furnishing what, according to their quota or contingent they stood engaged for, towards carrying on the said War."

This is the paper which I come now to examine, and in which I should discover that the States-General have really been so far from clearing themselves of the charge so positively laid upon them in parliament, that in every part they either directly or tacitly acknowledge it, then there will remain a little force in the rest of their paper.

In considering this new and great affair of the Dutch memorial, it seems very proper to make as few circumlocutions as possible, and come directly to the point. Our introduction, therefore, shall consist rather of laying down a list of the particulars which we shall leave out than of what we shall put into the following tract; what shall be dropped as foreign to the case in hand, and not worth either the author's while to note, or the reader's to be concerned

about. As first, it shall take up little of our time to animadvert on the insolence unparalleled of a scandalous mercenary who, in defiance of a British parliament, and while that parliament was actually sitting, should have the face to publish the answer or defence of a foreign nation against his own country.

If a man have received an affront from another, and meets one of his servants and says to him, "You, Jack, or you, Thomas, pray tell your master I say he is a villain and a rascal;" will not the servant, if he have any manners or sense of his duty, say to him, "Sir, let him be what he will, he is my master, and it is not fit for me to tell him so; pray employ somebody else." On the other hand, if the ignorant fellow should have so little wit or manners as to carry this message to his master, would not the master say to him, "the man be what he will, you are an unmannerly rascal for bringing me such a message, since you were my servant and not his?" And would he not very justly cane him, and turn him out of his service for his impudence?

This case, as it is unprecedented, unless in the same person who did the like once before, so it will be doubly unprecedented in the public justice, if he is uncorrected for it. Nay, by how much more the party glory in and boast of having insulted the parliament and the government in this publication, by so much the more necessity they bring upon the said parliament to vindicate themselves, and punish the persons with their utmost vigor: but this is humbly left and submitted to the parliament, who no doubt will do themselves and their defender justice in this case.

Next it shall take up no part of this discourse to inquire whether the Dutch have ordered these sheets to be thus published in England or no. We are not ignorant how many ways of late the foreign powers concerned in this war have privately endeavored to make themselves and their actings with her majesty popular here, appealing, as it were, from her majesty to her subjects; but we shall not suppose, however, that they are yet arrived at such contempt of their alliances with her Britannic majesty as to appear in an action which derogates so much from the usual civilities due from one ally to another, as that they should openly and avowedly make an attempt of this nature.

This leads us to consider how prudently the parliament of Britain has acted in this case, in which perhaps the Dutch, as subtle a nation as they are, and how good soever their politics have been in

other cases, will be put to it how to behave themselves between the two extremes of owning or disavowing this publication of their memorial.

The parliament have first stigmatised the paper itself as a false and scandalous libel, but in this censure they do not call it the memorial of the States-General, but a pretended memorial: now as the lie is here given by the whole British nation, and that most justly also, it remains for the Dutch to show us how they please to take it; if they own the paper and the publication of it here, they take the lie aforesaid to themselves, and are obliged to fall under the charge, hush it up, and thereby own it just or resent it, which we suppose they will consider of before they go about it. On the other side, if they take upon them to mention, answer or vindicate this paper, they own not the paper only, but the mean step of causing it to be published in England in especial insult to her majesty and to the parliament of Britain then sitting, and what evil consequences may follow such a thing must lie at their doors. It is true that, as the parliament has not thought fit to take it but as a spurious and pretended paper, we might very well do so also; but as we see it published in all parts of Europe, and allowed in those prints in Holland, we are said to write *cum privilegio;* and as it is in these countries styled, "The Answer of the States," &c., we cannot but treat it as such, or at least as an answer for the States, if not the answer of the States. And that this may be justified by good evidence, the reader may observe that our prints, after the resentment of the parliament of Britain had made it too dangerous for our newsmen to go on with the printing it, gave this account, April 4th:—

Hague, April 17th. All our public prints, published by authority, have been and continue full of the States' reply to the resolution of the commons of Britain, in vindication of their conduct.

This we cannot but think gives sufficient authority to a writer, whether the States-General are concerned in the publication at London or no, to suppose them to be the real authors of the paper itself, and that it is really the States' reply, as above, and as such we shall therefore consider it.

The first thing meet for observation in it is, what we ought not by any means to pass over, viz., that the States-General confess the charge, acknowledging the fact directly, viz., that the quotas for sea-service were not supplied, or, as the resolution of the house of

commons express it, viz., That the States-General have been deficient in their quotas for sea-service in proportion to the number of ships provided by her majesty, &c.

To this the States in their memorial, after a very long introduction, answer two things; first, that the quota the British court proposed to fit out, particularly in the years 1704 and 1705, were too many, or more than was needful for the service, viz., more than was needed to make the confederates superior to the French in the Mediterranean, and that therefore they, the States, did not think themselves obliged to furnish so many. That whereas we should have seventy-four ships the year 1704, and seventy-nine the year 1705, they thought the rate of twenty-four ships of their State a proportion against sixty of her majesty's, and that they concerted it so with admiral Mitchel. So that it is plain here, from this very memorial, that the States do no manner of way deny the deficiency itself, but evade the force of the charge by disputing the proportions; and explaining what they understood by the two-fifths to three-fifths so insisted on by the parliament, and how they ought to be understood by others. Again, they would patch up the deficiency aforesaid, by bringing in the number of their men-of-war employed in the north seas to make up their quota, and they express this very subtilely, as a thing which they think ought to be set against the number of ships employed by the British in the narrow seas; this may be considered immediately in their own terms; but first it is fit to note that both these arguments confess the charge in fact, only offer these explanations or extenuations: so that the truth of what the parliament has published in their representation and address stands fast, is acknowledged and confessed by the States, and needs no further defence. But it comes next of course to see what force this allegation of the Dutch as to their ships in the north seas ought to have in this argument; and if it appears that these are not and ought not to be reckoned in the proportion above, and that they were not reckoned in the first proportion stated and agreed with the States-General, then all the consequences drawn from those proportions will stand the States in no stead, as to any defence to be made by them against the charge. In the examination of this, we meet with this clause in the state of proportions laid before the house, by the lords of the Admiralty, which stands diametrically opposite to what the States allege in their memorial in these words, viz., that, by the treaties between

the queen of Great Britain and the States-general, their proportion of the ships of the line of battle, to act in conjunction with those of this kingdom in the Channel, and in and about the Mediterranean, ought to be three to five.

The first observation meet to be made here is, that the treaties between the queen of Great Britain and the States have expressly settled their respective proportions, which indeed the memorial seems to evade, by alleging that, in the grand alliance, the respective parties were to assist with all their forces; then complimenting Britain (I do not say flattering) with being more powerful than the States, they thence deduce the reasonableness of the forces of one being more than the other. But the States-General would think themselves but ill answered if this way of argument was made use of with them, for what is all this to the equality of proportions? Have not the Dutch always, as the memorial acknowledges, treated every year with the queen upon the just proportion of every year's service? And has not the queen sent admiral Mitchel always to settle that point? Now the present question is not whether our nation is most powerful, or whether we are to send more troops than the States-General, or more ships; but whether the proportions being settled annually by agreement, the States-General have supplied the numbers agreed on by those treaties, and sent as many as they agreed to send or no? if they have done this, then it is true the first settled proportions are of no weight. On the other hand, if they have not, the general treaty of employing all their forces on any other are equally of no force.

Now it is apparent that the States-General have not supplied their quota of ships for the services for which they agreed to supply them, and therefore we on our side justly complain; and the account as it was laid before the house by the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, and by her majesty's command, is very plain in the case, admitting of no dispute; wherefore we have for a further and more effectual convincing the advocates for the States-General in this case, caused it to be annexed at large, and is as follows:—

By the lords commissioners for executing the office of lord high-admiral of Great Britain, Ireland, &c. of all her majesty's plantations.

Her majesty's pleasure having been signified to us by Mr. secretary St. John, that we should (in pursuance of an address from the house of commons) prepare an account of the quotas of her majesty's ships and those of her allies during this present war, and

what agreements and conventions have been made for the said quotas, and how the same have been observed, we do, in obedience to her majesty's command, humbly report:

That by the treaties between the queen of Great Britain and the States-General, their proportion of the line of battle, to act in conjunction with those of this kingdom in the Channel and in and about the Mediterranean, ought to be three to our five.

That since the commencement of this war, not only sir David Mitchel, but sir James Wishart have been appointed by her majesty's command to go to Holland and adjust with the States-General or their deputies, the quotas of their ships of war to act in conjunction with those of her majesty as aforesaid, and what was done in pursuance of those treaties was sent to her majesty's principal secretary-of-state, to which we humbly refer.

And as to the number of ships in the line of battle, which the States-General each year during the war have joined to her majesty's on the forementioned services, the same will appear by the following account, which hath been computed with as much exactness as the nature of the things will bear, viz.: in the year 1702 her majesty had forty-four ships employed in the Channel and Soundings of the line of battle, and thirty in and about the Mediterranean, making in the whole seventy-four, and they were joined with no more than thirty-three of the States-General, whereas there should have been forty-four.

1703. Seventy-nine of her majesty's ships were employed in the aforesaid services, and but twenty-two of the States-General, which should have been forty-seven.

1704. There were seventy-four of the queen's ships and eighteen Dutch, which should have been forty-four.

1705. Seventy-nine of her majesty's ships and twenty-eight Dutch, which should have been forty-seven.

1706. There were but fifteen ships of the Dutch acted in conjunction with seventy-eight of the queen's ships, whereas there should have been forty-six.

1707. To seventy-two of her majesty's there were no more than twenty-seven of the States-General, instead of forty-three.

1708. The States-General joined twenty-five ships of the line to sixty-nine of her majesty's, instead of forty-two.

1709. No more than eleven ships of the States were joined to sixty-seven of the queen's, instead of forty-three.

1710. Her majesty had sixty-two employed in the aforesaid service, and the States-General appointed no more than thirteen to act in conjunction with them, instead of thirty-seven.

1711. There were no more than twelve Dutch ships instead of thirty-five, appointed to act with fifty-nine of the queen's ships, which, as well as those in the preceding year, were employed in the Mediterranean, and not so much as one allotted by the States-General to act in concert with those of her majesty against the enemies' ships at Dunkirk and in the Channel.

Here seemeth a most convincing proof of the matter of fact. Now let us see what Dutch cunning will bring them off of this, for it is a home charge, and they will not easily parry the thrust. The memorial in truth does not attempt it, and therefore the matter of fact, as I said before, stands granted. But they plead then that we have not treated them fairly; for, say they, "secondly, it must be observed in the aforesaid account, notice is taken only of the ships of this State, which in conjunction with those of her majesty were employed in the Mediterranean and the Channel, and that in the North Sea, which this State during the war has generally had the care of, is wholly omitted: which mention of those ships only of this State which have acted in conjunction with those of her majesty, and the omission of the North Sea, make so great a difference between the number of ships reckoned by the aforesaid account to have been furnished by Great Britain, and that said in the same account to be furnished by this State, that probably this difference gave occasion to the forming the aforesaid prejudicial resolution or vote of the lower house, which possibly would not have been formed might this State have first been heard upon it."

This plea needs no further examination than to look back to the second paragraph of the Admiralty's report above, where it is affirmed, "That by the treaties between the queen of Great Britain and the States-General, their proportion of ships of the line of battle to act in conjunction with those of this kingdom, in the Channel and in and about the Mediterranean, ought to be three to our five."

It must be surprising to all that read the memorial of the States, to hear them insist with so many introductory paragraphs, and lay so much stress upon their employing ships in the north seas, when it is thus proved that the north seas are quite left out of the question, and the treaties they had made were only for ships to be employed in the Channel and in and about the Mediterranean. Now

if they have furnished their quota as agreed upon with us for the Channel and the Mediterranean, though they had sent no ships to the north seas, we conceive the commons had made no representation; nor had they any reason, for there was no mention of it in the agreements of treaties aforesaid; but if they have not furnished their quotas for the Channel, although they had sent a hundred sail to the north seas, it had been nothing to the case any more than their sending ships to Batavia, for the same reason as above; the North-Sea guard being not mentioned in the said treaties and annual agreements. To what purpose then is all the long description of the necessity of the sending ships to the north seas? And what can be more surprising than to find their high mightinesses arguing what is and was at that very time concerted and adjusted by them, with the persons actually sent over by the queen of Great Britain for that purpose; and which in the very same paragraph they acknowledge was so concerted and adjusted? For the more ready assisting the reader to make a full and free judgment hereof, the long pretended defence on that head is here copied out of the said memorial, and is as follows, viz.:—"It must be observed that, by the seventh article of the treaty of the 9th of June, 1703, by which that agreement was renewed, it is provided that the number of ships of war to be furnished by each for their whole quota according to the said agreement should be regulated every year, and that the rendezvous, as well as the places where the ships should be employed, should likewise be agreed upon every year; accordingly this has been concerted yearly, her majesty having to that purpose for several years sent over one of her admirals, at which times two things principally were taken into deliberation, namely, the number of shipping and the places where they should be employed; upon which the projects on the part of her majesty proposed commonly the employing a greater number than was proposed by this State, and also more regard was had to the Channel than to the North Sea, of which North Sea not the least mention is made in the aforesaid account of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, from which omission it partly comes that they reckon so low what this State has furnished to the sea service. The sentiment of this State upon this subject has always been, that the number of ships to be sent yearly to sea ought to be regulated according to the force which it might reasonably be judged the enemy could yearly bring into the Mediterranean, the Channel, and the North Sea, so that men

might be morally sure that the fleets and squadrons which on the part of Great Britain and this State should act in conjunction or separately, would be superior to those of the enemy. The term in conjunction or separately was used because it was ever the opinion of this State that her majesty's ships and those of this State sent to Portugal and the Mediterranean ought to act in conjunction; and that the security of the Channel ought to be left to the care of her majesty, and that of the North Sea to the care of this State, because the Channel is best situated for Great Britain with respect to its countries, harbors, and commerce, and the North Sea for this State with respect to its countries, harbors, and commerce; yet so, that if unexpectedly the enemy should bring any fleet or considerable squadrons into the Channel, or into the North Sea, then the squadrons on both sides, in whole or in part, according to the circumstances of affairs, might join each other."

It is observed here, the States-General first acknowledge in this paragraph of their memorial, that both the number of ships to be furnished by each party, and the places where those ships should be employed was concerted yearly, her majesty having to that purpose for several years sent over one of her admirals: nay, they repeat it again, viz., at which times two things principally were taken into deliberation, viz., the number of shipping, and the place where they should be employed. We can have no occasion to make answer to this in any other manner than by appeal to the States-General themselves, and inquiring then whether in the quotas of ships, at those times agreed on, and the place where they should be employed, any place but the Channel and in and about the Mediterranean was ever included or inserted. If it were, then we must give it against the representation of the house of commons, and acquit the States-General; but if not, what means all the preamble and circumlocution of this long memorial? and to what purpose is it said this or that were the sentiments of the States-General? The representation and address of the commons, and the report of the British admiralty, can say nothing to what was or was not the sentiments of the States-General. But to what was their agreement, and what was concerted yearly between the queen of Great Britain and the States, that they may inquire about, and that they do represent fairly and faithfully, viz., that the Dutch have not furnished the quotas which they were obliged by treaty to do for the service of the confederates in the Channel, and in or about the Mediterra-

nean; what they did in the north seas, as being no part of the said agreement, the said representation has no ground to meddle with it, nor does it take the least notice of it, as is supposed, for that reason.

It may not be foreign to this case to inquire a little here into the reason and equity also of this argument about the north-seas' service; in doing whereof, if it shall be found that this service ought not to be thought of in establishing the said quotas of ships, as being wholly and solely a work of interest, protecting their own commerce, fishing, &c., in which the allies have no concern, and that the English had, at the same time, several squadrons in those seas, which were never esteemed part of the said quota on the British side, and therefore that the like ought not to be insisted on on the part of the States-General, then all the argument drawn from these things will fall to the ground, and the impressions which those resolutions of the house of commons have made on the people must necessarily remain.

It is not questioned at all, nor does it seem material to this case, but that in the several alliances made between England and the States-General, they were mutually obliged to assist each other with all their forces. But this is so far from taking off the edge of the complaint, that it rather fixes and confirms the same; for that we allege that the Dutch have not assisted with all their forces, and to determine the signification of the same term, and how the same is to be understood, we are to observe that, lest it should create hereafter any misunderstanding among the allies, the several quotas or proportions of the allies were settled between every the particular nations annually. Now the parliament's complaint is clear in this, nor does the memorial of the States offer one word of answer to it; they do not complain in general that the States have not supplied their whole forces, but that they have not supplied those several proportions by which their whole forces were by virtue of their subsequent agreement to be understood; and this appears from the very memorial itself, where their high mightinesses acknowledge it, and better proof cannot be desired. See their own words:—

"By the seventh article of the treaty of the 9th of June, 1703, by which that agreement was renewed, it is provided that the number of ships of war to be furnished by each for their whole quota, according to the said agreement, should be regulated every year, and that the rendezvous, as well as the places where the ships

should be employed, should likewise be agreed upon every year; accordingly this has been concerted yearly, her majesty having for that purpose for several years sent over one of her admirals, at which times two things principally were taken into deliberation, viz., the number of shipping and the places where they should be employed."

Here it is acknowledged by the States that the quotas were adjusted between us and them, both as to number of ships and where to be employed.

There are but two objections which the memorial pretends to make after this; the first is, whether the ships which the States furnished for the guard of the north seas should not be esteemed part of their quota? and secondly, whether the number of ships mentioned to be employed by her majesty in the Channel and in the Mediterranean were necessary? these are also their own words, to which may be briefly answered, first, that after they had acknowledged as above is said, that the number of ships and places where the same should be employed were every year concerted, it can no more be asked whether they were necessary; the question rather lies fairly, whether the numbers concerted were respectively supplied, if there had appeared any subsequent alteration in the face of the war? So that if it had seemed to the States less necessary to send so large a number of ships as was agreed, it must have been reasonable that a new concert between the allies should have been made, and some mutual agreement offered for lessening the said number on both sides. But to agree first, that such a number on both sides should be supplied, and then shortening that number on their side, without signifying to the British court that they thought fewer ships enough, so that the British should be left to send their full quota as agreed, and the States only make an abatement, this can be no fair treatment of the British, nor is it esteemed fair dealing in our country, whatever it may be in Holland; therefore the complaint of the commons in this case seems very just, and is not at all answered by this memorial, for that the States-General did not supply the number of ships which by their annual agreement was concerted between them and her majesty; secondly, but says the States, we did supply a great squadron in the north seas, which ought to be esteemed a part of our proportion; and all the reasons given for this way of acting are, that such were the sentiments of the States-General; yet in another part of the said memo-

thousand men before us, they should be therefore allowed to maintain fewer than they agreed for afterwards; or, to speak plainly, that because they were obliged to a quicker armament from the British, therefore they were to have leave to break in upon future concert, and fail in the numbers they were to bring in afterwards. This seems no unfair construction of the first clause of the memorial relating to the troops, which is as follows:—

"In the first place, it must not be omitted to observe on the said estimate, that in the general charge for the year 1701, the 44,992 men which the United Netherlands kept up after the peace of Ryswick, are mixed up with the 34,866 men which were taken into service immediately after the death of Charles II., king of Spain; and that for the year 1702, not only the troops which this state took into service that year, but those hired the beginning of the foregoing year, are reckoned all together; which, if put down more distinctly, would have shown that this state had reinforced their troops with above 50,000 men a considerable time before Great Britain came to make any particular augmentation; which earlier arming, to the excessive expense of this state, well deserved to be allowed for by some kind of compensation."

What can the words "deserve some compensation" be supposed to signify, but that the States-General concluded from thence that their future deficiency was to be allowed because of their more arming than the English? which any one that remembers the occasion may find other reasons to give for, and which the States-General themselves seem to acknowledge, or at least to hint at, which was in short that the parliament and people of England did not come into the measures for the last war, or perhaps believe it so necessary at first as the States did, and therefore did not vote such large sums for their proportion as the States-General required, and this they now allege should be made up afterwards. This is gathered from the following words in the memorial:—

"This state was obliged to be content with Great Britain's furnishing in the beginning of the war no more than 40,000 men in the Netherlands, in so great a disproportion with respect to this state; not because there was any convention or agreement made about it, or that it was at all reasonable, but because no more was consented to by the parliament; the reasons of which are probably fresh in the remembrance of many; and that at that time the only course this state could take was to burden itself with so great a dis-

proportion, and to wait till, in the continuance of the war, it should be made good to them."

This may imply that the States-General desired to have this disproportion made good to them afterwards by the English, but does not prove that it ought to have been made good, or that the queen of Great Britain had agreed to make it good, much less did it signify that they were thereby entitled to make it good themselves by a deficiency in such quotas and proportions as they should agree afterwards to send into the field.

Upon the whole, then, it seems the sum of the case is this, that the Dutch have really been deficient in the said quotas; but that, according to their own sentiments, they might lawfully be so, notwithstanding express treaties and conventions to the contrary; and that these sentiments arise from their thinking fit to make reprisal or stoppage upon England for the Dutch coming into the war a year before us; and because we did not think fit to come into the alliance sooner, they are making us pay for our standing out.

More or less than this cannot be made of their long memorial, and as to the justice and equity of this, the world is left to judge of that affair.

The author of this had resolved to add here some remarks about the pretence of carrying on the war with all their forces; and the States saying that Britain is more powerful, and therefore must bring in more forces, making themselves judges of who is or is not most powerful; but her majesty's answer to the States, since published, has made this so clear, and pressed it so close upon the Dutch, that it seems needless to say any more to that point.

FROM THE INTELLIGENCER, 1730.

No. VI.

O patria! O divum domus!

When I travel through any part of this unhappy kingdom, and I have now, by several excursions made from Dublin, gone through most counties of it, it raises two passions in my breast of a different kind; an indignation against those vile betrayers and insulters of it, who insinuate themselves into favor by saying it is a rich nation; and a sincere passion for the natives, who are sunk to the lowest degree of misery and poverty, whose houses are dunghills, whose victuals are the blood of their cattle, or the herbs in the field; and

whose clothing, to the dishonor of God and man, is nakedness. Yet notwithstanding all the dismal appearances, it is the common phrase of an upstart race of people, who have suddenly sprung up like the dragon's teeth among us, that Ireland was never known to be so rich as it is now; by which, as I apprehend, they can only mean themselves, for they have skipped over the Channel from the vantage ground of a dunghill upon no other merit, either visible or divinable, than that of not having been born among us.

This is the modern way of planting colonies—*et ubi solitudinem faciunt, id imperium vocant.* When those who are so unfortunate to be born here are excluded from the meanest preferments, and deemed incapable of being entertained even as common soldiers, whose poor stipend is but 4*d.* a-day; no trade, no emoluments, no encouragement for learning among the natives, who yet by a perverse consequence are divided into factions with as much violence and rancor as if they had the wealth of the Indies to contend for, it puts me in mind of a fable which I read in a monkish author. He quotes for it one of the Greek mythologists, that once upon a time a colony of large dogs (called the Molossi) transplanted themselves from Epirus to Atalia, where they seized those parts of the countries most fertile in flesh of all kinds, obliging the native dogs to retire from their best kennels, to live under ditches and bushes; but to preserve good neighborhood and peace; and finding likewise that the Atalian dogs might be of some use in the low offices of life, they passed a decree, that the natives should be entitled to the short ribs, tips of tails, knuckle-bones, and guts of all the game, which they were obliged by their masters to run down. This condition was accepted: and what was a little singular, while the Molossian dogs kept a good understanding among themselves, living in peace and luxury, these Atalian curs were perpetually snarling, growling, barking and tearing out each other's throats: nay, sometimes those of the best quality among them were seen to quarrel with as much rancor for a rotten gut as if it had been a fat haunch of venison. But what need we wonder at this in dogs when the the same is every day practised by men?

Last year I travelled from Dublin to Dundalk, through a country esteemed the most fruitful part of this kingdom, and so nature intended it. But no ornaments and improvements of such a scene were visible—no habitations fit for gentlemen, no farmers' houses, few fields of corn, and almost a bare face of nature, without new

plantations of any kind, only a few miserable cottages at three or four miles' distance, and one church in the centre between this city and Drogheda. When I arrived at this last town, the first mortifying sight was the ruins of several churches, battered down by that usurper Cromwell, whose fanatic zeal made more desolation in a few days than the piety of succeeding prelates or the wealth of the town have in more than sixty years attempted to repair.

Perhaps the inhabitants, through a high strain of virtue, have, in imitation of the Athenians, made a solemn resolution never to rebuild those sacred edifices, but rather leave them in ruins, as monuments to perpetuate the detestable memory of that hellish instrument of rebellion, desolation and murder. For the Athenians, when Mardonius had ravaged a great part of Greece, took a formal oath at the isthmus to lose their lives rather than their liberty—to stand by their leaders to the last—to spare the cities of such barbarians as they conquered; and, what crowned all, the conclusion of their oath was, We will never repair any of the temples which they have burned and destroyed, that they may appear to posterity as so many monuments of these wicked barbarians. This was a glorious resolution; and I am sorry to think that the poverty of my countrymen will not let the world suppose they have acted upon such a generous principle; yet upon this occasion I cannot but observe that there is a fatality in some nations to be fond of those who have treated them with the least humanity. Thus I have often heard the memory of Cromwell, who has depopulated, and almost wholly destroyed, this miserable country, celebrated like that of a saint, and at the same time the sufferings of the royal martyr turned into ridicule, and his murder justified even from the pulpit, and all this done with an intent to gain favor under a monarchy; which is a new strain of politics that I shall not pretend to account for.

Examine all the eastern towns of Ireland, and you will trace this horrid instrument of destruction, in defacing of churches, and particularly in destroying whatever was ornamental, either within or without them. We see in the several towns a very few houses scattered among the ruins of thousands, which he laid level with their streets; great numbers of castles, the country seats of gentlemen then in being still standing in ruin, habitations for bats, daws and owls, without the least repairs or succession of other buildings. Nor have the country churches, as far as my eyes could reach, met

with any better treatment from him, nine in ten of them lying among their graves, and God only knows when they are to have a resurrection. When I passed from Dundalk, where this cursed usurper's handy-work is yet visible, I cast mine eyes around from the top of a mountain, from whence I had a wide and a waste prospect of several venerable ruins. It struck me with a melancholy, not unlike that expressed by Cicero in one of his letters, which being much upon the like prospect, and concluding with a very necessary reflection on the uncertainty of things in this world, I shall here insert a translation of what he says. In my return from Asia, as I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to take a prospect of the several countries round me. Behind me was Ægina; before me Megara; on the right hand the Pyræus; and on the left was Corinth; which towns were formerly in a most flourishing condition; now they lie prostrate and in ruin. Thus I began to think with myself; shall we, who have but a trifling existence, express any resentment, when one of us either dies a natural death or is slain, whose lives are necessarily of a short duration, when at one view I behold the carcases of so many great cities?

What if he had seen the natives of those free republics reduced to all the miserable consequences of a conquered people, living without the common defences against hunger and cold, rather appearing like spectres than men? I am apt to think that, seeing his fellow-creatures in ruin like this, it would have put him past all patience for philosophic reflection.

As for my own part, I confess that the sights and occurrences which I had in this my last journey so far transported me to a mixture of rage and compassion, that I am not able to decide which had the greater influence upon my spirits; for this new cant of a rich and flourishing nation was still uppermost in my thoughts; every mile I travelled giving me such ample demonstrations to the contrary. For this reason I have been at the pains to render a most exact and faithful account of all the visible signs of riches which I met with in sixty miles, riding through the most public roads, and the best part of the kingdom. First, as to trade; I met nine cars loaden with old, musty, shrivelled hides; one car-load of butter; four jockeys driving eight horses, all out of case; one cow and calf, driven by a man and his wife; six tattered families flitting to be shipped off to the West Indies; a colony of a hundred and fifty

beggars, all repairing to people our metropolis, and by increasing the number of hands, to increase its wealth, upon the old maxim that people are the riches of a nation, and therefore ten thousand mouths, with hardly ten pair of hands, or hardly any work to employ them, will infallibly make us a rich and flourishing people. Secondly, travellers enough, but seven in ten wanting shirts and cravats; nine in ten going bare-foot; and carrying their brogues and stockings in their hands; one woman in twenty having a pillion, the rest riding bare-backed: above two hundred horsemen, with four pair of boots amongst them all; seventeen saddles of leather (the rest being made of straw), and most of their garrons only shod before. I went into one of the principal farmers' houses out of curiosity, and his whole furniture consisted of two blocks for stools, a bench on each side the fireplace made of turf, six trenchers, one bowl, a pot, six horn spoons, three noggins, three blankets, one of which served the man and maid-servant; the other the master of the family, his wife, and five children; a small churn, a wooden candlestick, a broken stick for a pair of tongs. In the public towns, one third of the inhabitants walking the street barefoot; windows half built up with stone to save the expense of glass; the broken panes up and down supplied by brown paper, few being able to afford white; in some places they were stopped with hay or straw. Another mark of our riches are the signs at the several inns upon the road, viz., in some a staff stuck in the thatch with a turf at the end of it; a staff in a dunghill, with a white rag wrapped about the head; a pole, where they can afford it, with a beesom at the top; an oatmeal cake on a board in a window; and at the principal inns of the road, I have observed the signs taken down and laid against the wall near the door, being taken from their post to prevent the shaking of the house down by the wind. In short, I saw not one single house, in the best town I travelled through, which had not manifest appearances of beggary and want. I could give many more instances of our wealth, but I hope these will suffice for the end I propose.

It may be objected, what use it is of to display the poverty of the nation in the manner I have done. I answer, I desire to know for what ends, and by what persons, this new opinion of our flourishing state has of late been so industriously advanced: one thing is certain, that the advancers have either already found their own account, or have been heartily promised, or at least have been en-

tertained with hopes, by seeing such an opinion pleasing to those who have it in their power to reward.

It is no doubt a very generous principle in any person to rejoice in the felicities of a nation, where themselves are strangers or sojourners: but if it be found that the same persons, on all other occasions, express a hatred and contempt of the nation and people in general, and hold it for a maxim, that the more such a country is humbled the more their own will rise, it need be no longer a secret why such an opinion, and the advancers of it, are encouraged. And besides, if the bailiff reports to his master that the ox is fat and strong, when in reality it can hardly carry its own legs, is it not natural to think that command will be given for a greater load to be put upon it?

No. XII.

Since our English friends have done us the honor to publish to their countrymen some of the pieces from this paper, we think ourselves obliged in justice to return the favor, by making the following tale from the "Country Journal," dated the 3rd of August, 1728, the subject of this day's entertainment.

FROM MY OWN CHAMBERS.

When I was a young man, I was very curious in collecting all the occasional state tracts, or pieces of poetry, which were published at that time; and upon looking them over, I find some which I believe my readers will think not altogether mal à propos at present. The following verses are of this kind, which appear plainly enough to be levelled at some pensionary parliament; but as the author of this little piece hath not sufficiently distinguished the characters which he designed to expose by any particular marks, so my memory will not enable me to explain the sentiments of the public on that occasion. However, as it seems to contain a good general moral, I have ventured to give it to my readers; and if it should happen to meet with any success, I may perhaps communicate others, which are not to be met with in any of the public miscellanies of those times.

THE PROGRESS OF PATRIOTISM. — A TALE.

Vendidit HIC auro patriam.

Sir Ralph, a simple rural knight,
Could just distinguish wrong from right,
When he received a quarter's rent,
And almost half in taxes went:
He rail'd at places, bribes and pensions,
And secret service, new inventions;
Preached up the true old English spirit,
And mourn'd the great neglect of merit;
Lamented our forlorn condition,
And wish'd the country would petition;
Said he would first subscribe his name,
And added 'twas a burning shame
That some men large estates should get,
And fatten on the public debt;
Of his poor country urg'd his love,
And shook his head at those above.

This conduct, in a private station,
Procur'd the knight great reputation;
The neighbors all approv'd his zeal,
(Though few men judge, yet all men feel,)
And with a general voice declar'd
Money was scarce, the times were hard;
That what Sir Ralph observ'd was true,
And wish'd the gallows had its due

Thus blest in popular affection,
Behold there came on an election,
And who more proper than Sir Ralph
To guard their privileges safe?
So in return for zeal and beer,
They chose him for a knight o' the shire.

But mark how climates change the mind,
And virtue chops about like wind!
Duly the knight came up to town,
Resolv'd to pull corruption down,
Frequented clubs of the same party,
And in the cause continued hearty,
Broach'd his opinions, wet and dry,
And gave some honest votes awry.

At length in that old spacious court,
Where members just at noon resort,
Up to our knight Sir Bluestring came,
And call'd him frankly by his name;
Smiled on him, shook him by the hand,
And gave him soon to understand,
That though his person was a stranger,
Yet that in times of greatest danger,

His faithful services were known,
And all his family's here in town,
For whom he had a great affection;
And wish'd him joy of his election,
Assur'd him that his country's voice
Could not have made a better choice.

Sir Ralph, who, if not much belied,
Had always some degrees of pride,
Perceiv'd his heart begin to swell,
And liked this doctrine mighty well;
Took notice of his air and look,
And how familiarly he spoke;
Such condescensions, such professions,
Remov'd all former ill impressions.

The statesman (who we must agree
Can far into our foibles see,
And knows exactly how to flatter
The weak blind sides of human nature)
Saw the vain wretch begin to yield,
And further thus his oil instill'd.

"Sir Ralph," said he, "all forms apart,
So dear I hold you at my heart,
Have such a value for your worth,
Your sense, and honor, and so forth,
That in some points extremely nice,
I should be proud of your advice;
Let me, good Sir, the favor pray
To eat a bit with me to-day:
Nay, dear Sir Ralph, you must agree"——
"Your honor's hour?"——"Exactly three."

These points premis'd, they bow and part
With hands pressed hard to either heart:
For now the public business calls
Each patriot to St. Stephen's walls,
Whether the present debts of state,
Or on some new supplies debate,
Would here be needless to relate.

From thence, at the appointed hour,
The knight attends the man of power;
Who, better to secure his ends,
Had likewise bid some courtly friends,
His brother Townly and his Grace,
Great statesmen both, and both in place:
Our British Horace famed for wit,
Alike for courts and senates fit;
Sir William, from his early youth,
Renown'd for honor, virtue, truth;
And Bubble, just restored to favor,
On pardon asked for late behavior.

The statesman met his convert guest,
Saluted, clasped him to his breast,
Then introduced him to the rest.

Whilst he with wonder and amaze,
The splendor of the house surveys:
Huge china jars, and piles of plate,
And modish screens, and beds of state,
Gilt sconces of stupendous size,
And costly paintings strike his eyes,
From Italy and Flanders brought;
At the expense of nations bought;
Yet doth not one of these relate,
The tragic end of r——s of state;
Although such pictures might supply
Fit lessons to the great man's eye:
But o'ergrown fav'rites dread to think
From whence they rose, and how may sink.

Dinner now waited on the board,
Rich as this city would afford,
(For every element supplies
His table with its rarities.)
The guests promiscuous take their place,
Pro more, without form of grace:
There might the little knight be seen
With ribbons blue and ribbons green,
All complaisant and debonair,
As if the king himself were there.
Obsequious each consults his taste,
And begging to be served the last,
Points round by turn to every dish;
"Will you have soup Sir Ralph, or fish?
This frigasee or that ragout?
Pray, Sir, be free, and let me know."

The cloth removed, the glass goes round,
With loyal healths and wishes crown'd;
May king and senate long agree!
Success attend the ministry!
Let public faith and stocks increase!
And grant us, Heaven, a speedy peace!

Discourse ensues on home-bred rage,
That rank distemper of the age;
And instantly they all agree,
They never were so bless'd or free;
That all complaints were nought but faction,
And patriotism mere distraction,
Though full of reason, void of grace,
And only meant to get in place.

Sir Ralph in approbation bow'd;
Yet owned that with the giddy crowd,

He formerly had gone astray,
And talked in quite another way,
Possess'd with jealousies and fears,
Dispers'd by restless pamphleteers,
In libels weekly and diurnal;
Especially the "Country Journal;"[1]
But as he felt severe contrition,
He hoped his faults would find remission.

"Dear Sir," replied the Bluestring knight
I'm glad you think affairs go right,
All errors past must be excus'd,
(Since the best men may be abus'd,)
What's in my power you may command:
Then shook him once more by the hand,
Gave him great hopes, (at least his word,)
That he should be a Treasury Lord,
And to confirm his good intention,
At present order'd him a pension.

By these degrees, sir Ralph is grown
The stanchest tool in all the town,
At points and job-work never fails,
At all his old acquaintance rails;
Holds every doctrine now in fashion,
That debts are blessing to a nation;
That bribery under Whig direction,
Is needful to discourage faction;
That standing armies are most fitting
To guard the liberties of Britain;
That F——ce is her sincerest friend,
On whom she always should depend;
That ministers, by kings appointed,
Are, under them, the Lord's anointed;
Ergo, it is the self-same thing,
T' oppose a minister or king;
Ergo, by consequence of reason,
To censure statesman is high treason.
In fine, his standing creed is this;
That right or wrong, or hit or miss,
No mischiefs can befall a nation,
Under so wise a ministration
That Britain is sir Bluestring's debtor,
And things did surely ne'er go better!

So the plain country girl, untainted,
Nor yet with wicked man acquainted,
Starts at the first lewd application,
Though warm perhaps by inclination,

[1] From hence it appears that a paper was published under that name, long before this, in which we are at present engaged.

And swears she would not with the king,
For all the world do such a thing:
But when with long assiduous art,
Damon hath once seduc'd her heart,
She learns her lesson in a trice,
And justifies the pleasing vice,
Calls it a natural, harmless passion,
Implanted from our first creation;
Holds there's no sin between clean sheets,
And lies with every man she meets.

[*MS.*] The tale of sir Ralph was sent from England.—DR. SWIFT.

No. XV.

LAMENTATIONS, CHAP. II. VER. 19.

ARISE, cry out in the night: in the beginning of the watches pour out thine heart like water before the face of the Lord: lift up thy hands towards him, for the life of thy young children that faint for hunger in the top of every street.

I do remember to have read an account, that an ode which Pindar writ in honor of the island Delos, was inscribed in the temple of Minerva at Athens, in large letters of gold. A public and very laudable acknowledgment for the poet's ingenuity, and for no more than a bare compliment! such was the encouragement given by the great and public-spirited Athenians. Had the same poet, inspired by a noble and heroic ardor, by another ode awaked and roused their whole state against an invading enemy, or opened their eyes against any secret and wicked contrivers of their destruction, they would have erected him a statue at least. But, alas! that spirit is fled from the world and long since neglected. Virtue is become her own paymaster. My countrymen I hope will forgive me if I complain, there has been so little notice taken of a small but most excellent pamphlet, written by the drapier. It is entitled, "A Short View of the State of Ireland." There never was any treatise yet published with a zeal more generous for the universal good of a nation, or a design more seasonable, considering our present lamentable condition; yet we listen not to the voice of the charmer. Whereas it should have been inscribed in capital letters (as glorious as those of the poet) in the most public part of every corporation town throughout this whole kingdom, that people might behold the several unprovoked causes of their poverty, our offences towards heaven excepted. Nay, I will proceed further, and say that every

head of every family ought to instruct the children so far in this most incomparable pamphlet, that they should not only understand, but be able to repeat by heart every single paragraph through the whole. This was the method laid down by the wisest lawgiver that ever the world produced, to gain the hearts of the people, by working upon their memories.

Deut. vi. 7.—And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

8. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

9. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.

And where would be the great trouble, since we have little else to do, if every man would read a lecture of the "Short View" every day in his family after reading prayers? Nor do I think the expense would be extravagant if he should have every page of it reprinted to be hung up in frames in every chamber of his house. That it might be as evident as the hand-writing on the wall.

And since I have ventured thus far to praise and recommend this most inimitable piece, let me speak a few words in favor of its author.

I would propose to my countrymen, before all their money goes off, (it is going as fast as possible,) to convert it into a few statues to the drapier in those memorable parts of this kingdom where our heroes have shone with the greatest lustre, in defence of our liberty and the Protestant religion, over all Europe: at Derry, at Enniskillen, at Boyne, at Aughrim. Nor would it be amiss to set up a few more about our metropolis, with that glorious inscription, Libertas et natale solum.

If our money were metamorphosed upon such a good occasion as this, it would not be in the power of any Cypselus,[1] to get into his own coffers, and it would be the only method to prevent its being carried off, except our viceroys should act like the Roman præfects, and run away with our very statues.

Courteous reader, mark well what follows. I am assured that it hath for some time been practised as a method of making men's

[1] Cypselus, a governor of Corinth, who contrived a tax which brought all the money of that state to himself in ten years' time.—Vide "Aristot. Polit."

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court when they are asked about the rate of lands, the goodness of tenants, the state of trade and manufacture in this kingdom, and how their rents are paid, to answer, that in the flourishing condition, all things are in a flourishing condition, the rent and purchase of lands every day increasing. And if a gentleman happens to be a little more sincere in his representations, besides being looked on as not well affected, he is sure to have a dozen contradictors at his elbow. I think it is no manner of secret why these questions are so cordially asked, and so obligingly answered.

But since, with regard to the affairs of this kingdom, I have been using all endeavors to subdue my indignation, to which indeed I am not provoked by any personal interest, being not the owner of one spot of ground in the whole island, I shall only enumerate by rules generally known, and never contradicted, what are the true causes of any country's flourishing and growing rich, and then examine what effects arise from those causes, in the kingdom of Ireland.

The first cause of a kingdom's thriving is the fruitfulness of the soil to produce the necessaries and conveniences of life, not only sufficient for the inhabitants, but for exportation to other countries.

The second is the industry of the people, in working up all their native commodities, to the last degree of manufacture.

The third is the conveniency of safe ports and havens to carry out their own goods as much manufactured, and bring in those of others as little manufactured, as the nature of mutal commerce will allow.

The fourth is that natives should, as much as possible, export and import their goods in vessels of their own timber, made in their own country.

The fifth is the liberty of a free trade in all foreign countries which will permit them to export their goods over the world, except to those who are in war with their own prince or state.

The sixth is, by being governed only by laws made with their own consent, for otherwise they are not a free people. And therefore, all appeals for justice, or applications for favor or preferment to another country, are so many grievous impoverishments.

The seventh is, by improvement of land, encouragement of agriculture, and thereby increasing the number of their people; without which any country, however blessed by nature, must continue poor.

The eighth is, the residence of the princes, or chief administration of the civil power.

The ninth is, the concourse of foreigners for education, curiosity or pleasure, or as to a general mart of trade.

The tenth is, by disposing all offices of honor, profit or trust, only to the natives, or at least with very few exceptions, where strangers have long inhabited the country, and are supposed to understand and regard the interest of it as their own.

The eleventh is, when the rents of lands, and profits of employments are spent in the country which produced them, and not in another, the former of which will certainly happen, where the love of our native country prevails.

The twelfth is, by the public revenues, being all spent and employed at home, except on the occasions of a foreign war.

The thirteenth is, where the people are not obliged, unless they find it for their own interest or conveniency, to receive any moneys, except of their own coinage by a public mint, after the manner of all civilized nations.

The fourteenth is, a disposition of people of a country to wear their own manufactures, and import as few excitements to luxury, either in clothes, furniture, food, or drink, as they possibly can live conveniently without.

There are many other causes of a nation's thriving, which I cannot at present recollect; but without advantage from at least some of these, after turning my thoughts a long time, I am not able to discover from whence our wealth proceeds, and therefore would gladly be better informed. In the meantime I will here examine what share falls to Ireland of these causes, or of the effects and consequences.

It is not my intention to complain, but barely to relate facts, and the matter is not of small importance.

For it is allowed that a man who lives in a solitary house, far from help, is not wise in endeavoring to acquire in the neighborhood the reputation of being rich, because those who come for gold, will go off with pewter and brass rather than return empty; and in the common practice of the world, those who possess most wealth make the least parade, which they leave to others who have nothing else to bear them out, in showing their faces on the exchange.

As to the first cause of a nation's riches, being the fertility of the soil, as well as temperature of the climate, we have no reason to complain; for although the quantity of unprofitable land in this kingdom, reckoning bog and rock, and barren mountain, be double

in proportion to what it is in England, yet the native productions which both kingdoms deal in, are very near on equality in point of goodness, and might, with the same encouragement, be as well manufactured: I except mines and minerals, in some point of skill and industry. In the second, which is the industry of the people, our misfortune is not altogether owing to our own fault, but to a million of discouragements.

The conveniency of ports and havens which nature bestowed on us so liberally, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon.

As to shipping of its own, this kingdom is so utterly unprovided that, of all the excellent timber cut down within these fifty or sixty years, it can hardly be said that the nation hath received the benefit of one valuable house to dwell in or one ship to trade with.

Ireland is the only kingdom I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern story, which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities and manufactures wherever they pleased, except to countries at war with their own prince or state; yet this, by the superiority of mere power, is refused us in the most momentous parts of commerce; besides an act of navigation to which we never consented, pinned down upon us and rigorously executed, and a thousand other unexampled circumstances, as grievous as they are invidious to mention. To go on to the rest:—

It is too well known that we were forced to obey some laws we never consented to, which is a condition I must not call by its true uncontroverted name, for fear of my L—— C—— J—— W——d's ghost, with his "Libertas et natale solum," written as a motto on his coach, as it stood at the door of the court, while he was perjuring himself to betray both. Thus we are in the condition of patients, who have physic sent them by doctors at a distance, strangers to their constitution, and the nature of the disease; and thus we are forced to pay 500 per cent. to decide our properties, in all which we have likewise the honor to be distinguished from the whole race of mankind.

As to improvement of land, those few who attempt that, or planting, through covetousness or want of skill, generally leave things worse than they were, neither succeeding in trees nor hedges, and by running into the fancy of grazing, after the manner of the Scythians, are every day depopulating the country.

We are so far from having a king to reside among us, that

even the viceroy is generally absent four-fifths of his time in the government.

No strangers from other countries make this a part of their travels where they can expect to see nothing but scenes of misery and desolation.

Those who have the misfortune to be born here have the least title to any considerable employment, to which they are seldom preferred but upon a political consideration.

One-third part of the rents of Ireland is spent in England, which, with the profit of employments, pensions, appeals, journeys of pleasure or health, education at the inns of courts, and both universities, remittances at pleasure, the pay of all superior officers in the army and other incidents, will amount to a full half of the income of the whole kingdom, all clear profit to England.

We are denied the liberty of coining gold, silver, or even copper. In the Isle of Man they coin their own silver, every petty prince, vassal to the emperor, can coin what money he pleaseth. And in this, as in most of the articles already mentioned, we are an exception to all other states or monarchies that were ever known in the world.

As to the last or fourteenth article, we take special care to act diametrically contrary to it in the whole course of our lives. Both sexes, but especially the women, despise and abhor to wear any of their own manufactures, particularly a sort of silk plaid, through which the workmen are forced to run a gold thread, that it may pass for Indian. Even ale and potatoes in great quantity are imported from England, as well as corn, and our foreign trade is little more than importation of French wine, for which I am told we pay ready money.

Now if all this be true, upon which I could easily enlarge, I would be glad to know by what secret method it is that we grow a rich and flourishing people, with liberty, trade, manufactures, inhabitants, money, or the privilege of coining, without industry, labor, or improvement of lands, and with more than half of the rent and profits of the whole kingdom annually exported, for which we receive not a single farthing: and to make up all this, nothing worth mentioning, except the linen of the north, a trade casual, corrupted, and at mercy, and some butter from Cork. If we do flourish, it must be against every law of nature and reason, like the thorn at Glassenbury, that blossoms in the midst of winter.

Let the worthy C——rs who come from England, ride round the kingdom, and observe the face of nature, or the faces of the natives; the improvement of the land; the thriving, numerous plantations; the noble woods; the abundance and vicinity of country-seats; the commodious farmers'-houses, and barns; the towns and villages, where everybody is busy, and thriving with all kind of manufactures; the shops full of goods wrought to perfection, and filled with customers; the comfortable diet, and dress, and dwellings of the people; the vast number of ships in our harbors and docks, and shipwrights in our seaport towns; the roads crowded with carriers laden with rich manufactures; the perpetual concourse to and fro of pompous equipages.

With what envy and admiration would these gentlemen return from so delightful a progress! What glorious reports would they make when they went back to England!

But my heart is too heavy to continue this irony longer, for it is manifest, that whatever stranger took such a journey, would be apt to think himself travelling in Lapland, or Iceland, rather than in a country so favored by nature as ours, both in fruitfulness of soil and temperature of climate. The miserable dress, and diet, and dwelling of the people; the general desolation in most parts of the kingdom; the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins, and no new ones in their stead; the families of farmers who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness upon buttermilk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hog-sty to receive them: these indeed may be comfortable sights to an English spectator, who comes for a short time, only to learn the language, and return back to his own country, whither he finds all our wealth transmitted.

Nostra miseria magnus es.

There is not one argument used to prove the riches of Ireland, which is not a logical demonstration of its poverty. The rise of our rents is squeezed out of the very blood and vitals, and clothes, and dwellings of the tenants, who live worse than English beggars. The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is in us a proof of misery, there being no trade to employ any borrower. Hence alone comes the dearness of land, since the savers have no other way to lay out their money. Hence the dearness of necessaries for life, because the tenants cannot afford to pay such extravagant rates for land (which they must take or go a-begging)

without raising the price of cattle, and of corn, although they should live upon chaff. Hence our increase of buildings in this city, because workmen have nothing to do, but employ one another, and one half of them are infallibly undone. Hence the daily increase of bankers, who may be a necessary evil in a trading country, but so ruinous in ours, who for their private advantage have sent away all our silver, and one-third of our gold; so that, within three years past, the running cash of the nation, which was about 500,000*l.*, is now less than 200,000*l.*, and must daily diminish unless we have liberty to coin, as well as that important kingdom the Isle of Man, and the meanest prince in the German empire, as I before observed.

I have sometimes thought that this paradox of the kingdom growing rich is chiefly owing to those worthy gentlemen, the bankers, who, except some custom-house officers, birds of passage, oppressive thrifty squires, and a few others that shall be nameless, are the only thriving people among us: and I have often wished that a law were enacted to hang up half a dozen bankers every year, and thereby interpose, at least, some short delay to the further ruin of Ireland.

"Ye are idle!—ye are idle!" answered Pharaoh to the Israelites, when they complained to his majesty that they were forced to make bricks without straw.

England enjoys every one of these advantages for enriching a nation, which I have above enumerated, and into the bargain a good million returned to them every year without labor, or hazard, or one farthing value received on our side: but how long we shall be able to continue the payment I am not under the least concern. One thing I know, that when the hen is starved to death, there will be no more golden eggs.

I think it a little unhospitable, and others may call it a subtle piece of malice, that, because there may be a dozen families in this town able to entertain their English friends in a generous manner at their tables, their guests, upon their return to England, shall report what we swallow in riches and luxury.

Yet I confess I have known an hospital, where all the household officers grew rich, while the poor, for whose sake it was built, were almost starving, for want of food and raiment.

To conclude, if Ireland be a rich and flourishing kingdom, its wealth and prosperity must be owing to certain causes, which are yet concealed from the whole race of mankind, and the effects are

equally invisible. We need not wonder at strangers, when they deliver such paradoxes; but a native and inhabitant of this kingdom, who give the same verdict, must be either ignorant to stupidity, or a man-pleaser at the expense of all honor, conscience, and truth.

[*MS.*] The 15th is a pamphlet of mine, printed before with Dr. Sheridan's preface, merely for laziness not to disappoint the town.—DR. SWIFT.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

A THIRD LETTER; FROM —— TO THE ——.

Justum et tenacem propositi Virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium;
Non vultus instantis Tiranni
Mente quatit solida. — HOR.

AMBITION and avarice are two vices which are directly opposite to the character of every true minister; for though an increase of power or of riches may be the proper reward of honor and merit, and the most honest statesman may with justice accept of either, yet, when the mind is infected with a thirst after them, all notions of truth, principle, and independency are lost in such minds, and, by growing slaves to their own passions, they become naturally subservient to those who can indulge and gratify them.

The many examples which every age can furnish of the mischiefs which ambitious and avaricious men have brought upon the governments they have lived under, are obvious to all mankind.

In obscure persons these monstrous vices lead frequently those that are possessed of them into mischiefs and villany, and are often the causes that have brought mean offenders under the hands of the law. But whenever, for the curse of a government, the greatest statesmen are endowed with these springs of corruption and knavery, the unfortunate subjects who live under their influence must fall victims to satisfy their gluttonous appetites, and the state they preside in will be treated by them as if it were given by Providence into their hands to gratify their cruel and destructive passions.

These vices, when they are not strong enough to work the mind to public knavery and villany, frequently throw shackles on the hearts of men, who would otherwise act uprightly, and restrain them from doing that which is warranted by justice and honesty.

How many persons has this country produced in former times who, convinced of the true interest of Ireland, have avoided and declined to pursue it for fear of losing a little inconsiderable employment no way suitable to their rank or fortunes? Can there be a more melancholy prospect than to see men of the greatest abilities, qualities, and estate make it their utmost desire to be admitted tools to a court, where they ought to preside, and make no other use of the advantages heaven has given them than to support those at the helm in their attempts to destroy the State? Neither do these misguided persons consider that they must of course be involved in the common ruin, and fall the first (because they are the greatest) sacrifices to the ambition and avarice of evil ministers.

Our age affords no living instance of this nature, such is the care, justice, and reputation of our governors, and the independency of both houses of parliament.

In public affairs, it is the duty of every man to be free from personal prejudices, neither ought we to oppose any step that is taking for the good of our country purely because those that are the contrivers and advisers of it are obnoxious to us. There are but too many precedents of this nature, where men have cast the most black colors on the wisest of administrations, because those that had the direction of affairs were their enemies in private life; and this ill way of judging may be attended with dangerous consequences to the commonweal.

Intrepidity and firmness are two virtues which every true minister must be master of, or else all the other talents he is possessed of are useless and barren.

A man may be honest, just, and righteous, but if he is fearful and timorous, he will stagger when these great qualities are most needful to be exerted for the good of his country, and he sinks into a lukewarm patriot. Some men of integrity have been prevailed on to remain quiet and inactive, to avoid the reflections cast upon them by vulgar tongues. We have heard of considerable men, in late reigns, who have retired into the country and left the power of government in the hands of others, for fear, if they opposed the measures then pursuing, they should be branded with the odious names of Jacobites and disaffected persons. Such men as these, who, though honest in theory, yet fear to be so in practice, should consider that of all the duties which nature first required, and revealed religion has since confirmed, none is more strong or

more necessary than that we owe to our country. Whoever, therefore, when he has formed a judgment on any subject relating to the government, yet dreads to declare it by his actions in that station of life where he is naturally called upon to do so, becomes by his inactivity a party to the very measures his reason blames and his conscience condemns.

In England, this pusillanimity is more to be warded against than in most other countries, for whenever there has appeared an ill-deserving minister, one of his chief views has been to traduce and terrify those who have had the courage to adhere inviolably to the liberties of the subject. This method, too generally pursued, and the situation of affairs here, have always furnished the tools of a government with means to oblige their masters and obey their commands in this particular. But a bold and daring patriot will weigh his actions in the scale of reason and justice, and when once they are agreeable to those principles, he will pursue his course steadily, and, despising all his enemies can say of his behavior, will not suffer their malice to be a protection to their wickedness. Such a patriot will propose no other prospect but the public good of the commonwealth, and if in attaining that great end, by the villany of the times he should fall a martyr to his country, he will with comfort consider that he has answered the will of his Maker, who sent him into the world to do good, or die rather than not oppose evil.

Here might we go back into history and see with what great lustre the names of such heroes are delivered down to posterity, and how much more they are esteemed who perish in a good cause than they who triumph in a bad one. But this is unnecessary at present, for our contemporaries are all friends to justice, and no man is injured in his liberty or fortune.

It is incumbent on every person who lives in a commonwealth to promote the welfare of it as much as his situation in life will permit him; and therefore those who act in a little sphere ought to exert their zeal with as much sincerity as those of greater figure or power. Such as can have no other opportunities of publishing their thoughts but by communicating them to the world in print, would be wanting in their duty should they neglect that method of informing their fellow-subjects in matters which perhaps otherwise might escape their knowledge, although necessary for them to be acquainted with.

The liberty of speech in parliament is the greatest jewel that adorns our government, and frequently has put a stop to the designs of bad men when they were attempting the subversion of the constitution. It has indeed frequently been dangerous, and often destructive to patriots who have made the best use of it; but yet there have always been, and I hope ever will be, in both houses, men of honor, honesty, and intrepidity to employ the talents God has endowed them with in the service of their country, and whom neither hopes can tempt nor fear deter from pursuing the public good.

The freedom of the press is another bulwark of our liberty, and there needs no greater argument to prove it than the frequent attempts that have been made to destroy it under pretence of restraining it. Wicked men must naturally labor to have their wicked actions concealed, or at least so published that persons should credit the glosses which they themselves throw upon them; but the judicious part of mankind will be informed of every circumstance before they peremptorily give an opinion on any matter whatsoever.

In civil cases no man's word ought to be taken in his own cause, nor when he attempts to justify an action he is accused of, but all parties must be heard before the court can proceed to give sentence, and therefore the people of England will, in public matters, expect the same usage before they determine to blame or applaud any action whatsoever in which they are concerned.

It is but too much the misfortune of the country we live in if those in power grow wanton in the abuse of it, and endeavor to maintain themselves in the enjoyment of it by illegal and unwarrantable measures, and any among them shall, by the influence of their consciences, be prevailed on to oppose such steps as they judge wicked and dangerous, that they are styled by the leading men of the party they were engaged in (and consequently refuted by their numerous train of sycophants and followers) deserters of their friends, because such honest men refuse to be what they esteem betrayers of their country.

There have been grandees only remarkable by their greatness, and their greatness has been all without them. They resemble certain fruitless mountains in some parts of the world which I have been in, which produce neither herb nor plant. They seem to touch heaven with their stately tops, yet serve the earth for no measures of use or benefit at all. Therefore their sterility makes their height accursed.

What care such ministers how much the people are provoked? They had rather that their whole country should be involved in all the miseries and desolations of a civil war, or be made a prey to a foreign invader, than that they themselves should be brought to an account before an impartial tribunal; for in the first case they hope to shift among the crowd, but in the second can expect nothing but certain ruin, for their conscious fears presaging what will happen, they know well enough that the ills which they have done must be defended with greater, and if the law lives, that they must die.

Wherefore, since such great mischiefs naturally attend the conduct of evil ministers in whatever countries they happen to preside, as the histories of all ages and nations sufficiently evince, it might well be wished that this or the like prayer were added to all the public Litanies of Christians, viz:—"Lord! turn away from all States an evil which is the cause of so many other evils. Deny not sovereign princes that spirit of conduct which is fit for them to govern by! Give them understanding enough to counsel themselves well, and to choose their counsellors as they ought."

To conclude: as the first advances of evil ministers have been commonly base and shameful, their progress wicked and destructive, their short continuances attended with hazard and anxieties, so their eclipses have ever been most fatal, and their falls desperate. They are generally surprised with ruin, and their defeat is like that of forlorn troops, which are cut in pieces before they can rally or be reinforced.

I am your lordship's, &c.

A FOURTH LETTER; ASCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD C—F J—ST—E W——.

"Crescit sub pondere virtus."

My Lord,—As the greatest and most remarkable heroes could never have left their names immortalized to posterity had not the dangers which tried their unexampled virtues happily exposed themselves, so we should never have so truly experienced those extraordinary innate principles of justice which are so wonderfully centered in you, had not a cause sufficient to prove them fortunately intervened. A true subject ought never to omit anything that may or can be serviceable to his prince; and when that is performed, the justice of the cause can never be disputed. Nor ought a mean or private

person's opinion to the contrary be put in balance with the opinion of one of your lordship's judgment and justice.

The common people are a many-headed monster, alien to knowledge and strangers to reason — that distinguishing quality of mankind. Their ideas are gross and [*word obliterated*], not able to comprehend anything beyond their own natural activity — apt to believe, because they know not how to contradict; choosing rather, out of their natural aversion to reason, to follow the gross errors of one of their own unthinking multitude than the most wise or most prudent counsellor, as a whole flock of sheep will follow the first that scatters, though it leads them into a pit.

A late author, famed for controversy, very well understood this when, to bring the minds of a whole people to his will, he took upon him the name of a Drapier, knowing their obstinate tempers would rather bend to one of their own stamp than nod at the sight of a gentleman. In which he was pretty successful, and under that title pretended to know more law, justice, and equity than your lordship; and would induce his loving brethren to have the same humble opinion of his own abilities.

But persons of more learning and judgment, whose minds are free from those gross mists of error, do and will still believe that, as your lordship has ever been famous and remarkable for your impartial justice, so you will continually shine in making use of a prerogative you are so happily possessed of and are so well acquainted with, notwithstanding the belief of the inconstant vulgar.

I am, with all respect, my lord,
Your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

THE JACKS PUT TO THEIR TRUMPS.

"JAMES II. was totally ignorant how to support the credit of his coin. He had but one idea about anything — force; and force, when applied to the currency, is sure to fail. His exceptions to the circulation of his coin, though a clumsy attempt at being honest, were very injurious to its credit. Probably, if he had got a few thousand pounds of sterling coin, and made his copper tokens *convertible*, he might have kept up their credit, as long at least as things went on well in the country; and it would have been time enough for the *restriction* after the battle of the Boyne.

"James, like great financiers, soon found himself exceedingly embarrassed. His metal tokens came back rapidly to his exche-

quer, in the payment of all taxes and assessments. They were paid to him at their nominal value, but in the common transactions of business they fell almost to their intrinsic worth. He could fix a denomination upon his coin; but the seller of any article could fix a price upon his commodity to meet the arbitrary denomination. If a piece of metal worth one penny be tendered for a shilling, the seller of a pennyworth of bread has only to ask a shilling for it, and the difficulty is got rid of. James was puzzled at this. He found it necessary, in order to keep his scheme of currency afloat, to take one step more, and fix a price upon commodities, as he had settled a value upon his coin.

"Having done this, his views suddenly enlarged. He found that money might be made of it; and he turned merchant himself. He bought large quantities of butter, corn, hides, wool, and other articles at such prices as he thought proper to give, and he paid for all by a few pounds' weight of tin or copper. It is easy to believe that he was no welcome customer, but he had persons employed to find out who had goods to sell, and none dared to refuse to deal with a customer who had forty-two regiments of foot and fourteen of cavalry. All those commodities he shipped to France, where they were sold for his own account. By this traffic he realized large sums of money at the expense of his subjects.

"There can be no question that the following ballad, upon internal evidence, may be as fairly attributed to dean Swift as many effusions which have appeared in several editions of his works; but when it is stated that the pamphlet from which it is copied was found among a bundle of broadsides, most if not all of which are well known to be Swift's composition, and when it is remembered how many of the productions of Swift's muse about the period when this 'Tale of King James's Shilling' was printed (1714) are unknown, and to which the dean himself has made especial reference, it will be admitted that this ballad deserves more than ordinary consideration, especially if it be possible to trace in it the germs of feeling which afterwards displayed themselves so vigorously in the Drapier's opposition to Wood's coinage, and which have formed an immortal wreath for the brow of Swift."—T. C. CROOKER.

THE JACKS PUT TO THEIR TRUMPS.

A TALE OF KING JAMES'S IRISH SHILLING.

London: Printed and sold by R. Burleigh, in Amen-corner, 1714. (Price 3d.)

I.

How wondrous fickle is this world!
  How fortune's wheel turns round!
The spoke that is to-day at top,
  To-morrow's on the ground.

II.

When once in dust a monarch's laid,
  His honor soon is gone;
All in an instant tack about
  And court the rising sun.

III.

True friendship with Astræa went,
  And took to heav'n her flight,
For she and loyalty long since
  Were banish'd Ireland quite.

IV.

The name of Christians we assume,
  But are than pagans worse;
There's few amongst us who have more
  Religion than a horse.

V.

Religion a chimera proves;
  Heaven has our pray'rs the least;
All our sincere devotion's paid
  Alone to interest.

VI.

While my dear master smiled on me,
  Whose image still I bear,
I was a welcome guest to all,—
  Was courted everywhere.

VII.

The gentleman and tradesman too
  My company approved;
In city and at court I dwelt,
  And was by all beloved.

VIII.

The miser hugg'd me in his arms,
  And lock'd me in his chest,
And never once his visit fail'd
  Before he went to rest.

IX.

The ladies did my shapes approve,
My features, too, admired;
Where e'en my king could never go
Securely I retired.

X.

Within their bosoms lay all day,
And revell'd in their arms;
I was myself all over love,
And they all over charms.

XI.

Thus for a time I liv'd secure,
And at my heart's content;
But soon I found a wondrous change
On Will's establishment.

XII.

Some few, indeed, my stamp did prize,
As high as e'er before;
Yet, as the revolution grew,
I wasted more and more.

XIII.

Those few at last veer'd quite about,
And join'd in my disgrace;
They cried, my master's son and I
Came both of bastard race;

XIV.

That I had never seen the light,
If James had never run;
That I at Dublin was begot,
And was a canon's son.

XV.

In such contempt, in short, I fell,
Which was a very hard thing,
They scurrilously used me there
For nothing but a farthing.

XVI.

Mad, you may think, to be thus used,
Though miserably poor,
Thinking I couldn't well be worse,
To England I came o'er.

XVII.

But, to my sorrow, when I came,
Like treatment there I found;
No Jacobite amongst 'em all
My former value own'd.

XVIII.

All Will's, and best of Anna's, reign,
No better was my state;
But yet I cheer'd myself with hopes
I should be fortunate.

XIX.

My master's son I thought would come,
His father's cause t' advance;
I thought t' have shown my face again,
And welcom'd him from France.

XX.

In greater lustre thought to shine,
Long hoped to be preferr'd,
T' have laid the father's image down,
For that of James the Third.

XXI.

But all my hopes abortive proved,
In need he found no friend;
There wasn't one amongst 'em all
Would sail against the wind.

XXII.

Misfortunes never come alone;
Just before Anna died,
By Whig and Tory too was I
Most basely mortified.

XXIII.

No piece that wore m' unhappy face
Amongst the rogues would pass
For any more than what would prove
To be my weight in brass.

XXIV.

And now king George and all his tribe
Is settled in the nation,
I still a harder fate do dread,
A far worse transmigration.

XXV.

Some founder soon will melt me down,
And sell my despised metal
To some damn'd tinker in the street
To mend some whore's damn'd kettle.

XXVI.

Take warning, brother Jacks, by me,
Before 'tis quite too late;
Think what will be your next remove
If you should transmigrate.

XXVII.

If you at Tyburn chance to swing,
You 're brought all to such passes
That when you quit your present shapes
You'll change, I fear, to asses.

ORIGINAL LETTER.

[Copied from the MS. in possession of Miss Hamilton, and obligingly communicated by her friend Miss Brabason, to whom the Editor returns his grateful acknowledgments.]

London, February 11, 1714.

SIR,—My affairs not suffering me to return to Ireland as soon as I intended, I must desire the favor of you to renew my letters of absence for half a year longer, and I will order my agent, Mr. Parvisol, to attend you with the charges of it. I think you told me that *England* was not expressed in the letters of absence, of which I am glad, because I would not be limited in point of place.

The queen was very well on Monday now last, and on the birthday entertained company above three hours. — We are all doing as well as we can, and I hope the effects will make you approve our management. Derry and Ossory were disposed of last Monday, as I suppose you must know; the rest are yet deferred, though expected every week, but there are some difficulties, which I may tell you six months hence. I wish our friends of Ireland, both here and there, would be a little more unanimous in their character, and some of them more charitable. It is impossible to please them all. You see I write in a most cursory style, but may guess the reasons. I hope the queen will be in town in a week. I am your most obedient humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

To Joshua Dawson, esq., at the Castle of Dublin, Ireland.
Pray burn this, and let me know you have received it.

[A true and literal copy in all respects.]

A LEASE OF COLEMINE.

A. D. 1584.

A lease of Colemine, made by that rascal dean Jones, and the knaves or fools his chapter, to one John Allen, of 81 years, to commence from the expiration of a lease of 81 years made in 1583. So that here was a lease of 161 years of 253 acres in Tatagard parish,

within 3 miles of Dublin, for 2*l.* per annum; this would not expire till the year 1744, and the lands are now probably worth 150*l.* per annum, and so near Dublin, and could not then be worth less than 50*l.* per annum. How this lease was surrendered I cannot tell.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Jan. 31, 1714.

[True copy.—Cæsar Otway, minor canon, St. Patrick's.]

[From the "Gentleman's Magazine."]

Jan. 3.

[SIR,—Approving much of your plan of giving occasionally the autographs of persons of eminence, I enclose you for that purpose two original papers of Swift and Pope. Though they are short, each contains an article of literary history.]

April 14, 1709.

Then received of Mr. Benjamin Tooke the sum of forty pounds sterling in full for the original copy of the third part of sir William Temple's Memoirs. I say received by me, JONATHAN SWIFT.

SWYFTE;

FROM A MS. IN THE OFFICE OF ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1600.

BRYAN SWYFTE had, by the gyfte of bishoppe BEAMONDE, bishoppe of Durham, one halfe of the moietie of the lordshippe of Allergille to him and his heires for ever, to hold upon his earledome of Sadbridge, yeeldinge and painge the eight part of a knighte's fee. He marr. and had issue HUMFFREY.

HUMFFRAY SWYFTE of Allergill marr. the daughter of [*words obliterated*] ALEXANDER of Beddicke, and they had issue JOHN, ALEXANDER, MARGARET, and JANE. MARGARETT marr. to JOHN HOWTON of Hunwicke; JANE marr. to THOS. WILLAT of Whithil.

JOHN SWYFTE of Allergill marr. MARIE, the daughter of JOHN HEDWORTHE, and they had issue EDMOND, BRIAN, CHRISTOPHER, ELIZABETH, and URSULA. ELIZABETH marr. to THOMAS SWINBURNE, of Catton, in the countie of Northumberland; URSULA mar. to JOHN BAINBRIDGE.

EDMOND SWYFTE marr. MARGARETT, the daughter of TH TROLLOPE, of Thornley, esq., and they had issue ANTI CATHARINE, ALIS, and MARY. CATHARINE marr. to JOHN INGALL of Middellton-George; ALIS marr. to RICHARD POLLARDE, of Bishoppes Awkland; MARY marr. to RICHARD LUARS, of Durham.

ANTHONY SWYFTE marr. the daughter of sir RICHARD SURTAYS, of Dinnisdall, and they had issue ROBERT.

ROBERT SWYFTE marr. two wives, and had issue by the firste; his firste wife the daughter of WILLIAM HANSORD, of Wallworth, and they had issue *five* children—THOMAS, JOHN, ROBERT, and iii daughters. JOHN marr. the daughter of JOHN WASHINGTON, and died without issue; MARGARETT marr. to JOHN VINCENT; ALICE marr. to ROBT. TOUNGE; MARIE marr. to JOHN CONIARS, a younger brother of the house of Harroden.

ROBERT SWYFTE, the third son of ROBERT, marr. to two wyves, and he marr. to his firste wyffe CATHARINE the daughter of RICHARD BOSVIL, of Gunthwaite, esquier, and she died without issue; after whose death he married a widowe of London, whose name was ANNE, and an ale-brewer's wyffe, but she was a great worshippe, by whom he obtained great welthe and abundance of treasur; he had issue by her ROBERT, WILLIAM, ANNE, and MARGARETT; one marr. to LYON REASBY, of Thriver, and had issue; the other to Mr. WATTERTON, of Walton, esquier. This ANNE died in the year of our Lord God 1539, when she had lived 67 years; and the said ROBERT SWYFTE dyed in the viii day of Auguste, anno Domini 1561, being of the age of fourscore and four years, wher he lyeth buried betwixt bothe his wyves at the east ende of the churche of Rotherham.

ROBERT SWYFTE, the eldeste sonne of ROBERT SWYFTE of Rotheram, marr. the daughter and solle heir of WICKERSLAY, in whose right he was seized of Wickerslay-Swinton in the countie of Yorke, Beighton, in the countie of Darby, Babworth, Bolam, with certain other lands, and they had issue iii daughters and heirs; one marr. MR. LEAKE, second to MR. WORTLEY, and the third to MR. JESSOPPE.

WILLIAM SWYFTE, second son of ROBERT SWYFTE of Rotheram, marr. MARGARETT, daughter of HUGH WIRRALL, of Loversall,

esquier, and they had issue ROBERT SWYFTE, ANNE, and BARBARA. ANNE mar. to RALPH BEESTON, esquier; BARBARA to MR. ENNERBY.

ROBERT SWYFTE, esquier, marr. BRIDGET, third daughter and coheir of sir FRANCIS HASTINGES, knighte, and they have issue EDWARD and one daughter.

Copied from tne original by mé, W. BETHAM,
Ulster King of Arms, 20th February, 1841.

END OF VOLUME SIXTH

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